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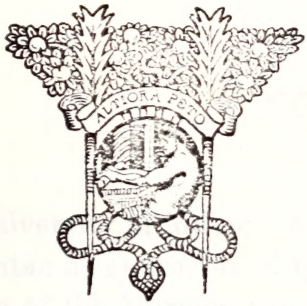
January, 1910—December, 1910 June

The National Americana Society
153 East 23d Street
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AMERICANA

FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN, Editor

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GEORGE EMORY FELLOWS, LL. D.
President of the University.

AMERICANA

January, 1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

BY GEORGE WALTER CHAMBERLAIN

IN the town of Orono, nine miles north of the city of Bangor, hard by the waters of the mighty Penobscot, is located the State University of Maine. In the very heart of the Pine Tree State this youthful institution stands unique among the educational institutions of New England.

Many, many moons ago a grand old Indian chief known as the "blue-eyed, pale-faced, high-browed" Orono, inhabited the region. Thoughtful, benign, conciliating, commanding and peace-loving the old sagamore taught his frenzied Tarratine followers the principles of peace, entreating them to "smoke the calumet once more" and urging them to "strive for peace."

Since the days of the old chief the transforming touch of enlightened civilized life has wrought most wonderful changes in his ancient haunts. The ideals of the savage, conciliating as they may appear through the mists of the past, gave way to higher ideals. A town was formed in common with many others; there settler-citizens founded and fostered the common schools; the ideals of the common schools developed the secondary school and these ripened into the college and the university.

Founded as a land-grant college by the Act of Congress which was approved by Abraham Lincoln, July 2, 1862, the University of Maine, enlarging its educational functions by "not excluding other scientific and classical studies," is offering courses to the industrial classes in technology and the liberal arts and sciences in their broad relations to modern life. As now interpreted in a

majority of the states of the Union, university education was the original intent of the Morrill bill as enacted in 1862. Its purpose was "to promote liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

The bill providing for these institutions was drawn by the late senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, and he has left his own intepretation of its purpose and scope on record. Some years after the colleges were established in the various states, Mr. Morrill said in a speech before the legislature of Vermont:

"It is, perhaps, needless to say that these colleges were not established or endowed for the sole purpose of teaching agriculture. Their object was to give an opportunity for those engaged in industrial pursuits to obtain some knowledge of the practical sciences related to agriculture and the mechanic arts; such as they could not obtain at most of our institutions called classical colleges, where the languages, Greek and Latin, French and German, absorbed perhaps two-thirds of all the time of the students while in college."

"But it never was intended to force the boys of farmers going into these institutions so to study that they should all come out farmers. It was merely intended to give them an opportunity to do so, and to do so with advantage, if they saw fit."

"Obviously, not manual but intellectual instruction was the paramount object. It was not provided that agricultural labor in the field should be practically taught any more than the mechanical trade of the carpenter or blacksmith should be taught. Secondly, it was a liberal education that was proposed. Classical studies were not to be excluded, and therefore, must be included. The Act of 1862 proposed a system of broad education by colleges, not limited to a superficial and dwarfed training, such as might be had at an industrial school, nor a mere manual training, such as might be supplied by a foreman of a workship or by a foreman of an experimental farm. If any would have only a school with equal scraps of labor and of instruction, or something other than a college, they would not obey the national law. Experience in manual labor, in the handling of tools and implements, is not to be disparaged; in the proper time and

place it is most essential, and generally something of this may be obtained either before or after the college term, but should not largely interfere with the precious time required for a definite amount of scientific and literary culture, which all earnest students are apt to find far too limited."

Such is the interpretation of the purposes of the State Colleges and State Universities which are the outgrowth of the Act of 1862 by the father of the bill himself.

Forty years ago, this institution in the State of Maine, then called the College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, first opened its doors for students; and within the last dozen years it has come to occupy a position remarkable in the State and unique in the educational policy of the New England states.

The offspring of the Nation and of the State, its growth and development have steadily advanced through bitter opposition. In 1897, in the midst of much political hostility, the legislature of Maine by enactment changed its name to the University of Maine. It was then reorganized into the College of Arts and Sciences, the College of Agriculture, the College of Technology, the College of Pharmacy, the Agricultural Experiment Station and the College of Law. Since it became a university, its growth has surpassed the expectation of its most ardent friends and supporters.

In its foundation it was dedicated to a great democratic principle, namely: that in the higher education of the people all learning is of equal dignity. Higher education, therefore, should give place not only to those classical and scientific subjects which constitute the traditional elements of a liberal education, but also provide for those branches of learning, whether old or new, which relate in particular to the arts, industries and professions of this twentieth century.

In line with all the great western State Universities has the University of Maine made it possible for those who desire, whether rich or poor, to obtain mainly at the expense of the rich a university education—that is to acquire to the extent of one's ability greater power and more skill for use in the private enterprise and in the public service of life.

In its form and organization the University of Maine belongs

in the class with Nebraska, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, California and others. It has the whole of the higher educational interests concentrated in one institution.

The State af Maine in its natural resources resembles more closely the northern section of the middle states than it does the other New England states.

In the United States forty-one states out of forty-seven maintain State Universites or Colleges with courses in liberal arts—Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island are the only states in the Union which do not maintain in their State Colleges the liberal arts courses.

The length of time that an institution has been in existence does not necessarily make it superior. The superior institution is the one able to engage the services of the best trained men, the one in whose laboratories are to be found the most advanced methods and the latest appliances—the one in whose libraries are found the great works of the best authorities whether new or old. The quality of the instruction depends upon the education, experience, ability and adaptability of its teaching force and its environment.

Many a time has the University of Maine demonstrated to our most conservative people that no appropriation whether Federal or State has been more wisely used than those appropriations which have generously provided for the liberal education of the sons and daughters of the state and nation. In the twentieth century this belief is much more general, not only in the efficiency of the traditional common schools but in educational institutions of all grades; more especially in those preparing for better citizenship and for increasing the power and skill for directing and assisting in augmenting the productive capacity of modern industries. Everywhere do we hear the cry for industrial education-teaching to execute with the hand and the eye the conceptions of the mind.

In this work the University of Maine stands as a pioneer among the educational institutions of New England. For forty years it has been offering its students industrial training with technical and general education. Twenty years before manual training became a part of the public school system of Massachu-



JAMES N. HART, Sc. D
Dean of the University.



setts, it formed a part of the instruction in the Maine State College.

Its Beginning

On a September day in 1868 the first class entered the institution. Two instructors and twelve students composed that first assembly. Of that event the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture in his report for 1869 said: "A class of highly promising young men has been gathered—less numerous, it may be, than in some similar institutions in other states, but considerably more so than the earlier classes which entered what is now the oldest, the most numerously attended, and the best equipped of our literary colleges." At the end of four years the first class of six men graduated from the Maine State College, and all are filling responsible positions in the United States today.

From that small beginning the institution, under the leadership of Rev. Charles F. Allen, D. D., president from 1872 to 1879 and of Merritt C. Fernald, LL.D., president from 1879 to 1893, made a steady but healthful growth. The graduates sent forth during those formative years have stood, and are standing well, the real tests of life. Among them have been found the staunchest friends for the advancement of the University in times of great legislative crises such as occurred in 1897, and was repeated in 1907. They form a noble army of educated experts whose opinions and services are most widely sought for in a world-wide variety of interests. In developing the latent resources of agriculture and of modern industries; in assisting in the wise administration of both State and national affairs; in upbuilding the educational interests of the country; in guarding the interests of the individual and the community alike; and in the betterment of civic and ethical standards of living, these alumni are taking an honorable and commendable part. In this age when specialists are required everywhere in the constructive work of the world, the alumni of "Maine" are filling a large number of twentieth century occupations—ocupations made imperative by the recent divisions of labor. By recent count her

graduates were found to be engaged in 139 distinct occupations. They are widely scattered from Maine to California and from Alaska to Buenos Ayres.

Among the newer industries of Maine may be named the manufacture of paper. In the report of the labor and industrial statistics for 1903, mention was made in particular of the Great Northern Pulp and Paper Company recently established at Millinocket. We are told that this company expended $3,000,000 before a single pound of paper was made. Such an enterprise has added to the productive power of the State. The originator and the promoter of this enterprise is one of the graduates of the University of Maine—Mr. C. W. Mullen of the class of 1883.

A member of the class of 1876 is especially deserving of mention at this time. Devoted to all the interests which have promoted the welfare of the State for more than thirty years and a successful business man, this alumnus has taken a large interest in public affairs, as every educated man should. With the industrial and financial institutions of Maine he has been, and is now, closely connected; as a trustee of his Alma Mater he has proved himself a loyal friend to the cause of higher education; as a representative and a senator he has shown himself to be a power in the legislative affairs of the State; and as attorney general and a member of the Governor's council he has brought fresh honors to the executive. Having been introduced recently to the Boston Alumni Association of the University of Maine by the Hon. Louis C. Southard of Boston, of the class of 1875 as "the next Governor of Maine," the Hon. William T. Haines of Waterville, said: "I would like to be Governor of Maine if for no other reason than to honor the institution from which I graduated." If the political constituency of the State exercise great, good wisdom, the Hon. William T. Haines will be the next new Governor of Maine.

Beyond her borders the State of Maine has become celebrated for the clean, intelligent young men who have gone forth yearly to seek place and fortune in other states, especially to Massachusetts and the New Northwest. Over one half of the graduates of her State University are among those who have sought occupation elsewhere. State limits have never yet controlled the

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occupations of men. In fact throughout New England, where the same families have continued to occupy the same estates for successive generations, less strength of character and less of thrift are likely to be found than existed in their forbears a century ago. The development of the highest powers of the individual come from an exchange of domicile and from an adopted environment. In no small degree is it true that institutions are what the men in charge of them make them. The University of Maine has been remarkably fortunate in having associated with it from the beginning a band of God's noblemen as teachers—men who have sacrificed pleasure, wealth and fame that this institution might become a power for better service to the State and the federal government.

For thirty-six years Dr. Merritt C. Fernald has labored most faithfully as instructor, professor and president to advance the work of the institution. Graduating as valedictorian of the famous class of Bowdoin College that gave to this nation Thomas B. Reed, Dr. Fernald "launched this institution among the colleges of the land" and has most conscientiously devoted his life to its welfare. Closely associated with him in the earlier years were Rev. Charles F. Allen, D. D., president from 1872 to 1879, Charles H. Fernald, professor of natural history and zoology from 1871 to 1886 and Charles H. Benjamin, professor of mechanical engineering from 1880 to 1886—all men of marked ability. Dr. C. H. Fernald, now professor of Entomology in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has won for himself the reputation of being the highest living authority in the world on the Pyralidae and Tortricidae.

In 1893, Dr. Meritt C. Fernald was succeeded in the presidency by Dr. Abram W. Harris whose administration for eight years was tactful, resourceful and fearless. He did much to bring the institution into public favor.

In his successor, Dr. George E. Fellows, the institution has a man of great resources and of a wide knowledge of university work as it is conducted in the State Universities throughout the United States. No man in the State of Maine is more familiar with university work, its spirit, aims and methods, its nature and scope than President George Emory Fellows. With the com-

bined heads of the three colleges of Maine in public opposition to the continuance of the College of Liberal Arts as a department of the University, he so cogently and fearlessly presented the cause of the institution that only twelve out of the popular branch, the House of Representatives, voted against the maintainance of the University in its unrestricted work or mission for higher education in Maine. Dr. Fellows showed that throughout the West the State Universities had been a great aid to the other colleges of their states. Iowa with twenty-four colleges, Illinois with twenty-eight, Ohio with over thirty, Michigan with ten, Kansas with nineteen, Indiana with fifteen, Nebraska with nine, Wisconsin with eight, Minnesota with eight and Missouri with twenty—all are able to share with their State Universities in advancing the cause of higher education.

During the ten years the College of Liberal Arts has been maintained at the University, the three colleges of the State have made larger gains in students than in all of the thirty preceding years. Recently two have been fortunate in obtaining large endowments.

It is not generally known among the mass of the people of this great nation that there are eighteen states in which the land-grant college and the State University exist in one and the same institution. Thirty-three land grant colleges or universities are teaching Greek and granting the liberal arts degree, and this in addition to their work in technical courses in agriculture and the mechanical arts and industries. Many of these State institutions are giving their instruction absolutely free of charge. Wherever these institutions have become a part of the educational system of the State, they have made a remarkable growth, but there has also been a corresponding remarkable growth in all the other institutions for higher education in each State. Private institutions, originally founded to educate the clergy, have been able to attract large gifts of endowments, and as large a student body as their facilities will accommodate.

The more the State does for higher education within its borders, the more her sons and daughters will struggle to possess the advantages of a liberal education. Experience showns

that they do not all wish to attend the State University even though it offers its instruction free. Long ago it was learned that in the New World people are noted for their diversity of interests, aims and purposes, and it is this diversity of preferences which leads to the best and most healthful growth in higher education everywhere. The fullest development of a variety of tastes and interests leads to the highest results in civilization.

Extension Work

The Universtiy of Maine has recently extended its work of carrying its instruction beyond its own campus limits. In 1906 members of the University faculty accompanied with or assisted by prominent men of the State made tours by train from Penobscot Bay to Fort Kent, and from Farmington to Calais. They carried with them an exhibition of various lines of their University work, and by previous arrangement gave lectures and informal talks on the best methods for conducting and improving the industries of the State. They were able to illustrate the best methods of making butter, of raising poultry, of caring for other farm animals, of producing and caring for garden vegetables and farm crops, of treating different soils, of holding in check the ravages of injurious insects and fungi. In short they were able to awaken among the common people of Maine a desire to increase the productive power of the State. Some 75,000 people went through the train and studied the exhibits along the routes. This work has had the effect of bringing to the homes of the people who chance to live near the railroads something of the spirit and of the aims and purposes of the University. Certainly no dead institution would increase the burdens of its faculty by attempting to educate those who cannot enter its doors for instruction.

Every month for twenty years has the Experiment Station sent out its publications containing its investigations bearing upon the industrial and commercial interests of the people of Maine. To all who have cared for such literature it has been sent free of charge. The work of the Experiment Station alone is estimated to have saved millions of dollars for the people of

the State. Over 11,000 citizens are receiving from the Experiment Station their bulletins regularly.

When the Station was established in 1885, there were on sale in Maine many fraudulent fertilizers. The work of the Station has put the fertilizer trade on an honest basis so that no class of goods are sold more nearly on their merits than commercial fertilizers. Recently the Station sent out a bulletin on "Home Mixed Fertilizers" which is pronounced to be the best and most practical bulletin ever issued on that subject. The Experiment Station recommended the use of the Bordeaux mixture for the destruction of the potato beetle. In 1898 there were five hundred pounds used in Aroostock County on potato tops. In 1905 eighteen full carloads were required for that county. The increased value of the potato crop is in large measure due to the dissemination of information from this scientific department of the University of Maine.

The New Education

To determine what curricula the University of Maine should offer presents the same difficulties which are presented everywhere in this twentieth century. In his address before the National Educational Association in Boston in 1903, Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, in speaking upon the store of knowledge, said:

"It is too vast for any man to master, though he had a hundred lives instead of one: and its growth in the ninteenth century was greater than in all the thirty preceding centuries put together. In the eighteenth century a diligent student with strong memory and quick powers of apprehension need not have despaired of mastering a large part of this store of knowledge. Long before the end of the nineteenth century such a task," affirmed the great educator, "had become impossible."

Since the educated man must be content with some general knowledge which when acquired in a large degree is but a small part of the store of accumulated knowledge from the centuries, the question arises what are the characteristics of a liberal education in the twentieth century? To this no man has yet been

HOLMES HALL



able to give a perfect answer, because man is not a perfect being. The answer must be found in the new civilization of our times and in the modified conceptions of what constitutes a liberal education.

In his work entitled *Educational Aims and Educational Values,* Paul H. Hanus, Professor of Education in Harvard University, has touched upon a phase of this quetion in another form. He says: "It seems to me that general culture means, primarily, the capacity to understand, appreciate, and react on the resources and problems of modern civilization. These resources and problems are found in the preservation and improvement of the health, physical vigor, and physical well-being of the race; in modern governments, in modern industry and commerce; in modern literatures and languages—the record of the ideals and aspirations of the race of modern times; in history—the record of the achievements of the race; and, in the art treasures of all times. To be ignorant of these resources and problems is for the modern man to be out of relation with his times,—is to miss general culture."

An examination into the aims and purposes of the University of Maine and an inspection of the class-room instruction there pursued will convince those who do not know, that her real mission along such lines as are here indicated is enthusiastically and profitably outlined—is ably demonstrated and fully magnified by one hundred enthusiastic scholarly men of breadth of vision and of modern culture. About eight hundred students are the recipients of this instruction.

Side by side with courses in electrical engineering and forestry are offered exceptional courses in Latin and Greek; in the romance languages; in philosophy and in history. Mining engineering finds its counterpart in excellent courses in German. Of all graduates credits in English are required.

In 1898 the Law School was established in the city of Bangor. Here its location brings it in contact with important courts. In its work it has met with much success. It is said that in the recent examinations for admission to practice before the Suffolk Bar of Boston a larger percentage of its graduates were successful than were those of any other law school in New England.

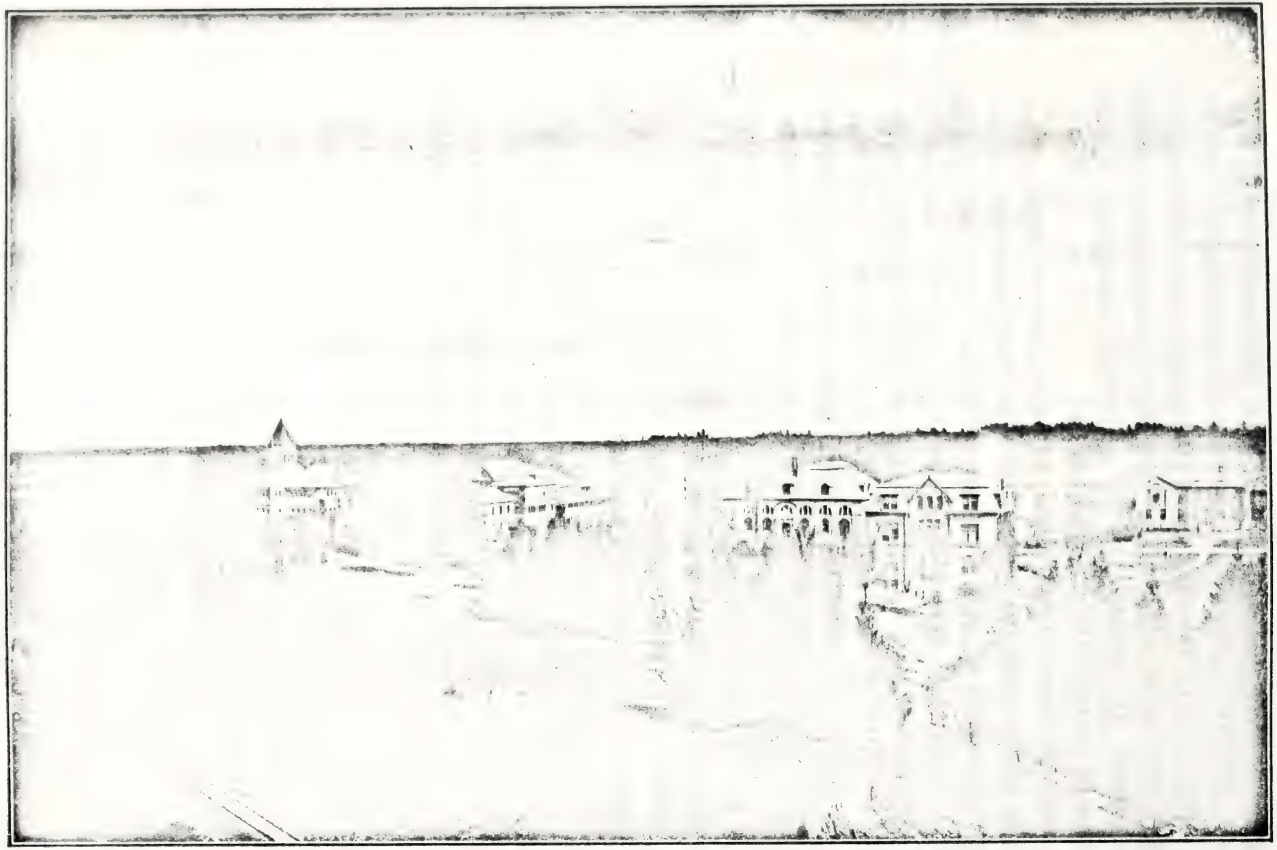
It is not generally known that over one hundred students from Massachusetts are finding it to their advantage to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded at the University. Educationally it is a competitor in the race for better preparation for the duties of life, and it is a matter of regret that in one particular the State of Maine has not placed it on an equality with the State Universities of our western states. The State has not seen fit to release the trustees from requiring a modern tuition. Its instruction ought to be absolutely free as it is in the Western Universites.

In athletic sports the undergraduates have been alert. In base ball, foot ball, track athletics, tennis, basket ball and ice hockey they have enjoyed their share of victories. The Civil Engineering Society, the Mechanical and Electrical Society, the Chemical Club, the Scientific Society and the Literati afford opportunites for the students to grow in efficiency. The Maine Campus, the Prism, the Blue Book, and the Maine Law Review credibly represent the efforts of the student body in journalism. Fraternity life is well represented, binding together in companionship men of similar interests and of common aims and purposes.

The Campus.

Somewhat apart from the business portion of Orono the University forms a small city by itself. On an elevation rising from the east bank of the Stillwater river (in reality a portion of the waters of the Penobscot) the campus presents a most charming picture combining most beautifully both nature and art. Here we live over one of those "rare" days of June. To all the older graduates Oak Hall and Fernald Hall are shrines of college days. Here the forms of the departed re-appear. We seem to see "Longtom" and "Chinnie," "Snappie" and "Flicker," "Mosesclyclops" and "Sockalexis." A moment only do we linger on the flickering dreams of the days of yore—days in which the ardor of youth revealed to us the possibilities of life.

Named in honor of Lyndon Oak of Garland, for many years a prominent member of the board of trustees of the institution, Oak Hall stands closely associated from the beginning with the college life of all the earlier graduates. A substantial four-



THE CAMPUS



story brick building, it is, as it always has been, a dormitory for men. Fernald Hall, named in honor of Dr. Merritt C. Fernald, who has spent thirty-six years of his life in devotion to the institution as instructor, professor and president, is the home of the departments of chemistry and pharmacy. It is well equipped with laboratories and lecture rooms.

Among the conspicuous buildings on the campus stands Wingate Hall, named in honor of William P. Wingate of Bangor, long a most ardent friend of the institution and an honored trustee. This building forms the home of the departments of civil engineering, of the physical laboratories and of the ancient languages. One of the chief benefactors of the University, ex-Governor Abner Coburn of Skowhegan, is remembered in Coburn Hall which contains the botanical, zoological and biological laboratories, the museum and the department of modern languages. Alumni Hall, erected in 1900, contains the mathematical departments, the University Chapel and the gymnasium. In 1903 was erected Lord Hall, and named in honor of Henry Lord of Bangor, for many years president of the Board of Trustees. It contains the hydraulic laboratory and is the home of the departments of mechanical and electrical engineering. Another attractive building is found in Holmes Hall, named in memory of Dr. Ezekiel Holmes of Winthrop, distinguished as the founder of the first agricultural school of the new world, the Gardiner Lyceum, which was established by the legislature of Maine in 1821, and founder of the Maine Board of Agriculture. This building is occupied by the departments of agriculture and forestry and by the Agricultural Experiment Station. Delightfully located is the new University Library erected in 1905 by the liberality of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Built of Maine granite with shelf room for 65,000 volumes besides ample reference and reading rooms, the library will continue to be as it now is the centre of culture for the University.

It was Abram W. Harris, LL.D., formerly president of the University, who said, "There is no better expression of the ideal, of which the University of Maine is the only representative in New England, than the statement of Ralph Waldo Emerson in which he sets forth the great New England ideal of education, saying:

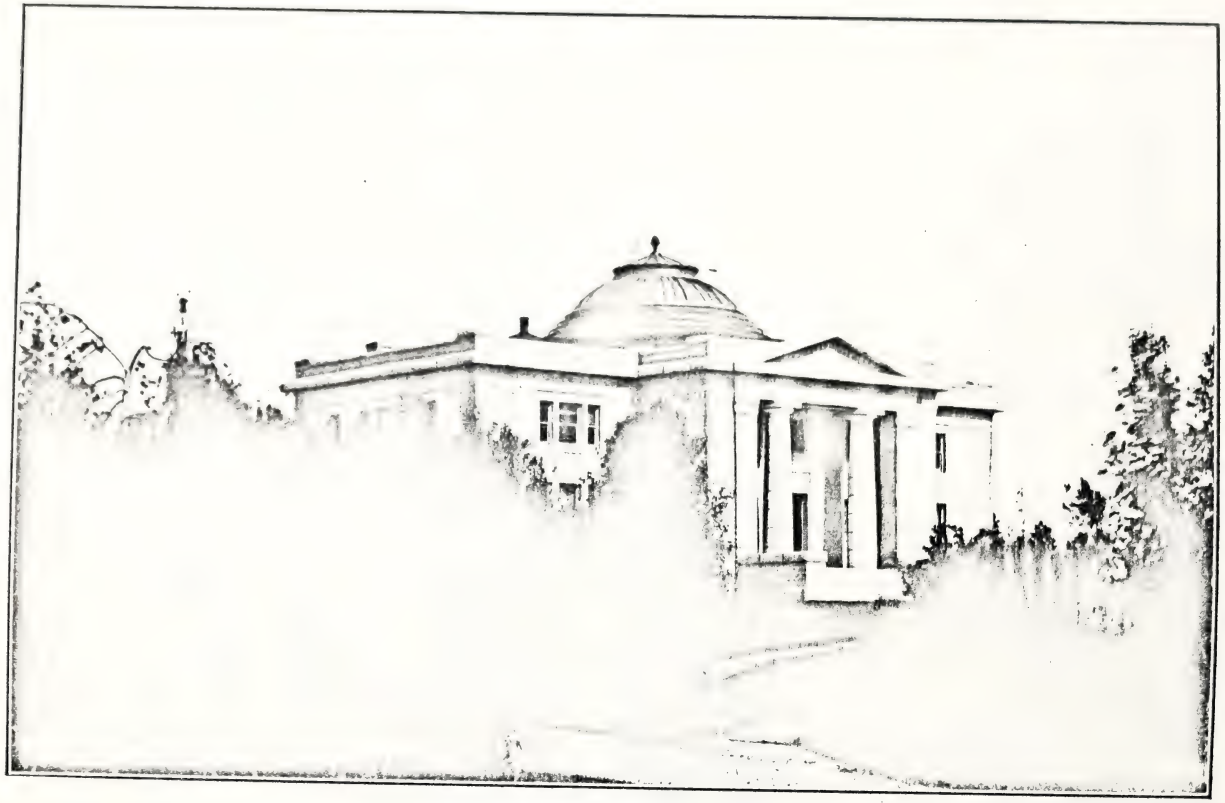
"'I praise New England because it is the country in the world where is the freest expenditure for education. We have already taken at the planting of the colonies (for aught I know for the first time in the world) the initial step, which for its importance might have been resisted as the most radical of revolutions, thus deciding at the start the destiny of this country, —this, namely that the poor man, whom the law does not allow to take an ear of corn when starving, nor a pair of shoes for his freezing feet, is allowed to put his hand into the pocket of the rich and say, 'You shall educate me, not as you will, but as I will; not alone in the elements, but by further provision, in the languages, in the sciences, in the useful and in the elegant arts. The child shall be taken up by the State, and taught at the public cost, the rudiments of knowledge, and, at last, *the ripest results of art and science.*'"

Among the great men of this age who are distinguished in history, economics, science and letters stands Andrew D. White, the first president of Cornell University. When the proposition to restrict the nature and scope of the instruction given at the University of Maine was before the legislature of that State he gave expression to certain opinions which are deserving of perpetuation. He said:

"I have no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, the quality of the instruction and of the work done in languages, history, economics and other liberal elective subjects, should be of as high a quality in technical schools as in any of the 'classical colleges.'

"No institution bearing the name of university, or especially, bearing the name of one of our greatest and most respected states, should, in my judgment, think for a moment of becoming responsible for any instruction in any subject which is not of the best.

"In my opinion the great and noble State of Maine cannot afford to give the students of the institution which bears its name, anything in any field which is not the best to be had. Our northwestern states, in the endowment of their universities, saw this perfectly, and are acting upon it nobly, and my hope is that your northeastern State may be equally wise."



THE LIBRARY



These ideals have made the University of Maine the unique institution which it now is. No comparison of this institution in wealth and renown with those that have been the outgrowth of the centuries, of which the United States may justly be proud, should be made. Thirty-six classes have had their college associations, and are bound by the ties of friendships which are now treasured in the rich memories of by-gone days. Our own poet, the late lamented Prof. Horace M. Estabrooke of the class of 1876, most fittingly expressed the sentiments of all those who have enjoyed the benedictions of this Alma Mater.

"Forth from its walls I see a manly throng,—
Brave are the faces, lithe the limbs and strong,—
Hurrying in quest of fields where honest toil
May win reward from kindly sun and soil.
They sow the seed, they reap the ripened grain,
They bridge the rivers sweeping to the main;
They lay the track on which the rushing car
May hither bring the wealth of climes afar;
They tame the torrent leaping from the hill,
And on its banks they rear the noisy mill;
Where'er they go, beneath their sturdy blows,
The earth is made to blossom as the rose,
And far and near I hear the chorus ring,
'Labor is conquest and the laborer King.'

O gentle mother, seated on the hill,
A thousand memories cluster round thee still;
Base were thy sons and recreant would they be,
Did not their hearts beat loyally for thee;
Though sundered far thine altars still shall rise,
Thine incense sweet be wafted to the skies;
Here at thy feet we fond allegiance owe,
Take it, O Mother, it is all thine own."

LA HONTAN AS DETRACTOR OF HUDSON

AMONG the many sins of the Baron La Hontan is that of an effort to deprive Henry Hudson of a part of the credit that belongs to him by reason of the discovery of Hudson Bay in 1610. The following is taken from the text of the Memoirs, which constitute the second volume of the 1703 edition of the Nouvelles Voyages:

A cette terre de Labrador est jointe la Baye de Hudson, qui s'etend depuis le cinquante-deuxiéme degré de latitude & trente minutes, jusqu'au soixante-troisiéme. Voici d'ou cette Baye a tiré son nom; le Capitaine Henri Hudson, Anglois de Nation, obtint un Vaisseau Hollandois pour aller à la Chine par un Détroit imaginairement situé au Nord de l'Amerique Septentrionale. Ce fut sur les Memoires d'un Pilote Danois, son ami, qu'il abandonna le premier dessein qu'il avoit formé de prendre sa route par la Nouvelle Zemble. Celui-ci qui s'appeloit Frédéric Anschild, étoit parti de Norvegue ou d'Islande, quelques années auparavant, à dessein de trouver un passage pour aller au Japon, par le Détroit de Davis, qui est ce Détroit chimerique, dont je parle. La premiere terre qu'il decouvrit, fut la Baye Sauvage, située sur la Côte Septentrionale de la Terre de Labrador; de là, rangeant cette Côte, il entra dans un Détroit qu' on appella vingt ou trente ans aprés le Détroit de Hudson. Ensuite naviguant toujours vers l' Ouest, il aborda certaines Côtes situées Nord & Sud. Alors il courut au Nord, se flatant de trouver un chemin ouvert pour traverser à la Mer de Jesso: mais aprés avoir singlé jusqu' á la hauteur du Cercle Polaire, & couru risque de perir mille fois dans les glaces, sans trouver aucune ouverture ny passage, il prit le parti de retourner sur ses pas. Mais comme la saison étoit fort avancée, & que les glaces couvroient déja la surface de l' eau, il fut oblige d' entrer dans la Baye de Hudson, & de passer l' Hiver dans un Port ou plausieurs Sauvages fournirent à son equipage durant l' Hiver, des vivres & de trés-belle Pelleteries. Dès que la Navigation

fut libre pour les Vaisseaux, il s' en revint en Danemarc. Cependant Hudson l' ayant connu dans la suite, entreprit sur les Journaux de ce Danois, de passer au Japon par le Détroit de Davis mais son entreprise échoüa, de même que celle d' un certain Button, & de quelques autres. Quoi qu' il en soit, Hudson entra dans la Baye de ce nom, ou il reçut quantité de Pelleteries des Sauvages, ensuite il fit la découverte de la Nouvelle Hollande, appellée aujourd' hui la Nouvelle York, & de quelques autres Terres de la Nouvelle Angleterre. Cependant, on a tort d' appeller du nom de Hudson, ce Détroit & cette Baye, puis-que celui qui les a premiérement découverts, est le Danois Frederic Anschild, dont je viens de vous parler, étant le premier Européan qui ait vu les Terres de l' Amerique Septentrionale, & frayé le chemin aux autres.

La Hontan's effort to create an exploring hero under the name of Frederick Anschild has never been considered seriously by historians, although the Spaniard Barcia adopted the tale and assigned the alleged exploit to the year 1591. Whether such a man as Anschild ever lived is uncertain. Asher, the historian of Hudson's voyages, thinks he is identical with the Pre-Columbian pilot John Skolny, but there seems no basis for so far-fetched a theory. Until some Danish scholar declares him real, Anschild must rank as a myth. The voyage which La Hontan ascribes to him is, however, to some extent historical, its date being 1619. In La Hontan's version Anschild sails to Davis Strait, explores Savage Bay in northern Labrador, enters Hudson Strait and ranges northwest until stopped by ice, then enters Hudson Bay and winters, returning to Denmark in the spring after fur-trading with the natives. The real explorer, Jens Munk, crossed Davis Strait in 1619, explored Ungava Bay, which he called South Bay, then followed Hudson Strait northwest to Hudson Bay despite the ice, and crossed the Bay southwesterly to the Churchill River where he wintered. He saw no natives and got no furs, but in the spring the few men who had not died of scurvy returned to Denmark. The similiarity of Munk's experience with that of Anschild seems to indicate the source of La Hontan's inspiration.

L. D. S.

HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

By Brigham H. Roberts, Assistant Historian of the Church

CHAPTER XIII

The Restoration of the Priesthood

THE subject of Christian baptism was much discussed among rival sects in the early decades of the 19th Century. The purpose of it; the proper subjects to receive it; the effects of it; the manner in which it should be administered; by whom could it be administered, by any Christian who understood its significance, or only by ordained ministers? by pouring, or sprinkling, or by immersion only? All these questions were subjects of intense controversy in the period named.[1]

When, therefore, in the course of translating the Book of Mormon, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery came to a passage making reference to "baptism for the remission of sins," it is not surprising that they held divergent views upon the subject; but instead of resorting to argument on the matter they agreed to inquire of the Lord, through prayer, for the knowledge essential to a right understanding of the subject. It was while thus engaged, according to the testimony of both these men, that a heavenly messenger appeared unto them and announced himself to be John, the same that in the New Testament is called "the

1. As a culmination of the controversy on the subject of proper Christian baptism, which had agitated the people for several decades in the states of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Western New York, the great debate between Mr. Alexander Campbell of the Christian (Campbellite) Church, and Rev. N. L. Rice, of the Presbyterian Church, took place. The debate was held at Lexington, Kentucky, with Henry Clay as President of the Board of Moderators and Chairman of the Meetings. All the subjects named in the text were debated and occupy six hundred and ten pages of the volume of nine hundred twelve printed pages which report the debate.

Baptist." He was now raised from the dead[2] and had been sent to confer upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the Aaronic priesthood, which he did in these words:

"Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."[3]

The messenger directed that Joseph Smith should baptize Oliver Cowdery, and afterwards that Oliver should baptize Joseph; which done Joseph proceeded to ordain Oliver to the Aaronic Priesthood, and afterwards received ordination at Oliver's hands—"for so were we commanded,"[4] says the Prophet, in his narration of the circumstance.[5]

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2. See Matt. XXVII: "And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves, after his [the Christ's resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many". Why not John the Baptist, fore-runner of the Christ and martyr with the rest? Who could be more worthy than he of an early resurrection?

3. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 13.

4. Documentary Hist. of the Church, Vol. I, p. 39.

5. Oliver Cowdery's description of this event is worth reproducing *in extenso*. It was written in 1834, and published in October of that year, in the *Messenger and Advocate*, Vol. I, No. 1, P. 15. After describing the anxiety which both himself and the Prophet felt upon the subject of baptism, Oliver proceeds to say:

"The Lord who is rich in mercy and ever willing to answer the consistent prayer of the humble, after we had called upon Him in a fervent manner, aside from the abodes of men, condescended to manifest to us His will. On a sudden, as from the midst of eternity, the voice of the Redeemer spake peace to us, while the veil was parted and the angel of God came down clothed with glory and delivered the anxiously looked for message, and the keys of the Gospel of repentance. What joy! what wonder! what amazement! While the world was racked and distracted—while millions were groping as the blind for the wall, and while all men were resting upon uncertainty, as a general mass, our eyes beheld—our ears heard. As in the 'blaze of day'; yes, more—above the glitter of the May sunbeam, which then shed its brilliancy over the face of nature! Then his voice, though mild, pierced to the center, and his words, 'I am thy fellow-servant,' dispelled every fear. We listened we gazed, we admired! 'Twas the voice of the angel from glory—'twas a message from the Most High, and as we heard we rejoiced, while His love enkindled upon our souls, and we were rapt in the vision of the Almighty! Where was room for doubt? Nowhere; uncertainty had fled, doubt had sunk, no more to rise, while fiction and deception had fled forever. But, dear brother [This quotation is from a letter addressed to W. W. Phelps, hence the "Dear Brother."] think further, think for a moment what joy filled our hearts and with what surprise we must have bowed, (for who would not have bowed the knee for such a blessing?) when we received under his hands the Holy Priesthood! [Words of the ordination above in the text.] * * *

* * * "I shall not attempt to paint to you the feelings of this heart, nor the majestic beauty and glory which surrounded us on this occasion; but you will believe me when I say, that earth, nor men, with the eloquence of time, cannot begin

Both experienced great exaltation of spirit on this occasion. "No sooner had I baptized Oliver Cowdery," says the Prophet, "than the Holy Ghost fell upon him, and he stood up and prophesied many things which should shortly come to pass. And again, so soon as I had been baptized by him, I also had the spirit of prophecy. . . . I prophesied concerning the rise of this church, and many other things connected with the church and this generation of the children of men."[6]

This priesthood which the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery had received under the hands of the angel John, the Aaronic Priesthood, holds the keys of the ministering of angels and "the preparatory Gospel," which is "the gospel of repentance and of baptism and the remission of sins." Priesthood, of course, briefly explained, is the power which God confers upon men to act in his name. Hence those who receive it are commissioned to teach in the name, which signifies in the authority, of God. They may call men to repentance in that authority. They may baptize men in that authority for the remission of sins

In this first dispensation of the priesthood to these men there was given only a limited authority. Like the mission of him who restored it by the above described administration, this priesthood was intended to prepare[7] the way for higher things —it was the priesthood of the preparatory gospel.[8] John himself explained on the occasion of conferring this priesthood upon

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to clothe language in as interesting and sublime a manner as this holy personage. No; nor has this earth power to give the joy, to bestow the peace, or comprehend the wisdom which was contained in each sentence as it was delivered by the power of the Holy Spirit! Man may deceive his fellow man; deception may follow deception, and the children of the Wicked One may have power to seduce the foolish and untaught, till naught but fiction feeds the many, and the fruit of falsehood carries in its current the giddy to the grave; but one touch with the finger of His love, yes, one ray of glory from the upper world, or one word from the mouth of the Savior, from the bosom of eternity, strikes it all into insignificance, and blots it forever from the mind! The assurance that we were in the presence of an angel; the certainty that we heard the voice of Jesus, and the truth unsullied as it flowed from a pure personage, dictated by the will of God, is to me, past description, and I shall ever look upon this expression of the Savior's goodness with wonder and thanksgiving while I am permitted to tarry, and in those mansions where perfection dwells and sin never comes, I hope to adore in that day which shall never cease." (Messenger and Advocate, October, 1834.)

6. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 42.

7. "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. * * * Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight". Matt. iii.

8. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84; 26-28.

the Prophet and Oliver that it did not possess the power to lay on hands for bestowal of the Holy Ghost; but this power or authority would be given to them later. John further explained that he acted under the direction of the ancient apostles, Peter, James, and John who held the keys of the higher priesthood referred to; and when that priesthood should be conferred upon them, Joseph would be ordained the first Elder of the Church, and Oliver the second Elder.[9]

Meantime the minds of these two brethren had been enlightened and put at rest concerning baptism; for they had received the ordinance under the direction and authority of him who in earth life had been known by way of pre-eminence as *the Baptist*.[10] Also these brethren in consequence of this ordination experienced an enlargement of understanding, an intellectual and spiritual awakening. "We began to have the scriptures laid open to our understandings, and the true meaning and intention of their more mysterious passages revealed unto us, in a manner which we never could attain to previously."[11] Such is the Prophet's description of his own and Oliver's spiritual awakening immediately after their baptism.

The ordination of these brethren and their baptism, events so important in the history of the church, occurred on the 15th of May, 1829, while they were still residing at Harmony, in Pennsylvania, and engaged in the translation of the Book of Mormon. At first they felt it necessary to keep secret the fact of their ordination and baptism, as in Harmony and vicinity there were threats of mob violence which were only prevented from being executed by the influence of Isaac Hale, the Prophet's father-in-law; who, though not believing in the work of Joseph Smith, was nevertheless opposed to mobs and lawlessness, and gave the young Prophet the benefit of his influence, which for some time had amounted to protection.

The restoration of the priesthood, however, had not been made to be kept a secret, nor to go unused of these men. Consequently in a few days, despite the prudence which caution

9. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 39-42.
10. See note 7 above.
11. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 43.

prompted, they found themselves reasoning out of the scriptures with their friends and acquaintances as they happened to meet them. The authority to teach had been given, the spirit of teaching had come with it.

About this time Samuel Smith, a younger brother of the Prophet, came to visit him; and to Samuel the two brethren imparted the glad tidings of what the Lord had restored to the earth—authority to administer the ordinances of the gospel. They reasoned with him out of the Bible, they showed to him the part of the translation that had been made up to that time of the Book of Mormon. But Samuel was not easily persuaded. He made many inquiries, he asked for many explanations. Finally he retired to the woods in order to inquire of the Lord, and while so engaged received such spiritual manifestations and impressions that he became convinced of the truth of the things he had heard, and became the first candidate for baptism, after Joseph and Oliver, in the new dispensation. He was baptized on the 25th day of May, 1829.

Returning to his father's house under an elation of spirit that acceptance of the gospel had brought to him, Samuel evidently excited increased interest in the ever enlarging work of his Prophet brother, for Hyrum Smith hastened from Palmyra to Harmony in order to inquire of the Lord concerning these things reported by Samuel, and to learn what his relationship to the then unfolding work was to be. The Prophet inquired, through the Urim and Thummim, and obtained for him a revelation. It is admirable, this word of the Lord to Hyrum Smith, listen:

"A great and marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men.

Behold, I am God, and give heed to my word, which is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, to the dividing asunder of both joints and marrow; therefore give heed unto my word.

Behold, the field is white already to harvest, therefore, whoso desireth to reap, let him thrust in his sickle with his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God;

Yea, whosoever will thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God;

Therefore, if you will ask of me, you shall receive, if you will knock, it shall be opened unto you.

Now, as you have asked, behold, I say unto you, keep my commandments, and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion.

Seek not for riches but for wisdom, and, behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich: behold, he that hath eternal life is rich.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, even as you desire of me, so it shall be done unto you: and if you desire, you shall be the means of doing much good in this generation. . . .

And now, verily, verily, I say unto thee, put your trust in that Spirit which leadeth to do good: yea, to do justly, to walk humbly, to judge righteously, and this is my Spirit."

"Seek not for riches but for wisdom!" "He that hath eternal life is rich!" "Put your trust in that spirit which leadeth to do good!" "Do justly, walk humbly, judge righteously—this is my spirit!" That is a passage truly worthy to emanate from divine wisdom.

Continuing, these passages occur in the revelation:—

"I will impart unto you my spirit, which shall enlighten your mind, which shall fill your soul with joy. . . . Behold, this is your work, to keep my commandments, yea, with all your might, mind and strength. . . .

. . . Behold thou art Hyrum, my son! Seek the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added according to that which is just."[12]

The exact date upon which was fulfilled the promise of John the Baptist that the greater priesthood should be restored is not known. But beyond all doubt it was between the 15th of May, 1829, and the month of April, 1830; for in the revelation directing the manner of organizing the church, given early in April of the year last named, the ordination of the Prophet and of Oliver Cowdery to the apostleship—and consequently to the greater priesthood, since the office of an apostle is an office of that higher priesthood—is referred to as an accomplished fact:

"Which commandments [i. e. to organize the Church] were

12. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. XI.

given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was called of God and ordained an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first Elder of this Church; and to Oliver Cowdery, who was also called of God, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the second Elder of this Church, and ordained under his hand."[13]

The Prophet in an ecstatic review of the things God had revealed to him, written under date of September 6th, 1842, makes incidental reference to the occasion of his own and Oliver's ordination to the Apostleship, and incidentally mentions the place and persons connected with the event:

"And again what do we hear? . . . *The voice of Peter, James and John* in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna County and Colesville, Broome County, on the Susquehanna River, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times."[14]

In September, 1830, the matter of this ordination to the apostleship is again referred to in a revelation, in very specific terms. The revelation deals primarily with the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and makes the promise that the Lord will in some future time celebrate that supper with certain notable ones of his servants—with Adam and Elias; and with the patriarchs Abraham and Jacob and Joseph, and John, the Baptist—

"And also with Peter, James, and John, whom I have sent unto you, by whom I have ordained you and confirmed you to be apostles, and especial witnesses of my name, and bear the keys of your ministry, and of the same things which I revealed unto them:

"Unto whom I have committed the keys of my kingdom, and a dispensation of the gospel for the last times; and for the full-

13. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. XX: 2, 3. The period named in the text within which this important event occurred—between May 15th and April, 1830—is fixed upon because of its absolute certainty. It is held by some, however, that the period within which the ordination took place may be still further reduced. In a revelation, bearing date of June, 1829, making known the calling of the Twelve Apostles in these last days, and addressed to Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, the Lord said: "I speak unto you, even as unto Paul mine Apostle, *for you are called even with that same calling with which he was called*". (Doctrine and Covenants XVIII). As this could scarcely be said of men who had not been ordained to the same holy apostleship as that held by Paul, the conclusion is urged as reasonable that the ordination promised by John the Baptist doubtless occurred some time between May 15th, 1829, and the expiration of June of the same year.

14. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 128; 20.

ness of times, in the which I will gather together in one all things, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth.'"[15]

These passages, then, found scattered through these revelations give evidence that the promise made by John the Baptist of ordination to a higher priesthood than he had conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had been fulfilled, and within the time period named above, by the persons Peter, James and John, who held the keys of the kingdom, and "in the wilderness on the Susquehanna River."

It has already been explained that priesthood is authority which God gives to man by which man may act in the authority of God in the administration of the Gospel. But we have spoken here of the "Aaronic Priesthood," and also of a "greater" or "higher priesthood" being conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, hence a word of explanation is necessary.

The church recognizes two orders of priesthood, called the Aaronic and Melchisedec priesthood respectively. It was explained by revelation to Joseph Smith that the reason why the higher order of priesthood came to be called after Melchisedec was because Melchisedec was such a great high priest. That is, he so magnified his calling, so honored God in his service, that the order of priesthood he held was called by his name. "Before his day," the revelation goes on to say, "*it was called the Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God.*" That is to say, the kind or order of priesthood held by the son of God himself.[16] "But out of respect or reverence to the name of the Supreme Being, to avoid a too frequent repetition of His name, they (the church in ancient days), called that Priesthood after Melchisedec, or the Melchisedec Priesthood."[17] This higher

15. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 27; 12, 13. Also Ephesians IV; 7-10.

16. To follow this thought the reader must remember that in Mormon theology Messiah, and in fact the spirits of all men, had an existence before they tabernacled in the flesh. Hence, Jesus could say to the Pharasees that were boastful of being Abraham's seed—"Before Abraham was, I am," (i. e. existed. John VIII; 58); and also "O, Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory that I had with thee *before world was*" (John XVII; 5). If Jesus existed with the Father before the world was, and enjoyed a glory with his Father in that pre-earth existence, it is within reason that he held a priesthood also—authority and commission from his Father—which Priesthood would likely be called after his name—"the Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God."

17. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 107; 1-4. Hebrews XI also throws some light on this theme, and refers to the two orders of priesthood Aaronic and Melchisedec, (ver. 11).

priesthood existed in the days of the antediluvian patriarchs; also among the postdiluvian patriarchs, down to the days of Melchisedec and Abraham. Moses also held it, and by its authority wrought his wonderful works in the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. But because of the transgression on the part of Israel the Lord finally took Moses from their midst and also withdrew this higher or Melchisedec priesthood—as an institution—from among them; leaving the lesser or Aaronic priesthood with them, which remained until the days of John the Baptist,[18] who was a priest of the Aaronic order. But when the Messiah came, and the Gospel was about to take the place of the law of Moses—that having fulfilled its purpose[19]—there was need, as Paul argues,[20] for a change in the priesthood also; that is, the higher priesthood—"the Priesthood after the order of the Son of God"—must be restored to take the lead in the administration of the higher law, the Gospel. The lesser priesthood also remained to assist, in a subordinate way, in the holy ministry of the church. But the Melchisedec priesthood administers the Gospel and holds the key of the mysteries of the kingdom, "even the key of the knowledge of God."[21] It "holds the right of presidency, and has power and authority over all the offices in the church, in all ages of the world, to administer in spiritual things."[22] The offices of the greater priesthood are apostles, prophets, high priests, seventies, elders; the offices of the lesser priesthood are priests, teachers, deacons.

Both these priesthoods had now been conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and as the greater priesthood has power and authority over all the offices in the church, and they had not only received that priesthood but had also been ordained to the office of apostles in it, they were fully and perfectly equipped with all the divine authority needful to proceed with the organization of the Church of Christ.

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18. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84; 1-26.
19. Matt. V. 17, 18 cf. Gal. III.
20. Hebrews VII; 11, 12.
21. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84; 19.
22. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 107; 8.



Hyrum Smith

Brother of Joseph Smith the Prophet.

CHAPTER XIV

The Organization of the Church

The removal of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery into Fayette, Seneca County, New York, was attended with happy results to the developing work they had in hand. The Whitmer family was large and locally influential. They gave the Prophet gracious welcome to their home; and from the first manifested sympathy for, and gave him aid in his work. There were five sons in this family, ranging in age from thirty-two to twenty-one, all of whom became intere[illegible] Prophet's work. The Prophet himself was but twenty-five. Oliver Cowdery a year younger. Hyrum Smith was thirty, Samuel Smith, the third baptized in the new dispensation, but twenty-two; Hiram Page, son-in-law in the Whitmer family, the Knight boys, Newel and Joseph, Jun., soon to be identified with the work, were all, under thirty. The establishment of the Mormon Church was evidently a young men's movement.[1] Peter Whitmer, Sen., however, was a man fifty-seven years of age when Joseph Smith became his guest in 1829. He was of Pennsylvania German extraction,[2] and was a faithful member of that strictest of the sects—a Presbyterian. He trained his family in that faith, and hence there was an intensely religious atmosphere at the Whitmer home.

The people of Seneca County quite generally were friendly and disposed to listen to what the little group of believers had to say. Some even went so far as to open their houses where the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery might meet their friends for instruction and explanations. In June, 1829, Hyrum Smith, and David and Peter Whitmer, Jun., were baptized in Seneca Lake, the first by the Prophet, the last by Oliver Cowdery. From this time on the circle of believers constantly enlarged and occasionally there was a baptism.

1. The fact mentioned in the text is emphasized by the ages of leading converts who joined the Church within the next two years after its organization, and who afterwards became its chief elders; Brigham Young was but twenty-nine when the Church was organized. Heber C. Kimball was the same age. Parley P. Pratt, destined to be recognized as its most powerful advocate by both prose and poetic writing, was twenty-three. Orson Pratt, the future theologian and philosopher of the movement, was but nineteen. It was a work which from its nature emphatically called for the enthusiasm, the faith, the hope of youth, and the youthful were most responsive to its call.

2. This upon the authority of Kennedy's "Early days of Mormonism", p. 72, footnote.

The translation of the Book of Mormon having been completed, it was but natural for the young Prophet's mind to turn to the work that was to follow the coming forth of that work—the establishment of the Church of Christ. Moreover, the authority to proceed with the organization had been given, and a number of people had been baptized, so that there existed all the elements for an organization. The Prophet, however, proceeded cautiously, by anxious prayer seeking to know the will of God. As early as June, 1829, the manner of procedure in organizing the church was outlined by the word of the Lord received in the chamber of "Father Peter Whitmer's" house. According to that instruction Joseph was to ordain Oliver Cowdery to be an elder in the Church of Christ; and Oliver in turn was to ordain the Prophet to the same office; then proceed to ordain others as it should be made known to them from time to time. But these men nominated by the word of the Lord to become the first and second Elder in the church, respectively, were "commanded," says the Prophet, to defer this their ordination "until such times as it should be practicable to have our brethren, who had been and who should be baptized, assembled together, when we must have their sanction to our thus proceeding to ordain each other, and have them decide by vote whether they were willing to accept us as spiritual teachers or not; when, also, we were commanded to bless bread and break it with them, and to take wine, bless it, and drink it with them; afterward proceed to ordain each other according to commandment; then call out such men as the Spirit should dictate, and ordain them; and then attend to the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, upon all those whom we had previously baptized, doing all things in the name of the Lord."[3]

Subseuqently a commandment was given fixing the exact date on which the organization of the church was to be effected—*viz.* the sixth day of April, "one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh." It was to be "regularly organized and established," agreeably to the laws of the country, by the will and command-

3. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 61.

ments of God, "which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., . . . and Oliver Cowdery."[4]

The section of the Doctrine and Covenants containing this commandment to organize the church (Section 20) seems to be a series of brief revelations received previous to the organization of the church setting forth in brief summary the incidents in which the church had its origin—set forth in detail in these pages—the call of Joseph Smith; his subsequent entanglement in the vanities of the world; his repentance, and the ministration of holy angels and the commandments of God "which inspired him," and gave him power to bring forth the Book of Mormon—"given by inspiration," and "confirmed to others by the ministering of angels, and is declared to the world by them, proving that the holy scriptures are true."

Then follows a declaration of fundamental doctrines and an outline of Church organization and government, which is here summarized:—

I. *Of the Existence of God*:—There is a God in heaven who is infinite and eternal, from everlasting to everlasting—unchangeable; the framer of heaven and earth and all things which are in them.

II. *Of the Creation and Fall of Man*:—God created man male and female, after his own image, and in his own likeness created he them. He gave them commandment that they should love and serve him, and that he should be the sole object of their worship. But by the trangression of these holy laws man became sensual and devilish—fallen man.

III. *Of Jesus Christ*:—The Almighty God gave his Only Begotten Son as a ransom for fallen man, as it is written of him in the scriptures. He suffered temptations, but gave not heed to them; he was crucified, died, and rose again the third day; he ascended into heaven to sit on the right hand of his Father, to reign with Almighty power according to the will of God. As many as believe on him and are baptized in his holy name, enduring in faith to the end—shall be saved. Not only those who believe after he came in the flesh; but all those who from the

4. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 20; 1-3. Also Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 64 *et seq.*

beginning believed in the words of the holy prophets, who testified of him in all things.

IV. *Of the Holy Ghost and the Trinity*:—The Holy Ghost beareth record of the Father and of the Son—is God's witness. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost constitute the Holy Trinity—one God or grand Presidency of heaven and earth, infinite, eternal.

V. *Of Justification and Sanctification*:—Justification and sanctification come through the grace of God, and are just and true principles. That is, the grace of God supplies the means or conditions of justification and sanctification, and it is for man to apply those means. The means or conditions of justification and sanctification are that men love and serve God with all their might, mind and strength. That would lead them to exercise faith in God, repentance of sin and baptism for the remission of sins, laying on of hands for the Holy Ghost, and the pursuit of a godly life and conversion—the old conditions of salvation.

VI. *Of Falling from Grace*:—It is possible for men to fall from grace and depart from the living God, therefore the saints are admonished to take heed and pray always, least they fall into temptation. Even those who are sanctified are cautioned to take heed.

VII. *Of Baptism*:—All who humble themselves before God, and desire to be baptized and come forth with broken hearts and contrite spirits, and witness before the church that they have truly repented of all their sins, and are willing to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, having a determination to serve Him to the end, and truly manifest by their works that they have received of the spirit of Christ unto the remission of their sins—shall be received by baptism into the church.[5] No person, however, can be received into the church of Christ, unless he

5. Subsequently when some persons desired to join the church without baptism at the hands of the elders, having been baptized by the ministers of other churches, the Lord said: "All old covenants have I caused to be done away in this thing, and this is a new and everlasting covenant, even that which was from the beginning. Wherefore, although a man should be baptized an hundred times, it availeth him nothing, for you cannot enter in at the straight gate by the law of Moses, neither by your dead works. For it is because of your dead works, that I have caused this last covenant and this Church to be built up unto me even as in days of old. Wherefore enter ye in at the gate, as I have commanded and seek not to counsel your God." Doc. and Cov. Sec. XXII.

has arrived unto the years of accountability[7] before God, and is capable of repentance.

VIII. *Of the Manner of Baptism*:—The person who is called of God, and has authority from Jesus Christ to baptize, shall go down into the water with the person who has presented him or herself for baptism, and shall say—calling him or her by name:—

"Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."[8]

Then shall he immerse him or her, and come forth again out of the water.

IX. *Of Confirmation*:—Confirmation into the church follows baptism and is performed by the laying on of hands, by those who have authority in the church. The Holy Ghost is imparted in the same manner and in the same act of administration. There is no special form of words given for confirming persons into the church and imparting the Holy Ghost; but judging from the form given for baptism, administering the sacrament, etc., a simple form is regarded as most proper. But whatever other words are used, the following may not be omitted: I confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and say unto you, receive ye the Holy Ghost. Those officiating of course, are careful to do this in the name of Jesus Christ.

X. *Of the Duties of Members*:—It is the duty of the members of the church to manifest righteousness by "a godly walk and conversation:" to abstain from ill feeling toward each other, neither indulging in lying, back-biting nor evil speaking. It is also their duty to pray vocally and in secret. They are required to meet together often to partake of bread and wine in remembrance of the Lord Jesus, which is to be administered by the elder or priest[9] in the following manner; kneeling with the

7. Eight years is fixed as the age of baptism for children. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 68:27.

8. These are the same words given to the Nephites, except that the opening clause in the Book of Mormon is, "having authority given me of Jesus Christ" (III Nephi XI; 25), and that means the same of course as "Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ," etc.

9. All officers in the church holding higher authority than those named would, of course, have authority to administer the sacrament, but it is more especially a function of the priests office.

church he consecrates the emblems of the body and blood of Christ in these words:

XI. *Blessing on the Bread*:—"O God, the Eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, that they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son, and witness unto thee, O God, the Eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son, and always remember him, and keep his commandments which he has given them, that they may always have His Spirit to be with them. Amen."

XII. *Blessing on the Wine*[10]:—"O God, the Eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ to bless and sanctify this wine to the souls of all those who drink of it, that they may do it in remembrance of the blood of thy Son, which was shed for them; that they may witness unto thee, O God the Eternal Father, that they do always remember him, that they may have his Spirit to be with them. Amen."

XIII. *Of the Duties of Saints Respecting Children*:—Every member of the church having children is required to bring them to the elders, before the church, who are to lay their hands upon them and bless them in the name of Jesus Christ.[11]

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10. A few months after the organization of the church, viz., early in the month of August, 1830, the following incident occurred: The Prophet Joseph left his house in Harmony, Penn., for the purpose of procuring wine to administer the sacrament to a few saints visiting him at his home. He had gone but a short distance when he was met by a heavenly messenger and received the revelation contained in the Doc. and Cov., Sec. XXVII, a portion of which is as follows: "Behold I say unto you, that it mattereth not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink when ye partake of the sacrament, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory, remembering unto the Father my body which was laid down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins: wherefore, a commandment I give unto you, that ye shall not purchase wine, neither strong drink of your enemies; wherefore you shall partake of none except it is made new among you; yea, in this my Father's kingdom, which shall be built upon the earth." From that time forth the church has quite generally used water in the holy sacrament.

11. It must be remembered that this revelation was given before the church was organized; at the time there were a number who had been baptized, and who had children not old enough to be baptized, and had not yet been blessed of the elders. This commandment therefore was directed more especially to them, but applies of course, to people placed in like circumstances. Also this law is interpreted to mean that the saints every where shall bring their children in early infancy to the elders before the church and have them named, blessed and dedicated unto the Lord by solemn prayer; and this is the practice of the church. Subsequently, in November, 1831, the Lord said: "Inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ, the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents; for this shall be law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes when organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of sins when eight years old and receive the laying on of hands, and they

XIV. *The Officers of the Church and their Duties—Elders*[12]:—Elders have authority to preside over meetings and conduct them as prompted by the Holy Ghost. They also have authority to teach and expound the scriptures; to watch over the church; to baptize; lay on hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost; confirm those baptized, members of the church; administer the sacrament, and ordain other elders and also priests, teachers, and deacons.

Priests:—It is the duty of priests to preach, teach, and expound scripture; to visit the home of each member and exhort them to pray vocally and in secret and attend to all duties. They may also baptize and administer the sacrament, ordain other priests, teachers and deacons, take the lead of meetings when no elder is present, and in a general way assist the elder; but they have no authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost or for confirmation in the church.

Teachers:—The teacher's duty is to always be with the church, watch over and strengthen it; to see that there is no iniquity in it, and that the members thereof meet together often and all do their duty. Teachers may warn, expound, exhort, teach and invite all to come unto Christ, and take the lead of meetings when no elder or priest is present; but they have not the authority to baptize, administer the sacrament or lay on hands.

Deacons:—Deacons are appointed to assist the teachers in the performance of their duties. They may also warn, expound, exhort, teach and invite all to come unto Christ, but, like the teachers, they have no autohrity to baptize, administer the sacrament, or lay on hands.

XV. *Conferences*:—The several elders comprising the Church of Christ are to meet in conference once in three months, or from time to time as the said conference shall appoint, to do

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shall also teach their children to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 68:25-28.)

12. The term "elder" is both a general and a specific title. That is, it may be applied to an apostle or a seventy; as, for instance, in the revelation under consideration (Doc. and Cov., Sec. XX.), it is said: "An apostle is an elder," etc. We shall see also further on that it is the name of a specific office in the Church; that ninety-six elders constitute a quorum; that they constitute a standing ministry in the Stakes of Zion; and that they have authority to do all that is enumerated in the text above. It must also be understood that the officers enumerated above in the text are the officers with which the church began her work, not all the officers that have come into existence under her constantly developing organization, and as now known.

whatever church business is necessary. It is the duty of the several branches of the church to send one or more of their teachers (or other representatives) to attend the conferences of the church, with a list of the names of those who joined the church since the last conference, that a record of the names of the whole church may be kept by one who shall be appointed to that work; and the names of those who are expelled from the church are also to be sent up to the conferences, that their names may be blotted out of the general records of the church. Members removing from the church where they reside are to take a letter certifying that they are regular members in good standing, and that when signed by the regular authorities of the church from whence they move is to admit them into the fellowship of the Saints in the church to which they go.

Such is the plan of government and discipline contained in the revelation given just previous to the organization of the church; and in it one may observe the germ of that more complete organization of the church which will be treated more fully in another section. The above was sufficient for the church in its infancy.

On the day appointed for the organization of the church, six of those who had been baptized, viz., Joseph Smith, Jun., Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Jun., Samuel H. Smith and David Whitmer[13]—met with a few of their friends at the

13. There has been some question as to the number that had been baptized previous to the organization of the Church on the 6th day of April, 1830. David Whitmer in his "Address to All Believers in Christ," a pamphlet of seventy-five pages, published in 1887, says that there were six Elders and about seventy members before April 6th, 1830. Others have estimated the number at thirty, thirty-five, and forty. These estimates, however, are beyond all question too large. In the minutes of the second conference of the Church, held at Fayette, New York, on the 26th of September, 1830, this statement is made: "Number of the several members uniting to this Church, since the last conference, thirty-five: making in whole now belonging to this Church, sixty-two." "The last conference," referred to was one held on the 9th of June, 1830. If there were but sixty-two members in September, 1830, and thirty-five of them were added since the conference of the Church held on the 9th of June of that year, then there were but twenty-seven in the Church on the said 9th of June. In the last week of May, 1830, Newel Knight was baptized—*one;* on the 18th of April, 1830, Oliver Cowdery baptized *seven;* (the names are given Documentary History of the Church, p. 81); on the 11th of April, Oliver baptized *six* persons (their names are also given Documentary History of the Church, p. 81); on the 6th of April, 1830, the same day that the Church was organized, there were *four* persons baptized, two of whom were the father and mother of the Prophet. This makes a total of eighteen baptized between the 9th of June conference and the 6th of April meeting; and as there were but twenty-seven in the Church on the 9th of June, the number that had been baptized up to the 6th of April, 1830, must have been but *nine*. (Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 76-7, foot note.)



VIEW OF THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER

"In the wilderness" of which stream, between Coalvilles, N. Y., and Harmony, Pa., the apostleship was conferred on Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.



house of Peter Whitmer, Sen., in Fayette township, Seneca County, New York. The meeting was opened by solemn prayer, after which, according to previous commandment, the prophet Joseph called upon the brethren present to know if they would accept himself and Oliver Cowdery as their teachers in the things of the Kingdom of God; and if they were willing that they should proceed to organize the church according to the commandment of the Lord. To this they consented by unanimous vote. Joseph then ordained Oliver an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ;[14] after which Oliver ordained Joseph an Elder of the said church. The sacrament was administered and those who had been previously baptized were confirmed members of the church and received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. Some enjoyed the gift of prophecy, and all rejoiced exceedingly.

While the Church was yet assembled a revelation was received from the Lord,[15] directing that a record be kept in the Church, and that in it Joseph Smith be called a Seer, a Translator, a Prophet, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, an Elder of the church. And the church was commanded to give heed to all his words and commandments which he should reeeive from the Lord, accepting his word as the word of the Lord in all patience and faith. On condition of their doing this, the Lord promised them that the gates of hell should not prevail against the church; but on the contrary he would disperse the powers of darkness from before them and shake the heavens for their good.

Thus the Church was organized. And in the process of effecting that organization we see in operation two great principles—(1) *the expressed mind and will of God;* (2) *the consent of the people.* The Lord had given commandment to his chosen servants to organize the Church; but before they proceed to effect that organization the people that are available as members must consent to the organization. Although Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had been ordained under the hands of Peter, James, and John to be Apostles, yet when it came their being ordained presiding Elders of the Church, that could only be done with the

14. The words "of Latter-day Saints," were not used as part of the title until some time after April 26, 1838, when they were added by revelation from the Lord. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 115).

15. See Doc. and Cov., Sec. XXI.

consent of those who were to become members of the Church; and thus in the very inception of the Church the principle that "all things shall be done by common consent in the Church, by much prayer and faith,"[16] was recognized; and subsequently it became a law in the Church that "no person is to be ordained to any office in this Church, where there is a regularly organized branch of the same, without the voice (i. e. vote) of that Church."[17] All this because the government of the Church of Christ, like all God's exercise of authority—is moral government only. There are two kinds of authority represented in government, effective and moral. Effective authority operates by compulsion, and is the authority of earthly, human governments. Moral authority operates by persuasion only;[18] this is the method of divine government. "The action of God upon man is moral, and moral only." By constituting man free, God "has refused to exercise effective authority over him." "An ecclesiastical or political society claiming divine authority, must exercise moral authority only; for the moment it exercises compulsion it ceases to represent God, and resolves itself into effective authority which is human, all human, and not at all divine."[19]

No sooner was the Church organized, however, than a Prophet, Seer, and Translator is appointed in the person of the Presiding Elder, Joseph Smith, Jun., and the Church is commanded to give heed to his word, as unto the word of the Lord himself. In the government of the Church there is to be a union of the counsels of God and the consent of the people. The Church is to exercise moral government—the government of God. But there is devised in this system of government the means of bringing down into those affairs of men with which the Church is to concern herself, the very wisdom of God, and yet in such manner as not to interfere with the freedom of men, beyond what instruction, reason, persuasion, love and moral influence will interfere with or modify their freedom.

16. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 26.
17. Ibid, Sec. 20; 65.
18. That this was to be the method of government in the church is further emphasized in a revelation given through Joseph Smith in 1839 wherein it is said: "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned" (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 121).
19. Baring—Gold, "Origin of Religious Beliefs," Vol. II, pp. 243-4.

WASHINGTON BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

BY WILLIAM S. BIRGE

THE trip of young Washington into the Upper Ohio Valley at the opening of the French and Indian War may well be considered an event in American history second in importance only to the discovery of the continent. It is the all important event in the history of America as a distinct nation, for had that journey not been made, the great and decisive conflict between the two leading nations of the world would not at that time have been precipitated, the lilies of France would not then have fallen before the Royal Cross of St. George, the expenses of that great struggle would not have fallen so heavily upon Great Britain, and she would not have been tempted to further oppress the already oppressed colonists in order to pay her war debts.

The French and Indian War not having occurred, the colonists would have been in ignorance of their military strength and would hardly have dared to throw off the yoke of England and taken up arms to fight for the cause of liberty. The journey taken by Washington in the country at this time was in the interest of Great Britain, and although England in consequence triumphed over her foe, the triumph was but an understroke in favor of the colonies which were so soon to be endowed with the power and dignity of independent statehood.

Thus, it is seen that too much importance cannot be given to the perilous trip of young George Washington to warn the French to leave the Upper Ohio Valley. Just why this young man of fate should be chosen for this dangerous trip there are a number of reasons. From the time of his birth at the ancestral home of the American branch of the Washington family in Westmoreland County, Virginia, up to this time, his twenty-first year, his life had been full of stirring events. At the age

of fourteen he had decided to become a sailor, but later became a surveyor and was employed by Lord William Fairfax, father-in-law of his half brother Lawrence, when but sixteen, to survey his vast estates west of the mountains. How well he did this work we all know, and at the age of nineteen we find him an adjutant in the Virginia militia which was thus early being organized to re-open hostilities with the French. By 1753 he was already in close touch with the Virginia government and when Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddle began to look around for a messenger to bear his letter to the French commander he was not long in choosing the young surveyor.

Leading up to the sending of Washington upon his first trip into the Upper Ohio Valley were a number of important events. The three previous inter-colonial wars had engendered a most bitter hatred between the two nations which longed for the mastery of the great Mississippi Valley. As early as 1748 the Ohio Company, composed of London and Virginia merchants and gentlemen, had been formed and had received large grants of land in the Upper Ohio Valley. In the same year the French sent Caleron to take military possession of the region. During the next few years the Ohio Company established a number of settlements and these were broken up by the French. Then it was that Washington was sent with a message to the French. The selecting him for this mission was not, as some historians assert, a matter of chance. His correct knowledge of the woods and of the ways of the savages made him the logical man for the mission, and when we observe the fact that through the successful performance of this mission Washington became the real inaugurator of the French and Indian War which made possible the American Revolution, we cannot but believe that some higher power than human was ever with him working out those circumstances which ultimately resulted in the rise of the great country which now calls him father.

On November 1st, 1753, the very day on which Washington received his instructions, he set out from Williamsburg. At Winchester he was joined by Barnaby Curran, Henry Seward, John Davidson and David Van Braam, and the little party hastened on to Wills Creek, where they were met by Christopher

Gist and two friendly Indians. On November 15th the little band plunged into the wilderness and now began that famous journey which brought about the circumstances ultimately resulting in the loss of the American colonies from the British Empire. The journey at every point was fraught with danger. Journeying sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, they crossed the mountain and reached the Little Yough, where they constructed a raft and floated down the Youghiogheny and Monongahela to the "Forks of the Ohio," later, the site of Fort Du Quesne and the spot on which Pittsburg now stands, and from this point Washington went to Logstown, an Indian village ten miles down the Ohio. Here he held a council with the Indians and then under their guidance he set out for the French forts near Lake Erie. On November 2d the party reached the mouth of the French creek, now in Venango County, Pennsylvania, and found that the French had already erected a fort at that place. The commander, Captain Joncaire, treated Washington with civility and referred him to the commander of the French forces in the region, who was then at Fort Le Boeuf, and to that place the party at once set out. Arriving at Le Boeuf he offered his letters to the commandant, Chevalier de St. Pierre; who refused to accept them. But soon Captain Reparti arrived from Presque Isle and received the letters sent by Dinwiddie. After holding a council it was agreed to submit them to Marquis Du Quesne, Governor General of Canada. Captain Reparti informed Washington that the orders were to hold the country and that it was his duty as a soldier to obey. After waiting for some time for the reply of Marquis De Quesne Washington resolved to return to Virginia. While the French commander treated him and his men with civility, it was apparent to him that they were trying to influence the Indians to take the side of France in the impending struggle. The party left Le Boeuf on December 6th on the return journey. It was now midwinter and the trip was a most perilous one. At Venango the Indians were reluctantly left behind and a little further on Washington and Gist set out alone on foot, leaving the rest of the party to follow with the horses. The journey through the dismal snow-clad forest was a dreadful one. Day after day

they traced the desolate road. In the southern part of the present Butler County, Pennsylvania, a treacherous Indian, whom they had secured as guide, fired at Washington at less than twenty paces, but luckily missed him. On December 24th Washington and Gist reached the Alleghany River at a point now within the limits of the city of Pittsburg. Here they attempted to cross on a raft and Washington was thrown into the freezing water and was almost drowned. The raft was finally landed upon an island and there in the freezing cold they spent this bitter Christmas Eve. Go to the city of Pittsburg to-day, take a steamer and sail up the Alleghany and you will see nothing of this island. Ask the learned the history of the Iron City and they can tell you nothing of it, for it has long been the Lost Isle of the Alleghany.

From this point Washington went to the mouth of the Yough, a half dozen miles above Pittsburg, where he stopped to visit the Indian queen, Allequippi, and then he hurried on toward Virginia. At Gist's settlement he met a party under Captain Trent which had been sent out by the Ohio Company to build a fort. Acting upon his advice the party decided to fortify the "Forks of the Ohio." Washington reached Williamsburg on January 16th, after an absence of just eleven weeks, in which time he had traveled more than a thousand miles. Dinwiddie listened with interest to the narration of the remarkable occurrences of the trip and was delighted with the young man. The boldness, energy and prudence with which he had met and overcome dangers, and the ability which he had manifested in the discharge of his trust sank deep into the hearts of his countrymen, and his written reports of the trip were published and read with applause not only in the colonies, but in England as well. This trip may well be considered the real foundation of Washington's fortunes. From this time he was the guiding spirit and hope of the country.

The intelligence he had brought made it evident that the long impending struggle was now close at hand and the Virginian authorities now took active measures for the occupancy of the Upper Ohio Valley. Washington was commissioned colonel and as second in command he was ordered over the mountains with

two companies of Virginian troops. Early in April he reached Wills Creek, and there on the 25th he received the news of the capture of the "Forks of the Ohio" by the French. The same day he began to march over the mountains with his command, which now numbered about four hundred men. On May 24th he reached the Great Meadows and began at once to fortify the position. Previous to that time he had received information that a body of French were watching his movements. On the night of the 27th he was informed by a messenger from the Half King, a friendly Indian chief, that the camp of the French had been discovered in a mountain glen nearby. So, in the dead of that dark and rainy night he, with forty men, hastened to the Indian camp and inducing some of them to accompany their party, they reached the French camp just at daybreak on the morning of the 28th. Fire was at once opened upon the unsuspecting French, who leaped to their arms and made a brave defence. For about fifteen minutes the battle continued and then, when the French leader Jumonville and nine of his soldiers lay dead, the remaining nineteen surrendered. Washington lost one man killed and three wounded. The dead French leader was laid to rest near where he fell, and there to this day, marked by a pile of stones surmounted by a rude cross which tells of his creed if not his nationality, may be seen the grave where by Washington's own hands Jumonville was laid beneath the sod.

Thus was fought and won the first skirmish in the last of the inter-colonial wars and the shots which rang out among the mountains of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on the misty air of that far distant early summer morning are the most famous in history. Aside from precipitating the French and Indian War, which extended to both sides of the Atlantic, this skirmish was the signal for two great revolutions, for that which gave to America her independence and for the struggle which swept away the feudal institutions of Europe. It is a circumstance to be noted that while the capture of the "Forks of the Ohio" by the French has been generally recognized as the beginning of that eventful struggle which proved so fatal to the power and glory of France throughout the world, and especially in America, yet no less noteworthy is the fact that the first gun

fired in this first collision of arms in the war was by the orders and under the immediate direction of Washington. Some historians have gone so far as to assert that he fired the first shot in the melee, but as to the truth of this we shall never know. Washington has been much blamed for the part he took in this affair. The French claimed that the Jumonville party was upon a peaceful mission, but it is certain that their movements justified prompt action on the part of the Americans.

Just one month after the Jumonville affair occurred the affair at Fort Necessity at the Great Meadows. On that day an overwhelming force of Indians appeared before the little stockade, and six days later, on July 4th, Washington was compelled to capitulate. There it was that he made his first and last surrender to an enemy. It must have been with a heavy heart the future father of our country led his famished command over the mountains, leaving the royal banner of France floating over every fort and mission house in the Mississippi Valley. Under the hand of agriculture the hills of Southwestern Pennsylvania whereon occurred these historic events have lost many of their warlike traces, but to this day the visitor can see much of historic interest. The story of the great drama which was here enacted is a part of the family lore of the rustic dwellers of the surrounding country, and it is with pride that they point out all these historic spots.

The events of this second trip of Washington into Western Pennsylvania were of far reaching consequences. They became the topic of gossip in London and in Paris. Although unsuccessful in routing the French from the "Forks of the Ohio," the key to the great Mississippi Valley, he returned from his first military expedition with all the appearance of victory, and on every side he was reecived with great enthusiasm. He received a vote of thanks from the Virginia Assembly and the compliments of Dinwiddie, and was at once commissioned lieutenant-colonel and placed in chief command of the Virginian troops.

The following year General Braddock was appointed to the chief command of the American forces, and when he arrived he ordered the colonial troops organized on new lines, so that there would be no officer higher than captain. Washington at once

resigned, but was finally induced to accept a position on Braddock's staff, and it was with that ill-fated expedition that he made his third trip into the Upper Ohio Valley. The facts of this expedition are too well known to be here narrated in detail. From the time Braddock touched the American shore until he was laid to rest in the mountains of Southwestern Pennsylvania, within sight of the Great Meadows, the scene of Washington's early military experiences, he never ceased fretting and fuming and swearing. During the march of the army Braddock scorned the advice of Washington, and to the latter fell the task of leading the broken legions out of the wilderness and laying to rest the earthly remains of the haughty Briton.

From the beginning of the campaign until the morning of July 8th, 1755, when within ten miles of the French Fort Du Quesne, and on the very spot whereon is now located the greatest iron works in the world, the army was cut to pieces by the French and their Indian allies. To all but Braddock everything was indicative of defeat and disaster. It was Washington and his Virginians that saved the army from utter destruction, and from that time he became the leader of the army. It was he who drove away the specters which in the darkness haunted the fleeing men, who banished fear and despair and who delivered the remnants of the army from the savage hordes. It is doubtful whether Washington ever in defeat or victory was more impassively himself than during the days intervening between the defeat of Braddock's army on the banks of the Monongahela and his arrival at Fort Cumberland.

Braddock lived long enough to learn the error made by ignoring the American's advice, and with his own lips he gave to him the orders for conducting the retreat. This was Washington's second experience in the uncertainties of war. Such was the early military schooling of this man who for seven long years bore up the weight of our country. It was during this expedition that he first gained the acquaintance of Gage, whom he later met under different circumstances. Gage also insisted upon Braddock's adopting the Indian mode of fighting, but this future commander-in-chief of the British armies in America was treated to the same contempt shown to the man who was destined to lower the British flag in the New World.

With the return of the army over the mountains Washington's connection with the disastrous expedition ceased. Soon he was put in chief command of the Virginia forces, and during the next few years he was stationed at Winchester. His fourth trip into Western Pennsylvania was made in 1758 with the successful expedition of General Forbes. In this expedition he, with Colonel Henry Bouquet, commanded the advance division, and until the last hope of the French for empire on the American continent went up with the ashes which rose from the ruins of Fort De Quesne, he took an active part in the campaign. It was while hastening to join Forbes that Washington met Mrs. Martha Custis. During the expedition he wrote a number of letters to her, and on the fall of Fort Du Quesne he hastened back to Virginia and soon afterwards there was a quiet wedding in a little country church not far from Winchester.

About this time he had a narrow escape from death. Colonel Mercer had been sent out to attack a party of Indians, and the firing, being heard at the fort, Washington with a detachment of Virginians marched to his relief. The two detachments, coming together in the twilght, mistook each other for the enemy, and a heavy fire was at once opened. It was only with the utmost difficulty that this melee was stopped. Washington rushed between the two lines, and with his sword beat down the guns of his men. More than a score of men were killed, and to this day the spot where they are buried is pointed out to visitors. After coming out of the Revolution with all its memories fresh upon his mind, Washington declared that in this skirmish here in Ligonier Valley he was in more imminent danger than at any other time in his life.

Washington's fifth trip into Western Pennsylvania was made in the fall of 1770. He left Mt. Vernon in September of that year, and after stopping to visit General Arthur St. Clair in Ligonier Valley, he reached Pittsburg on October 17th, and at that place he stopped several days. During his stay he visited every one of the twenty houses which the now great Iron City then contained. From Pittsburg he went down the Ohio to the Kanawha, stopping on the way to visit Shingiss, a Delaware chief, his friend during his earlier trips. This fifth trip was

made partly in the interest of a scheme to connect the waters of the western streams with the streams of the Atlantic, and he thus became the private inaugurator of interest in this method of intercommunication which later attained a wide development.

On his return he became interested in the move against British oppression and soon he plunged into the struggle for independence. His sixth and last trip into Pennsylvania was made in 1784. By this time he had become owner of extensive lands in the Upper Ohio Valley, and it was to survey them that he made it. In August, 1784, with six companions, he started over the mountains and during the two months he remained west of the Alleghanies he traveled on foot and on horseback more than eight hundred miles. He was the guest of Albert Gallatin, later the noted diplomat and Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson and Madison. The old Cook mansion, at which he was a guest during this trip, still stands in Fayette County, Pa., and at the little country village of Perryopolis nearby, can still be seen the old grist mill built by Washington. The village was also laid out by him, and its streets are most curiously arranged.

This last trip of Washington over the mountains presents him as again engaged in his early occupation. Thirty-six years before he had been running the lines of Lord Fairfax's estates, and with chain and transit working in much the same manner as he was now doing. At the age of fifty-two he seemed to enjoy the work as much as he did at sixteen. Just ten years after this trip he came very near making another trip into Western Pennsylvania. This was during the Whiskey Insurrection, but fortunately affairs were amicably adjusted.

THE STORY OF BLACK HAWK AND HIS WARS

BY J. V. ROACH

MA-KA-TIA-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAK, or Black Sparrow Hawk, was chief of certain Sac, or Sauk, and Fox Indian tribes. According to Indian tradition, the Great Spirit put the Sac nation near Montreal, Canada, and the other Indian tribes united and drove them to Mackinaw. After a short time, they were again driven about from place to place until they, at last, built a village near the present site of Green Bay, Wis. Here they formed an alliance with the Fox tribe, but their old enemies found them and drove them to the Wisconsin river where they built a new village near the present site of Prairie du Sac. The united Sacs and Foxes stayed here for some time, and then moved south and built another village near where the Rock river empties into the Mississippi. At this village Black Hawk was born in 1767. He ran about the Indian village and enjoyed playing warrior as much as little white children do playing solider to-day. He saw the great Medicine dance when all the Indians, who had died and been buried during the year, were dug up and reburied in the village burying-ground.

After the women had cleared the ground and planted the corn, he saw the Crane dance and feast which lasted for several days. But best of all was the great national dance. Then Black Hawk's eyes shone and his dusky body was all too small for his valorous spirit. For this dance, a large, square space in the center of the village was swept clean; on the upper side of the square, mats were spread for the chiefs and warriors; then came the drummers and singers, while the braves and women formed the sides, leaving a large space in the center. When the drums were beaten the singing commenced. A warrior sprang into the center of the square and, keeping time to the music, showed, in pantomine, how he had started on the warpath, how he had slyly crept upon

the enemy, the awful combat, the death scene, the scalping, the scalp-dance, and the final success or failure. As soon as one warrior was done, another took his place until all the brave deeds of the brave warriors had been told. Black Hawk longed to be a warrior and act out wonderful deeds at the great national dance.

Then there was the corn feast, when they all thanked the Great Spirit for giving them the corn. Black Hawk, in the Life of Black Hawk, tells a pretty story about the first corn the Indians ever had. Two Sacs when out hunting, were roasting a piece of deer and a very beautiful woman came down from the clouds and seated herself near them. The Indians thought she was hungry and offered her some of their venison. After she had eaten, she told them to come back, in one year, and they would find a reward for their kindness; then she went back to the clouds. When the two Sacs returned to the camp and told their story, the other Indians laughed at them. The next year they went back to the same spot and found, at the right of where she sat, corn growing; at the left, beans; and, where she had been seated, tobacco.

When the young men and the warriors went to hunt buffalo and deer, Black Hawk went with the old men, women and children to the lead mines to make lead, and to catch fish, and to gather reeds and willows for baskets and mats. In about forty days, the hunters would come from the west and, when the women and children returned, feasts were held in honor of the Great Spirit, who had given them plenty of food. Then came the great ball play, with from three to five hundred on a side, and the horse racing. After the corn was gathered and stored, the traders came and the great business of the year, hunting and trapping for furs, began.

When Black Hawk was fifteen years of age, a wonderful event in his life took place. He wounded an enemy and was allowed, for the first time, to paint and wear feathers and be called a brave. Shortly after this, he went with his father, Pyesa, on the warpath against the Osage tribe and took his first scalp-lock. When he returned to the village he proudly took part in the scalp-dance.

During the next few years, the Osages kept hunting upon the hunting grounds of the Sacs and Foxes, and Black Hawk raised a band of two hundred warriors and went into the Osage country. A bloody battle took place, in which Black Hawk killed and scalped five Osage warriors.

About this time, Pyesa died from a wound received in battle, and Black Hawk fell heir to the great medicine bags of his forefathers. He blackened his face and fasted for five days, out of respect for his dead father.

At the end of this time of mourning, Black Hawk raised 500 Sacs and Foxes and 100 Iowas, and went out against the Osages who had again become very troublesome. After several days of forced marching, he and his warriors fell upon forty lodges of Osages and killed all except two squaws whom they took prisoners. In a few years, two other tribes united with the Osages and trespassed upon the Sac and Fox hunting ground. Black Hawk again raised a large force and killed several hundred of the enemy.

During these times the Indian village at the mouth of the Rock river was well kept. The hunting, fishing and trapping was good, and they made trips to St. Louis to sell their furs to the Spanish, who always paid them good prices and allowed them to camp and dance in the town.

Several moons prior to 1804, a Sac killed an American on the Mississippi river, and was arrested and imprisoned at St. Louis. Black Hawk called a council of his people and they decided to send Quash-Quame, Pashe-paho, Oche-qua-Ka and Has-he-quat-he-qui to St. Louis to obtain the release of the prisoner by paying a sum large enough to satisfy the relatives of the murdered man. That was the means the Indians used to save a person who had killed another, and Black Hawk thought it was the same with the whites. The delegation was gone a long time but finally, came home dressed in fine clothes and wearing medals. The following account of their mission at St. Louis is given by Black Hawk in his Autobiography:* "On their arrival at St. Louis, they met their American Father, and explained to him their business, and urged a release of their friend. The Ameri-

*"Life of Black," by himself and edited by J. B. Patterson, of Rock Island.

can Chief told them he wanted land and they agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi and some on the Illinois side, opposite the Jefferson. When the business was all arranged, they expected to have their friend released to come home with them, but when they were ready to start, their friend was let out of prison, and ran a short distance and was shot dead. This was all they could recollect of what was said and done. They had been drunk the greater part of the time."

This treaty, for an annuity of $1,000, ceded to the United States about fifty million acres of land, which included the Indian village on the Rock river. Black Hawk claimed that his people were not treated fairly in this matter, and that the village was not included in the land ceded to the United States.*

After the treaty of 1804, the whites commenced to build Fort Madison. In council with the chiefs, the officers told them that the houses were being built for a trader, who was coming there to live and who would sell goods to the Indians cheap, and that the soldiers were there to keep the trader company. The Indians did not quite believe this and a "dancing party" tried to enter the fort but did not succeed. Black Hawk and some of his people joined the Shawnee prophet on the Wabash, and the Winnebagoes, and made a second attempt to enter the fort. He discovered that about fifty soldiers of the garrison marched out every morning at sunrise to drill, and he planned to ambush the soldiers while the Indians rushed into the fort. This attempt was unsuccessful. The fort was besieged for three days and the buildings several times set afire by burning arrows. The Indians were obliged to raise the siege on account of lack of ammunition. Three whites and one Winnebago were killed.

Before the war of 1812, the United States, wishing to keep the friendship of Black Hawk's tribe, asked him to send some of his leading chiefs to Washington to council with the Great Father. When this delegation returned from Washington, they said that the Great Father had told them to go home, and hunt and live in peace and not to fight if there was a war with England; that the trader at Fort Madison would give them goods

*[It would seem almost grasping of the U. S. government to claim the little village; after having purchased [?] fifty million acres of land for the $1,000 annuity. ED.]

on credit in the fall as the British trader had been in the habit of doing. The Indians were very much pleased at this message, and gathered their corn, and danced, and played ball, and had their horse races, until it was time to go to Fort Madison and get supplies for a trip to the hunting grounds.

Black Hawk tells the story of their visit to Fort Madison thus:* "Next morning we arrived at Fort Madison and made our encampment, myself and principal men paying a visit to the war-chief at the fort. He received us kindly. We waited a long time, expecting the trader would tell us that he had orders from our Great Father to supply us with goods, but he said nothing on the subject. I got up and told him in a short speech what we had come for, and hoped he had plenty of goods to supply us, and told him he would be well paid in the spring, and concluded by informing him that we had determined to follow our Great Father's advice, and not go to war. He said that he was happy to hear that we intended to remain at peace; that he had a large quantity of goods, and that, if we made a good hunt, we should be well supplied; but remarked that he had received no orders to furnish us anything on credit, nor could he give us any without pay for them on the spot.

"We left the fort dissatisfied and went to our camp. What was now to be done, we knew not. We questioned the party that brought us the news from our Great Father, that we should get credit for our winter supply at this place; they still told the same story and insisted upon its truth. Few of us slept that night. All was gloom and despair."

The next morning, a British express brought presents for Black Hawk, and the news that a British trader was at Rock Island with two boats, loaded with goods for the Indians. Black Hawk's party went to Rock Island and, while the Indians were dividing the goods, the British trader told Black Hawk that Col. Dickson was at Green Bay with 12 boat loads of guns and ammunition, and that he wished Black Hawk to raise a band of warriors and join him there. Black Hawk, seeing only the difference between the British and the Great Father in giving his people goods, decided to go to Green Bay.

*"Life of Black Hawk."

He raised a band of two hundred warriors, and found at Green Bay a large encampment of British soldiers and Indians. Col. Dickson gave Black Hawk's warriors guns, ammunition and clothing. He placed a medal around Black Hawk's neck and gave him a paper and a flag, saying: "You are to command all the braves that will leave here the day after to-morrow to join our braves near Detroit."

The next morning, Col. Dickson with his soldiers, and Black Hawk with five hundred savages, started from Green Bay down the Lake Shore for Detroit. When they reached Chicago, they found that Fort Dearborn had been evacuated.*

"We continued our march," says Black Hawk, "and joined the British army below Detroit, and soon after had a fight. The Americans fought well and drove us with considerable loss. I was surprised at this, as I had been told by the British that the Americans could not fight."

General Proctor, with his British soldiers and Black Hawk's warriors, remained near Detroit for many months. When Gen. Proctor was defeated a few times, Black Hawk became discouraged and, with part of his band, returned to Rock Island. He was heartily received and feasted.

He found that his nation was reduced to so small a war party that they would be unable to defend themselves against the Americans and so held a council, which agreed that Quash-qua-me (The Lance) should take the old men, women and children to St. Louis and place them under the protection of the United States. Quash-qua-me did this and they were received at St. Louis as a friendly band of Sacs and Foxes.

Keokuk (Watchful Dog) was now the war-chief of the braves in the village. Keokuk had never killed an enemy and was not allowed to enter the council lodge, but by a brilliant speech, which the aged Wacome persuaded the chiefs to hear, he became their leader. Black Hawk always looked on Keokuk as a coward because he always counciled peace.

Black Hawk visited his family but could not rest until he had avenged the death of an adopted child who had been killed and scalped while he had been on the warpath. He started with

*Life of Black Hawk.

thirty warriors on a marauding trip down the Mississippi. He had a conflict with a party of mounted white men and killed the leader. He was satisfied with this and returned to his village.

The last battle that Black Hawk fought during the war of 1812 was at Rock Island. The British commander at Prairie du Chien came down the Mississippi and joined him at Rock Island. Here Major Zachary Taylor, coming up the river from St. Louis, engaged them in battle. Several Americans were killed and Major Taylor retired down the river.

Peace between the United States and Great Britain ended the alliance between the British and Black Hawk. Black Hawk and his band were always afterward known as the "British band."

Black Hawk and twenty-one of the Sac and Fox chiefs met in council at St. Louis in May of the year 1816, and signed the treaty made in 1804. This was the first time that he had signed an agreement to give the land, consisting of parts of Wisconsin, Illionis, Missouri, and Iowa, to the United States. He still thought that his village was to belong to his own people. The village, on the Rock river where fish was plenty was surrounded by a rich soil that produced good crops of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. Springs in the rocks gave the water supply, and plenty of blue grass made good pasture for the horses. But when he returned from St. Louis he found the United States troops at Rock Island, about three miles above his village, building Fort Armstrong. Rock Island, with its fine fishing, and berries, plums, apples and nuts, was a sort of playground for the Indians. They said that a good spirit, who lived in a cave cared for it, and that the spirit was white like a swan, only ten times larger.

A clause in the treaty of 1804 allowed the Indians the use of the land near the Mississippi as long as it belonged to the government and not to private persons. But as early as 1823, white men coveted the rich corn lands of the Indians and tried to take it away from them, although they had no legal right to it. Keokuk and his band moved across to the west side of the Mississippi, and the Sacs and Foxes were divided for the first time.

Each time the white men, squatters they were called, became

more greedy and daring. When a white man wanted a corn field, he plowed up the Indians' newly-planted corn ground, and replanted it for himself. Black Hawk complained bitterly that the white men gave whiskey to his braves and made them drunk, and cheated them out of their guns and horses.

One day when he was hunting near Two Rivers, he met three white men who accused him of killing their hogs. Black Hawk, who was a great Indian brave and honest, protested that he was innocent, but they took his gun from him and beat him so he could not sleep for several nights. Black Hawk complained ever so many times to the Great Father, but the agent at Fort Armstrong only told him that he must move across the river as Keokuk had done. The chief had two bad friends, Neapope, the prince of Indian liars, and White Cloud, the crafty half Sac and half Winnebago prophet. They, with the British agent at Malden gave him poor advice, and the whites were so abusive that he became more and more bitter and savage. Considering how abusive the whites were, the Indians were remarkably peaceful at this time.

In the spring of 1831, Black Hawk and his band returned from a poor hunting trip to find his village almost gone, and many of the graves of his forefathers ploughed over. He was fiercely warned away by the whites. He refused to obey and, in his turn, told them that they must leave his village in peace. The settlers complained to Gov. Reynolds, of Illinois, who called for volunteers to drive away the British Band. One thousand six hundred volunteers joined ten companies under Gen. Gaines to remove Black Hawk and his people from the village that they still claimed as their own.

In reply to a speech from Gen. Gaines, Black Hawk said: "We have never sold our country, we have never received any annuities from our American Father and we are determined to hold on to our village."

Gen. Gaines angrily replied: "Who is Black Hawk? Who is Black Hawk?" Black Hawk proudly answered: "I am a Sac; my forefather was a Sac; and all the nations call me a Sac."

Gen. Gaines gave them two days to remove and then laid plans to destroy the village and the Sacs. The Indians, seeing the

large force of whites, moved across the river in the night. Black Hawk was again induced to sign a treaty of peace giving up his land. It was now the end of June and too late to raise a crop of corn, so the Indians suffered from want of food.

Black Hawk spent the rest of the summer and the winter at the then deserted site of Fort Madison on the west bank of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Des Moines river. Keokuk, finding that Black Hawk was preparing to recross the Mississippi, which had been forbidden, tried to obtain permission for him and some of his chiefs to go to Washington and council with the Great Father. Keokuk's request was refused and, April 7, 1832, Black Hawk's band crossed to the east side of the Mississippi at Yellow Banks. Neapope, who had told him that the British and several tribes of Indians would aid him, was with them. White Cloud had invited Black Hawk and his people to come up to his village and raise corn during the summer before going on the war-path. And they all, the warriors on horseback and the women and children in canoes, were going up the Rock river to the Prophet's town, when a messenger from Gen. Atkinson overtook them and ordered them to return across the Mississippi.

This Black Hawk refused to do as he said that he was only going on a peaceful journey to raise corn for his people. When they were in camp just below the Winnebago village, another messenger arrived with the same orders. Black Hawk again refused to return. He soon found that the Winnebagos were double faced and did not intend to go openly against the whites, so he decided to go further up and see what the Pottowattamies would do for him. The Pottowattamie chiefs, with the exception of a few hot-headed braves, did not wish to take the war-path against the Great Father. They knew nothing of the aid of the British and the other tribes that Neapopo had told the Hawk about. Black Hawk finding out how the Prophet and Neapope had misled him, decided to tell his people that if the White Beaver (Gen. Atkinson) came after them that they would return across the Mississippi.

On May 14, Black Hawk, with about forty braves, was giving a dog-feast to the Pottowattamie chiefs who had counseled with

them, when a runner came in with the news that three or four hundred white men on horseback were approaching. Black Hawk, not knowing of the large force of men in the field against him, thought that this was Gen. Atkinson to again order his return. He sent out three of his young men with a white flag to tell the White Beaver that he would counsel with him. Instead of Gen. Atkinson, it was a company of three hundred under Major Stillman, the most of whom were intoxicated. One of the Indian flag bearers was shot, together with two of five other braves that Black Hawk had sent out later to watch how the truce bearers were received. When the three spies, who escaped, returned and told their story to Black Hawk, he was very angry and tore up a flag of truce which he was preparing to carry to the white camp.

The Pottawattomies returned at once to their village while Black Hawk and his forty Sacs went to meet the enemy of three hundred whites. On the first fire of the Indians, the whites fled and were pursued by about twenty-five braves until nightfall ended the chase. Black Hawk secured two prisoners and a good supply of ammunition.

One of the prisoners, Elijah Kilbourn, had lived three years as Black Hawk's adopted son. He expected death at the hands of the Indians because he had run away from them, and was fighting against them after having been adopted into their tribe. But Black Hawk, at sunset, cut the thongs that bound him, took him through the forest and let him go. He said:* "I am going to send you back to your chief, though I ought to kill you for running away a long time ago, after I had adopted you as a son, but Black Hawk can forgive as well as fight. When you return to your chief, I want you to tell him my words. Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many suns, but they shall not see many more; and that his back is no longer straight as in youth, but is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirt has whispered among the tree-tops in the morning and evening, and says that Black Hawk's days are few, and that he is wanted in the spirit-land. He is half dead, his arm shakes and is no longer strong, and his feet are slow on the war-path. Tell

*Life of Black Hawk.

him all this, and tell him, too, that Black Hawk would have been a friend to the whites but they would not let him, and that the hatchet was dug up by themselves and not by the Indians. Tell your chief that Black Hawk meant no harm to the pale faces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to raise corn for his starving women and children, and that even then he would have gone back; but when he sent his white flag, the braves who carried it were treated like squaws, and one of them shot. Tell him, too, that Black Hawk will have revenge, and that he will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him, come away!''

Black Hawk had tried to surrender, and his truce bearers were shot down. He could not return and cross the Mississippi without exposing his women and children to the fury of the enemy. He was forced to go on the war-path. He sent out bands of warriors among the white settlers, one of which was completely annihilated by Gen. Dodge and his companions at Pecatonica.

After a hard journey through the forests, he and his people went into camp at Four Lakes (Madison, Wis.). Game was very scarce and they were forced to dig roots and bark trees for food; even then some of the old people died from hunger. When his runners told him that an army of whites was moving toward his camp as rapidly as they could march through the thick forest and swamps, he decided to move his women and children to the west side of the Mississippi. So they started for the Wisconsin, intending to go down that river, while Neapope covered their retreat with his warriors.

By sunset of July 20, the army of the whites encamped within eight miles of Black Hawk. At daybreak, the whites were again on the march so eager were they to fight the band of half-starved Indians. The march was across the present campus of the University of Wisconsin, and through Madison, the present capital of the State of Wisconsin. They advanced so rapidly that forty horses died within a few miles, and a few straggling Sacs, too weak from hunger to flee, were shot and scalped. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon they overtook Neapope and his braves. Neapope, in the thick timber, kept them from knowing how small a force he commanded for over an hour.

When near the Wisconsin, he, with some of Black Hawk's braves, made a bold stand to cover the flight of his people down the bluffs and across the river. He was repulsed and the Sacs dropped in the grass which was nearly six feet high; but after a half hour of hot firing on both sides, the whites drove the Indians up a rising piece of ground, at the top of which a second rank of braves were covering the retreat. The Indians descended through the tall herbage and joined their main body. It rained during most of the battle; but a sharp fire was kept up until dusk. The Indians succeeded in escaping across a swamp to a heavy fringe of trees on the river bank, and the whites gave up the pursuit for the night. Black Hawk, mounted on a white pony, and in a loud, clear voice, directed and encouraged his men during the battle of Wisconsin Heights, as it is known in history.

After dark, Black Hawk put a party of women and children, and old men on a raft, and sent them down the river in the hope that the soldiers at Fort Crawford would allow them to cross the Mississippi in peace. Of these half-starved, harmless Indians, some were shot, some drowned, and many were taken prisoners; the few who escaped died from starvation, or were massacred by a band of Menominees under white officers.

Just before dawn of the same night, Neapope, on the same knoll from which Black Hawk had directed the battle, made a speech to the army of the whites. He said that Black Hawk's people were starving, that they did not wish to continue the war into which they had been forced, and that if they were allowed to go in peace across the Mississippi they would never again take the war-path. During the night the Winnebago guides had left the white camp and no one understood Neapope's speech. When Neapope found that his mission had failed, as he supposed through the hard heartedness of the whites, he fled to the Winnebago village, and left his companions to tell the discouraging news to Black Hawk.

The whites marched to Blue Mounds for supplies which they needed. Black Hawk and his band, having no means by which to descend the Wisconsin, started across a wild, rugged country toward the Bad Axe river with the intention of returning to the

old camp ground west of the Mississippi. The Indians were obliged to kill and eat some of their almost fleshless ponies to sustain life; and even then the trail was strewn with dead bodies and newly-made graves of those who had died from hunger or from wounds received at the battle of Wisconsin Heights.

The army of the whites secured rations and again took up the pursuit of the few that were left of the once famous British band. On Wednesday, the first of August, Black Hawk and his almost famished people reached the Mississippi at about two miles below the mouth of the Bad Axe. At this point were a number of long, narrow islands heavily wooded by swamp oaks and willows, and here he decided to cross. He had but a few canoes and the work was slow. One large raft, upon which he placed a number of women and children, capsized and nearly all upon it were drowned.

In the middle of the afternoon, Black Hawk saw the steamer "Warrior" of Prairie du Chien coming. He knew Thockmartin, the captain of the "Warrior" and at once determined to deliver himself up to him. He told his warriors not to shoot and sent for his white flag. As the steamer neared the shore, Black Hawk, holding aloft a white flag, called to the captain to send a boat ashore, as he wished to give himself up. The captain ordered the Sac to come aboard in his own boat. This he could not do, as the few canoes he had were taking his people across the river, so one of his braves, bearing a flag of truce, jumped into the river and began to swim toward the steamer. A Winnebago on board the "Warrior" shouted to the Indians to run and hide for the whites were going to shoot. Three rounds of canister shot ploughed, with deadly effect, through the little group of Indians on shore. The Indians, hiding behind logs and trees, returned the fire of the regulars under Lieutenant Kingsbury on board the "Warrior." Twenty-three Indians were killed and but one white wounded. The "Warrior," now short of fuel, returned to Prairie du Chien to "wood up." During the night a few more Indians crossed the river; but Black Hawk with ten warriors, among whom was the Prophet, and about thirty-five squaws and children, started east for a rocky hiding place at the Dalles of the Wisconsin. At 2 o'clock of the next

morning the troops commenced to march, and at sunrise they were up with the Indians. Some of the braves tried to surrender to Col. Dodge, but were shot down—women, children and warriors. Twenty braves, behind trees and widely separated, engaged the army, and so dense was the timber, they thought they had come up with the main body of the Sacs. The army spread itself for attack but, in the meanwhile, the truth was accidently discovered, and Col. Henry, with his entire force, descended upon the main body of three hundred warriors. A fierce fight took place; the braves were driven from tree to tree at the point of the bayonet, while women and children jumped into the river and were drowned or shot. The savage yells and whoops, the hoarse cry of the troopers as they cheered one another, and the shrill notes of the bugle made a hideous din in the usually quiet wilderness. Gen. Atkinson, hearing the noise, came to the scene, driving the stragglers and the advance guard of 20 braves before him. The massacre was now more fierce than ever. The red men, weak from hunger, sold their lives as dearly as possible. A few who had escaped to an island, were shot from the steamer "Warrior" which had returned. As if this were not enough, a wild charge through mud and water swept the island with bayonets. The few who succeeded in swimming across the river were picked off by sharp-shooters. The battle lasted for three long hours. The Sacs, who had crossed before the battle, were set upon by a party of Sioux that had been sent out by Gen. Atkinson. Half of these helpless people were killed, while many more died of wounds before they could reach their friends who had remained with Keokuk. Out of a band of a thousand Indians who crossed the Mississippi in April, not more than a hundred and fifty lived to tell the story of the Black Hawk War.

Black Hawk on his way to the Dalles, was overtaken by a runner who told him that the white army was within a few miles of his people who had not yet crossed the river. He returned, but was only in time to see the end of the battle of the Bad Axe. With a howl of rage at the sight of the slaughter of his people whom he could no longer protect, he fled into the forest. Two Winnebagos, Decorah and Chaetar, wishing to gain favor

with the whites, delivered him and White Cloud, the Prophet, as prisoners on July 27.

The difference between a two-faced Winnebago and a Sac warrior is shown in the two speeches made to Gen. Street. Decorah, the Winnebago, said: "We have done as you told us. We always do as you tell us, because we know it is for our good. You told us to bring them to you alive; we have done so. If you had told us to bring their heads alone, we should have done so. If they are to be hurt, we do not want to see it. Wait until we are gone before you do it. You say you love your red children; we love you as much, if not more than you love us. We have been promised a great deal if we would take these people, that it would do much good to our people. We now hope to see what will be done for us. We put these men into your hands. We have done all that you told us to do."

Black Hawk made the following address: "My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose clear on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. This was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. He is now a prisoner to the white people, but he can stand the torture. He is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian; he has done nothing of which an Indian need be ashamed. He has fought the battles of his country against the white man, who came year after year to cheat them and take away their lands. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes, but the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, but the Indian does not tell lies. Indians do not steal. Black Hawk is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet and reward him. The white men do not scalp the head, but they do worse—they poison the heart—it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will become like the white men, so that you cannot hurt them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order—farewell to Black Hawk."

The noted prisoners were sent to Fort Crawford. After a few days at the fort, Black Hawk, in charge of Lieut. Jefferson

Davis, was sent to Jefferson Barracks. He remained here until the spring of 1837, during which time he was visited by Keokuk, several Sac chiefs and warriors, and his own wife and daughter. From here he and the Prophet were taken to Washington, where they were kindly received by President Jackson, and were released June 4, 1833. They were conducted home by way of the seaboard, through all the large cities. When Black Hawk returned to his old camp, he was placed under Keokuk which made him feel very bitter the rest of his life.

In the fall of 1837 he, in company with Keokuk and a number of chiefs, again visited Washington and the eastern cities. At Boston, a reception for the Indian delegation was held at Fanueil Hall, "the old cradle of liberty."

Black Hawk died at the age of 71, at his home on a small reservation, which had been set apart for him and his few people, on the Des Moines river, in Davis County, Iowa. Even then poor Black Hawk could not be left in peace by the whites; his body was carried off by an Illinois physician. Upon complaint of Black Hawk's family, Gov. Lucas of Iowa, recovered the skeleton and had it placed in the collection of the Burlington Historical Society, where, it is said, it was burned in 1855, with the rest of the society's collection.

The favorite resort of this brave, devoted Indian was on the highest bank of the Rock river, and was also his father's lookout. The following little poem has made it famous:

BLACK HAWK'S WATCH TOWER.*

By Jennie M. Fowler.

Beautiful tower; famous in history,
Rich in legend, in old time mystery,
Graced with tales of Indian lore,
Crowned with beauty from summit to shore.

Below, winds the river, silent and still,
Nestling so calmly 'mid island and hill,
Above, like warriors, proudly and grand,
Tower the forest trees, monarchs of land.

A land-mark for all to admire and wonder,
With thy history ancient, for nations to ponder,
Boldly thou liftest thy head to the breeze,
Crowned with thy plumes, the nodding trees.

*Taken from Wisconsin Historical Magazine, May, 1893.

Years now are gone —forevermore fled,
Since the Indian crept, with cat-like tread,
With moccasined foot, with eagle eye—
The red men, our foes, in ambush lie.

The owl still his nightly vigil keeps,
While the river, below him, peacefully sleeps,
The poor whip-poor-will utters his plaintive cry,
The trees still whisper, and gently sigh.

The pale moon still creeps from her daily rest,
Throwing her rays o'er the river's dark breast,
The katy-did and cricket, I trow,
In days gone by, chirruped even as now.

Indian; thy camp-fires no longer are smoldering,
Thy bones 'neath the forest moss long have been mouldering,
The Great Spirit claims thee. He leadeth thy tribe,
To new hunting-grounds not won with a bribe.

On thy Watch Tower, the pale-face his home now makes,
His dwelling, the site of the forest tree takes,
Gone are thy wigwams, the wild deer long fled,
Black Hawk, with his tribe, lie silent and dead.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP FROM AN HISTORICAL STANDPOINT

BY MORTON ELLIS

TREATING the vagrant in this country historically his advent may be said to have occurred after the close of the Rebellion. Previously to the Civil War there were so few tramps in the United States they were hardly noticed. Charles Dickens on his first visit here in '42, writing from Boston to his biographer Forester in England said: "A flaming sword in the air would not attract more attention than a beggar in the street." There was not a single mendicant in the entire city of Boston at that time. The same was true of New York City. Mendicancy as a practice was unknown. The reason is obvious. There were no slums in the large cities in those days from the simple fact that the cities were populated almost exclusively with Americans. Had there been any slum quarters in any city of the United States Peabody would never have gone to England to find a field for his generous millions. The nationalities that produce beggars and tramps had not begun to arrive as yet. The famine in Ireland in the latter forties sent a vast horde of common laborers to these shores, many of whom developed in course of time into roadsters. Railroad construction in the West in the fifties and sixties demanded many hands. Oftentimes it is but a short step from a pick and shovel job on a railway in an undeveloped part of country where towns are far apart, to tramping. On completion of the Union Pacific Railroad quite a number of the workmen took to the road. This band, whatever its number, formed the nucleus of the vast tribe afterwards developed in the West and Far West. Added to this were a large number of deserters from the navy and the military posts in the West. This however was in the latter sixties and seventies. But the first beggars and tramps in this land

may be said to have appeared when the war was over. If there were any before that period they were stragglers and they were few and far between. On the restoration of peace many regiments were mustered out. This act alone threw thousands of men on their own resources. Some of these men, once strong and able bodied, were now crippled and weak. The ex-soldier with an arm or leg missing or crippled in any other way undoubtedly had difficulty in adapting himself to changed conditions and in finding work that he was able to perform. When a man is crippled and unable to work it is an easy transition to mendicancy. Particularly is this true when the embryo beggar is in a part of the land where people are prosperous and help may be had for the mere asking. There was no pension system in force in those days nor soldiers' homes to receive the discharged veterans so, as a consequence, not a few of them fell by the wayside.

During the years sixty-five and sixty-six and nearly into the early seventies it was a common sight in the streets of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, especially in the springtime, to see a couple of ex-soldiers in worn blue, one perhaps with a wooden stump a mute witness of his service on the field of battle, the other probably with one arm, in charge of a hurdy-gurdy or hand-organ on wheels similar to those propelled by the sons of Italy in these days. While one ex-soldier turned the crank of the hurdy-gurdy his partner generally sang (perhaps a war song) or danced a jig on the sidewalk as the case may be, entertaining the crowd that quickly gathered and afterwards taking up a collection by passing his hat. All in all, it was a strange sight and proved to be a lucrative business. No jeering or stone throwing by mischievous street gamins as in these times. As a rule the musicians were respected too much for anything like that to happen. Then again the nationalities that produce street gamins had not yet made a permanency here. The war was scarcely ended and people in general were inclined to regard any man who had lost a limb in defense of his country as a hero. The entire North was prosperous, the business world had gained its equilibrium and a majority of people had plenty of money. The result was that the first veterans who executed

the organ grinding scheme in New York City, at least, were given a kind of royal reception. Their route was usually a veritable triumphant march. People simply showered them with shekles. This condition held good until the end of that decade.

Finally, however, the practice like everything else with an unsubstantial foundation or dependent on the fickle generosity of the ever-changing public, began to die out. The hand-organ operators were unable to stand prosperity, or in other words, they began paying too much attention to the flowing bowl and appeared often on the street half or wholly drunk. The result was that people became disgusted and withdrew their patronage, the police got active and warned them like Dickens' "Joe" to "keep movin'." Then again the business appeared so profitable it attracted others who had never seen a field of battle. They were rank frauds for many of them managed to get second-hand uniforms and had no difficulty whatever in palming themselves off as "old soldiers". Something similar to the clever beggars in these days who don a man-o'-war suit and beg of pedestrians on the streets of large ports with a tale that they just "missed the ship".

Slowly but surely the hurdy-gurdy business died altogether—especially in the larger eastern cities. The genuine ex-soldiers and the pretenders soon grew jealous of each other. This jealousy often led to street fights that caused the police to become more active than ever. The ex-soldiers were forced to find new fields to conquer. From collecting ten or twelve dollars daily for a couple of hours "entertaining" the business gradually dwindled to that many cents for a couple of hours. They began travelling to other cities and towns. Travelling necessitated abandoning the hurdy-gurdies. The instruments were too big to carry and the cost of shipment by freight or express too high, so they had to leave them behind. Many simplified matters by selling their organs outright and depended on renting another on reaching their destination.

Really, it was an easy and simple matter for an ex-soldier to travel about from place to place in those days. All he had to do in fact, was to board a train, sit in the smoking car, and his uniform did the rest. The suit of blue however faded it might be

was a sure passport to any place the wearer wished to go. There was not a passenger train conductor in the country in the latter sixties that would not give an ex-soldier a ride; and generally with the added privilege of letting him entertain the passengers en route and taking up a collection afterwards. Travelling was the least of their troubles. As a rule the railroads were just as generous in post bellum days with the ex-soldiers as they are to-day with the Indian in the Far West whom they permit to ride free to any point they may wish to travel on the front platform of any passenger train going in any direction. The blankets and feathers serve as the Red Man's ticket.

But in course of time the conductors of the eastern railways became tired of extending these privileges. A majority of the ex-soldiers were apt to be drunk. To be drunk seemed their one ambition. Given an inch they took a mile and abused their privilege in many ways. Moreover, they were all gifted with a well developed faculty for getting into trouble and dragging others with them. By and by the officials of the eastern railroads learned of the free rides being given ex-soldiers indiscriminately, and the many abuses the practice brought, so they issued an order against the practice. First one road, then the others followed suit, until all had taken away the privilege. But the ex-soldiers of course, had to travel, and they *would* get intoxicated, so, in course of time it became another easy transition from riding in passenger coaches without a ticket to riding in empty box cars without paying fare. From that time forth, in the early seventies, dates the advent of the American tramp.

A CITIZEN OF YE TOWNE OF BOSTON

BY MARY J. JACQUES

COME back two hundred and twenty years and see what this town of Boston was. It began nearly sixty years before the date of our story, in John Winthrop's little settlement located in the space now comprised between Milk, Bromfield, Tremont, and Hanover streets. It had expanded and climbed its three hills: Beacon Hill, where the State House now stands, Copp's Hill, well known for its ancient burying ground, and Fort Hill, described as being "on the south side at one corner, a great broad hill whereon is planted a fort that can command any ship as she sails into any harbor in the hill bay." Fort Hill Square, near Long Wharf and Rowe's Wharf, perpetuate the name and mark the locality, and the short, crooked Battery March Street is probably a part of the old Battery March, which half encompassed the fort. Fort Independence was then called the Castle, the island still bearing the old name.

What is now Washington St. was Cornhill at the northern end and the Way, south of that; Tremont St. was Treamount St. and Common Lane; State St., King St.; Court St., Prison Lane; Bromfield St., Rawson's Lane; Devonshire St., Pudding Lane and Joyliffe's Lane; Richmond St., Beer Lane; High St., Cow Lane; Bedford St., Pond Alley. The vicinity of Pemberton Square was Cotton Hill, and there lived Governor Andros and Judge Sewall.

Beautiful Brookline was then Muddy River, a summering place for Boston cows; for you must know that these meditative colonists who claim the honor of having laid out the streets of Boston, were in the habit of spending their winters in town, for the furtherance of their plans, no doubt.

There were three meeting houses:—the First Church, a little south of the head of King St., the Old North, and the Old South,

a wooden edifice which was replaced in 1730 by the historic Old South which now stands on the same spot.

The Pillory and Whipping Post were hard by the First Church, reminding one of the Colonial requirement, "that the several townes be provided with

Pounds and Schoolmasters,
Whipping Posts and Ministers."

The Town House stood at the head of King St., the Prison, on Prison Lane, and the almshouse, near the present corner of Park and Beacon Sts.

There were three free schools in Boston Towne, for boys, be it understood. Ezekiel Cheever, who came to Boston in 1637 and who had wielded the birch and ferrule ever since, was a reverend and awful figure in gown and skull cap as he sat enthroned in his dim school-room with its hinged windows of small diamond-shaped panes, its sanded floor and huge smoky fireplace.

Among the inns, we read of the Bunch of Grapes near the Town House, the Red Lion at the corner of North St. and Beer Lane, The King's Head and The Greyhound, where Judge Sewall supped on "boiled bacon and rost fowls," going home in "brave moonshine."

"The chiefe edifice of this city like towne," writes an admiring visitor from England, "is crowded on the sea banks and wharved out with great industry and cost, the buildings beautiful and large, some fairly set forth with brick, tile, stone and slate and orderly placed with comely streets. Many of the houses stand on piles close together on each side of the street, as in London, and furnished with many fair shops. On the south side, a small but pleasant common. Streets full of girles and boyes sporting up and down."

The imagination of Hawthorne supplies the games—"playing at going to church or scourging quakers, or taking scalps in a sham fight with Indians, or scaring one another with playing witch."

Steeple crowned hats on bob wigs went bustling about supported by square-skirted coats, long waistcoats and small clothes buckled at the knee, while occasional cocked hats with feathers

and curly wigs sailed majestically among them, accompanied by the splendor of velvet tunics, deep puffs, wrought bands, and gorgeously embroidered cloaks and gloves and shining shoe buckles. Caps and neckerchiefs and short petticoats open in front over the longer skirt, or hoods and quaint long cloaks moved modestly among the lords and masters.

For the lighting of this town you must accept pine torches and candles. A more alarming mode of illumination was not infrequent and to guard against this the forefathers at first required each "househowlder" to provide a ladder and a pole twelve feet long "with a good large swob at the end, to reach to the rofe and quench fire," while six ladders were kept hanging on the side of the meeting house for general use. After a great fire in 1676 a hand engine was imported. It was intrusted to one Thomas Atkins, who, with his twelve assistants, formed the first Fire Department of Boston.

The ordinary mode of conveyance was on horseback. Carriages were few and far between, so that some years later than this, the calash of Henry Sharp, "innholder of Salem," made a great stir as being the first vehicle owned in the vicinity.

The one post office in Massachusetts till about this period was at Boston, and the time occupied by a voyage to England in "a neat and nimble ship" like the Lion's Whelp, was seven weeks.

The colony had been growing rapidly and prospering greatly in husbandry, fisheries, lumbering and commerce generally: and most of all its people rejoiced in the atmosphere of freedom in which they lived. In 1685 a great calamity befell them. After a long fight they were obliged to surrender their precious charter "the foundation of all their liberties," and the next year came the odious Royal Governor with his soldiers to break up their town meetings, overthrow their representative government, and to tax and torment the colonists till his secretary, Randolph, boastfully declared they had become "as arbitrary as the Great Turk." But our citizen is just turning the corner of the Way into Rawson's Lane, and if we put on our invisible caps and keep pretty close to his heels, we shall hear all about it.

On the south side of Rawson's Lane, near the Common, in the town of Boston, Colony of Massachusetts, in the year 1689, stood

a broad, low, unpainted wooden house with one stone step at its dark green door. The gable end of the house was toward the lane and the door was at the side, which looked into a large garden plot, shaded in summer by graceful young elms and bordered with rose-bushes, lavender and southern wood. There was only a hint of verdure and the air was raw and chilly on the afternoon of the 4th of April when a youth walked slowly up the path to the house. Intently thinking, he was in so little haste to arrive that a curious observer on Tremont St. could have taken good note of his dress and bearing before he crossed the threshold of his home. Perhaps, however, no one gave him a second glance then, but if he should reappear on Bromfield St. today, it would be another matter. Behold him, then, in a plum colored, square-skirted coat, a waistcoat reaching nearly half way down to the knee-buttons of his small clothes, black stockings and buckled shoes. A wig and a cocked hat complete this illusion of "a grandfather in his second childhood."

An eager heart beat under the ridiculous waistcoat, and a busy young brain wrought beneath the cocked hat and curly wig. This very year he had been enrolled among the fifteen hundred taxable polls of the town "from sixteen years of age and upwards," and he had taken leave of Master Ezekiel Cheever's smoky school room with his face turned toward that "wooden Collidg" at Cambridge, which was the austere mother of "Fair Harvard" today.

Now, there was nothing of springing hope in the bowed head and lagging footsteps of our quaint citizen as he approached the green door, which seemed to share in his reluctance as it slowly opened and heavily closed behind him. Once inside the hall room that extended across the house from side to side, he shook off the spell that held him, and addressed a little girl of seven years who was "playing meeting" with three chairs, a foot bench, and an old black cat.

"Where is my mother, Deliverance?"

"Mother hath a headache and qualms, and she bade me abide quiet here while she went to rest on her bed; and thereupon Tobias came to prayers with me in a very heavenly manner, and we have had a gracious discourse to the elect sheep, and a most dreadful amazement to reprobate goats."

"Verily Tobias is black enough for a most reprobate goat, but he showeth no sign of amazement. 'Tis much that the titheing man hath not roused him from his guilty slumbers ere this."

With these words Timothy gently jerked the tail of Tobias, who stirred uneasily and stretched forth one deprecating paw, then relapsed into his previous heavenly manner.

Naomi, Mistress Breed's woman-servant, was the devoted slave of Deliverance, and the little maid's quaint imitation of her savory speech and lugubrious manners was the delight of the teasing brother.

But now the faint voice of his mother summoned Timothy to her bedside. He passed through an open door at the left in the rear of the hall and softly closed it after him.

The widow Breed lay on her couch, her hair strained back from the throbbing temples and a dull fever flush in her cheeks. She motioned her son to sit by her bedside and looked earnestly in his face as he did so.

"You have brought me no good tidings?"

"What good can we hope for when a tyrant like Sir Edmund holds us in his grip?"

"Patience, my son, hath not Mr. Winslow brought us some word of cheer from England?"

"Master Cheever saith that the tidings he brought were so little to the mind of His Excellency that he hath clapped him incontinently into prison to suppress the rumor thereof: but it is noised abroad that he bore with him the Prince's Declaration, the good Prince William of Orange."

"In prison? Surely that may not be: he will be released when the truth is known."

"Only the scarlet coat that put him in jail can loose him. We are no longer accounted a free people."

"I have sore reason to remember that our liberties and possessions are insecure: but tell me further of this matter, for it concerns us deeply."

"As I went by Spring Lane to pay my duty to Mr. Winslow, Master Cheever came around the corner of Joyliffe's Lane and met me with a look of great concern."

"If I divine whither you are bound, it is a bootless errand" saith he.

"What, sir?" said I, "Is he not yet come?"

"Come and gone. And whither, think you? Up Prison Lane and the key turned on him, by this." Then he revealed that Andros suspecting that Mr. Winslow had brought tidings from England sent Sheriff Sherlock to bring him to His Excellency, and when they were come, the Governor demanded why he had not brought him the news. Mr. Winslow replied that he did not know it was his duty to do so. Then was he commanded to produce the Prince's Declaration, and when he would not comply by reason that he knew the Governor would keep the news from the people, he was ordered before a magistrate for a saucy fellow. Neither to the magistrate would he deliver up the paper, so they imprisoned him for bringing into the country a traitorous and treasonable libel though he offered 2,000 pounds bail. Dear Mother! where are the lavendar drops?"

A deadly pallor overspread the face of Mistress Breed, but she clasped more firmly the hand of her son.

"Lavendar drops are not the medicine for my malady. One exaction hath followed another this twelve month till I know not whither to turn. The enormous fees of probate and the augmented taxes of the royal government I bore with some courage relying on our goodly homestead and the great lots at Muddy River for the dowry of Deliverance and thy education. When the writ of intrusion was served against the Muddy River lands, and I was rudely warned that thy grandsire's deed from the Indians was not worth the scratch of a bear's paw, and that the town allotments held for nearly sixty years were of no validity, I defended my titles with a resolute heart at first, and then in my sharp distress lest the provision for thy education should be lost, I paid the hateful forfeit and secured a new patent by enriching the defrauder. Now the spoiler looketh with covetous eye on our orchard and paddock, and when I withstood him to his face at a first and a second hearing, he named the eighteenth of this present month as the limit of his clemency, and bade me consider whether it were wise to jeopard my very hearthstone for a haughty spirit and a lawless claim."

"It shall not be. There are fifteen hundred free men in this town of Boston—

"Peace. We must wait for the lawful righting of our wrongs. But oh! to lose the support of my brave young kinsman when I need it most sorely."

"Master Winslow procured the Prince's Declaration to be copied at an expense of four shillings and sixpence, and it is a foul insult to thrust a reputable citizen into prison for no other offense than a refusal to surrender his private property. It is an insult to the whole body of citizens and they must look to it if they would not suffer the like or worse indignities, and so Master Cheever saith."

Deliverance, who had stolen silently into the room, made large eyes at mention of the Prince's Declaration. Shaking her forefinger impressively, she remarked:—

"If it is the Prince of the Power of the Air, look you, that, mayhap is the reason why good Master Winslow is put in jail. Naomi saith that at one time he is the black man in the woods that conversed with old witch Hibbins, and anon he putteth on the *smillitude* of an angel of Light; but he is ever the same Prince of the Air."

"Bring not Mistress Hibbons from her shameful grave. I would thou wert more loath to dwell on matters beyond thine intelligence. Go run in the garden awhile, my child."

A sleepless night for Mistress Breed rendered her unable to rise from her bed the next morning. After two days of langour, Mr. Cooke was summoned to her aid. A low fever consumed her strength and a dumb anguish looked from her heavy eyes. The good doctor shook his head over his potions and plasters, and to Timothy's anxious questions gave but dubious answers.

"If blistering-plasters, and bleeding and oil of amber will not reanimate the sinking frame, we must conclude a malady of the mind, a malady of the mind."

PART II

The days wore away, and still no hope of the release of Mr. Winslow, to whom the widow looked not for encouragement only, but for pecuniary returns from certain moneys invested by her late husband abroad.

Timothy meantime was hardening his hands and crystalliz-

ing his native grit in labors to which he had been unaccustomed; for Mistress Breed's man-servant had been impressed and sent to the Indian wars at the east, and the spring work devolved on the son. While he wrought, his thoughts burned. His mother and his "Towne of Boston" were the idols of his young heart, and both were writhing under an oppression that was fast becoming insupportable. He was fully imbued with that precious, if partial, spirit of freedom that had developed in this little corner of New England, while the uneasy heads that wore the crown of Old England were filled with more pressing business than the regulation of an audacious colony across the sea.

That mysterious and potent parchment, the Prince's Declaration was nowhere to be found, but the spirit and the purport of it were all abroad. Some averred that Master Ezekiel Cheever had its very words on his tongue's end, "however he got them there," and no marvel if his disciples were soon able to count off its conditions on emphatic fingers:—

The calling of a free parliament.

The removal of grievances.

The establishment of freedom and religion on a secure basis.

Settlement of the succession by parliament.

If certain immature and imaginative patriots added to these terms one more:

"The recall of His Excellency, the Crocodile, and His Worship, Secretary Cormorant" the declaration was not thereby rendered less acceptable to discerning and humorous citizens.

When the 18th of April came Mistress Breed took little notice of what passed around her, and her son prepared to answer for her with the advice and support of the sagacious Mr. Nelson. The audience was to be given at noon. By half past eight of the clock Timothy sallied forth restless and excited, intending to meet his bosom friend Solomon Mills, at the Town House. The moment he turned into the Way, he was aware of some excitement abroad. Goodman Needham came clattering down from the South meeting house at a round trot, and to Timothy's questions gave incoherent answers, in which a rumor that the town was to be fired at one end by Andros, and at the other by Captain George, was mingled with expressions of concern

for Goody Needham and a firm determination to defend the meeting house at all hazards.

"And they will go away in the smoke for France," shouted a small boy, as sexton Needham stumped away toward Pond Alley.

"And who?" called Timothy.

"His scarlet Excellency and Captain George, when they have fired the town, they will go away in the Rose frigate for France."

"The North end is rising," cried Master Toppan, as he hastened past Timothy.

The streets and lanes were alive with men and boys, some with arms and some hurrying to secure them. There was nothing definite to be learned at the Town House, and no trace of Solomon. On went Timothy through Crooked Lane and past the Corn Market, encountering troops of boys running with clubs in their hands. There was no sign of fire and no manoeuvering with swabs and ladders, but a universal arming for the fray. At Red Lion Tavern, in the gathering crowd was a group of citizens in earnest conference. Among them Timothy recognized his comrade, who was several years his senior. Solomon grasped the hand that touched his shoulder and looked earnestly in Timothy's face.

"Thy mother?"

"My mother lieth in a stupor and I came forth to seek thee and watch for some sign of relief from our desperate case."

"The time hath come. Captain George, as he set foot on shore this morn was surrounded by a squad of ship carpenters, and he is now securely lodged at Mr. Coleman's house. The Sheriff hath been arrested in trying to quell the rising, and young Dudley and Colonel Fidget scarce escaped, having betaken themselves with all speed to the Fort, whither His Excellency repaired upon the first signs of tumult."

"Then must we take the Fort and the Frigate as well,—Arm, arm, arm!"

These ringing words seemed to Timothy to utter themselves, and he flushed under the astonished gaze of the grave men in consultation. But, hark! four discharges of musketry and a long roll of the drum resounded from the South End and "arm,

arm, arm!'' came swelling up from the market and the Town House.

''Arm, arm, arm!'' shouted the Red Lion crowd, and dispersed with all speed to obey the welcome summons.

Timothy ran home in a wild tumult of hope and fear. On the doorstep he encountered Naomi who wore a portentous countenance.

''Mr. Cooke is within with Mistress Breed, and she taketh heed of naught since she fetched the great groan at the cock-crowing, though we have spent a pretty deal of time putting blistering-plasters to her neck and chafing of her temples with oil of amber. Even now he scrapeth white hellebore—''

Tmiothy dashed past her and softly opened his mother's door.

''Oh, good sir, will these alarms kill my mother?''

''If I could arouse thy mother to a consciousness of aught in this world, I would answer for her courage.''

Oh, the anguish of that moment! Timothy's lips were white, and he trembled with a passion of love and rage.

''Arm, arm, arm!'' shouted the youthful voices on the Common.

Mr. Cooke held the powdered hellebore to the nostrils of his patient with fixed attention. Ah!—Her eyelids unclosed, she drew a deep, shuddering breath and fell to sneezing with violence.

''Arm, arm, arm!'' rang out under her very window. At her startled look of enquiry, Timothy knelt by her bedside.

''The freeman are arming: they will bear the yoke no longer.''

''What is this day?''

''Thursday of the week, and the eighteenth of the month.''

A fire kindled in her eyes, and her voice came clear and steady.

''Arm! Go, my son, and bear thy part bravely.''

Her lips touched his forehead, and with the sob of a child and the resolve of a man, he arose and left her.

Timothy had shared in that military training which the Colonial government thought proper to give to the Puritan youths. At ten years of age, marshalled in a corps of archers, they participated in the glories of training day. Two years later they

were intrusted with small guns and half pikes. Then came the promotion to the long pike, and finally the more skilful, at the age of sixteen, were admitted to the ranks of musketeers. And no small skill was acquired in the adroit use of the clumsy old match-lock and rest, with the fathom of twisted tow match wound about the soldier's body, and the charges of powder and bag of bullets suspended from the bandelier, which hung over the left shoulder and under the right arm.

Five minutes after he left his mother's room, Timothy sped up the lane fully equipped, helmet, corslet, breastplate and all.

Already squads of armed men had seized a number of the Governor's adherents and lodged them in jail, and having taken Mercey, the jailer, into custody, put Scates, the brick-layer, in his place. The major at first refused them the drums and colors of the regiment, but companies being hastily formed by Nelson, Foster, and Waterhouse, further resistance was useless. Timothy reached the scene of action in time to fall into line with Mr. Nelson's company, and that leader welcomed him with a hint that they would now meet His Excellency with his own argument.

The redcoats of Andros were at the Fort at Castle Island, and on the Rose Frigate,where they considerately remained while the military organization was inspected and such doubtful persons as had not secreted themselves were secured. "Turn about" was fair play that day, and the bearer of the Prince's Declaration and other stubborn patriots made their best bow to Scates, as he unlocked their cells and politely informed them that their room was more needful than their company. Mr. Winslow hastened at once to Rawson's Lane, to the worthy doctor's unspeakable relief.

"A mountain of hellebore and an ocean of oil of amber, brave sir, could not have produced so great an amendment in this poor woman as hath the sight of thy countenance."

At noon all the companies rallied at the Town House, whither Captain Hill brought to the council of leading men, six of the old magistrates of the people's choice to form a provisional government. Among these was the aged Governor Bradstreet. When his venerable head appeared above the balcony, and when the voice of authority uttered these measured words:—

"We commit our cause to Him who hears the cry of the oppressed and advise all to join in prayers and just actions for the defense of our land," a great shout went up from the multitude. The jack was set up at the Fort, and a pair of Ensigns floated on Beacon Hill.

Twenty military companies were marshalled in Boston and others were ready to come over from Charlestown.

The Rose put out all her flags and pennants and the lieutenant prepared for a vigorous resistance, though the timorous Captain George had warned him that his superior officer would be in danger as a hostage.

At four o'clock came the order for demanding the Fort. But Andros had other views, and just "at the nick" when the party under Nelson bearing the summons to the Governor was rounding Halloway's Corner to the Battery March, the barge from the Rose, in which His Excellency was proposing to escape, was perceived making for the Fort. Not a moment too soon. In the front ranks were Sargeant Mills and Ensign Breed.

"Half files to the left! Double four front! Give fire! Charge pikes!" And down they dashed upon the redcoats who were just touching shore below the sconce, or lower battery. The boat was seized with its freight of small arms, hand grenades, and a quantity of match; and the crew were captured under the very nose of their master who retired within the Fort. He was followed double quick by the soldiers he had ordered to the sconce, which Nelson's force now manned, and turning the great guns about pointed them at the Fort and demanded its surrender. A portion of its force being disposed in the rear of the fortification also, the soldiers within were daunted, and instead of an answer of fire and thunder from the throats of his cannon, came a prayer for a safe conduct for two ambassadors from Andros to the Council.

This was granted. Another hour of suspense, and lo! His Excellency came forth unarmed, and "through the very streets where he had first displayed his scarlet coat and arbitrary commission," he was marched with his followers to the Town House. After being mildly told by the spokesman of the Council that he might thank himself for his present disaster, he was placed under guard at Mr. Usher's house.

There was little sleep in Boston that night. The next day Andros was imprisoned in the Fort, and Secretary Randolph enjoyed the hospitality of Scates, the new jailor. The fortification of Castle Island being delivered under the hand and seal of His Excellency to the provisional government, several of his late adherents were lodged there.

Then all the guns in the ships and batteries were brought to bear on the Rose Frigate with a singular result. Captain George begged that he might not be compelled to surrender the ship, but be given leave to go on board and strike the top masts and bring the sails on shore. By this accommodation his wages and that of his men were saved to them, and the Provisional Government escaped the necessity of firing on a ship of the Royal Navy. The dismantled Rose swung to her anchors off Long Wharf, "a harmless and ridiculous hulk."

So this bloodless revolution ended. When quiet days followed under the Council of Peace and Safety, with Bradstreet as President, it was the tense calm of a suspense that might still be rudely ended, for the revolutionists were not aware that William and Mary were actually King and Queen of England at that time.

Upon Mistress Breed the strain of expectation bore heavily till, on May 26th, the welcome news came at last. Three days later there was high holiday in "ye Towne of Boston," whose streets were enlivened by its first great civic and military parade. The Proclamation was published with unusual ceremony from the balcony of the Town House, where a great banquet was given. Salvos of artillery resounded from the Fort and Castle and great rejoicing filled all the Colony.

A proud and happy day for Timothy. When he reached home at eight o'clock, weary and lighthearted, Naomi met him at the door of his mother's room with a doleful face.

"What is it? what" . . . he demanded.

She presented a cup whose fumes made him recoil.

"Alack! How will Master Cooke chide me. While I was busy with the rye loaves for the morrow, Mistress Breed hath fallen asleep without her potion of asafoetida."

EDITH WHARTON'S HEROINES

ELIZABETH L. STOCKING

MRS. EDITH WHARTON is a typical American. She was born in New York; her husband, Edward Wharton, is a native of Boston. Her parents were distinguished and wealthy, and she received every advantage of culture and travel.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick, in speaking of the Americanism of Mrs. Wharton's writings, says: "With many story-tellers the reader gets aboard an accommodation train, and during the jogging, the stopping and starting, the pleasant Trollopy leisure, looks out of the window, reflects on what has gone before and speculates on what is to come. None of these weaknesses are permitted to Mrs. Wharton's readers,—I speak of the stories; —we are booked express, the present is all-exacting and the pace is American."

Mrs. Wharton's style is clever, brilliant and epigramatic. It has been said that she deals in "studies of character rather than real men and women." Her novels show the effect of certain circumstances on a given character; they do not generally treat of the development of character. It seems to me their tendency is pessimistic rather than hopeful. There has been a growth in character delineation in her later books. Sedgwick says that in "The Fruit of the Tree," although it is a less brilliant and successful book than "The House of Mirth," "there is a far more serious purpose of confronting and grappling life as it is."

Now, we know that there never yet was a true novel without a heroine. What kind of heroines, then, has this American woman pictured for us?

"The Touchstone" is to me the most pleasing of all her books. The heroine, unlike the woman in "The House of Mirth" and

"The Fruit of the Tree" is a strong, noble character; her influence on her husband works for his regeneration; and there is "a happy ending" to the novel.

Glennard, the man of the story, having been loved by Mrs. Aubyn, a woman who became famous as a writer, had in his possession a large number of letters from her, in which she had poured out to him her inmost soul. Glennard's interest in Mrs. Aubyn "was as instinctive as love and it missed being love by just such a hair-breadth deflection from the line of beauty as had determined the curve of Mrs. Aubyn's lips." Glennard afterwards fell in love with Alexa Trent, whom Mrs. Wharton describes as follows: "She had the kind of beauty that comes of a happy accord of face and spirit. She looked like a throned Justice by some grave Florentine painter and it seemed to Glennard that her most saliant attribute, or that at least to which her conduct gave most constant expression was a kind of passionate justness—the intuitive feminine justness that is so much rarer than a reasoned impartiality."

Glennard was too poor to marry, but some one who was preparing a biography of the dead woman of genius, Mrs. Aubyn, advertised for any letters or information about her, and the temptation came to sell these letters which she had written to him.

The author says in regard to the letters: "He knew, of course, that they were wonderful; that, unlike the authors who gave their essence to the public and keep only a dry rind for their friends, Mrs. Aubuyn had stored of her rarest vintage for this hidden sacrament of tenderness, but he had never thought of the letters objectively, as the production of a distinguished woman; had never measured the literary significance of her oppressive prodigality."

Glennard asked the advice of Flamel, a connoisseur in such matters, without letting him know to whom the letters had been written, arrangements were made to publish them in book form, and a large sum of money advanced to Glennard. He and Alexa had been happily married for over a year when the book came out. It created a storm of comment, and as Glennard heard the remarks upon it, and saw the letters which had been

written intimately to him, in actual print, his conscience began to torment him.

"At length he opened the first volume. A familiar letter sprang out at him, each word quickened by its glaring garb of type. The little broken phrases fled across the page like wounded animals in the open. It was a horrible sight . . . a battue of helpless things driven savagely out of shelter. He had not known it would be like this." A long struggle of misery and remorse followed, dread that his wife should find out what he had done and despise him, avoidance of her, and estrangement between them. Finally, when the situation had became intolerable to him, he left a notice of a royalty from the book among some papers which he asked her to sort, so that she might learn the truth, and when she gave no sign, he felt that she had accepted his act indifferently and his ideal of her cheapened. Mrs. Aubyn's presence seemed to haunt him. He visited her grave and fell morbidly to imagining what his life with her might have been.

Although disliking Flamel, Glennard had been unusually civil to him and invited him often to his home, feeling that he must now be in the secret of the Letters, and Flamel became attentive to Glennard's wife. Finally, Glennard's dreams of Mrs. Aubyn vanishing in a fit of jealousy, he went to his wife and spoke, at last, accusing her of favoring Flamel.

"'Haven't you had enough without that?' she said in a strange voice of pity.

"He stared at her. 'Enough?'

"'Of misery—'

"An iron band seemed loosened from his temples. 'You saw then—?

"'O God—oh, God—' she sobbed. She dropped beside him and hid her anguish against his knees. They clung thus in silence a long time driven together down the same fierce blast of shame."

She had known that he would speak of the Letters in time —she had been waiting. She wanted him first to hate his act as she did. He confessed all to her,—his publishing of the Letters,—his jealousies and suspicions of her.

"'I took everything from Mrs. Aubyn—everything—even to the poor shelter of loyalty she'd trusted in—the only thing I *could* have left her. I deceived her, I despoiled her, I destroyed her—and she's given me *you* in return!'

"His wife's cry caught him up. 'It isn't that she's given *me* to you—it is that she's given you to yourself. Don't you see that you've never before been what she thought you, and that now, so wonderfully, she's made you into the man she loved. That's worth suffering for, worth dying for, to a woman—that's the gift she would have wished to give!'

"'Ah,' he cried, 'but woe to him by whom it cometh. What did I ever give her?'

"'The happiness of giving,' she said."

As one critic has stated, "The Touchstone" really possesses two heroines,—"the beautiful wife with her restrained, unexpressed spiritual insight," and "the dead woman of genius still ruling the little section of life she has left."

In considering this story, we doubt whether it is quite true to nature for a woman to wait in silence, as did Glennard's wife, while both she and her husband were suffering, allowing him to suspect her of loving another man and of being false in her standards, until his suffering and remorse had reached a point where he sufficiently hated his act. Providence often deals with people in that wise manner, but would a human being have the strength to do so? Nevertheless, the story is very forceful and artistic, and, to my mind, Mrs. Wharton's masterpiece.

Whatever maybe a personal opinion in regard to Mrs. Wharton's novels, "The House of Mirth" is certainly the best known. As some similarities, as well as contrasts, both in situation and character, maybe traced between the heroine of this novel, Lily Bart, and the principal character (Julie Le Breton) of the strongest novel written by the English author, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, it might be interesting to suggest some points of comparison. Both Julie Le Breton and Lily Bart were penniless orphans. They were both of striking appearance.

Mrs. Ward says of Julie Le Breton: "As for the eyes, the carriage of the head, the rich magnificence of hair arranged with an artful eighteenth-century freedom, as Madam Vigee Le

Brun might have worn it—with the second glance the effect of them was such that Sir Wilfrid could not cease from looking at the lady they adorned. It was an effect as of something over-living, over-brilliant—an animation, an intensity so strong that at first beholding, a by-stander could scarcely tell whether it pleased him or no."

Lily Bart is described as follows: "Her vivid head relieved against the dull tints of the crowd made her more conspicuous than in a ball-room. Everything about her was at once vigorous and exquisite, at once strong and fine. He had a confused sense that she must have cost a great deal to make, that a great many dull and ugly people must, in some mysterious way, have been sacrificed to produce her."

Both our heroines had unusual social tastes and talents. Lady Henry said of Julie Le Breton's conversational powers: "'We talked for two hours; it seemed to me ten minutes. The new French books, the theatre, poems, plays, novels, memoirs, even politics, she could talk of them all; or rather, for, mark you, that's her gift—she made *me* talk. It seemed to me I had not been so brilliant for months.'"

Lily Bart's conversational powers were not of so high an order, but she, too, had the gift of making people talk, and showing an interest in their particular hobbies, as, for instance, when she led Percy Gryce, the dull young millionaire, to talk of his "Americana" collection: "She questioned him intelligently, she heard him submissively; and prepared for the look of lassitude which usually crept over his listeners' faces he grew eloquent under her receptive gaze."

Both Julie Le Breton and Lily Bart were somewhat given to intrigue. Julie Le Breton's scheming was similar to that of the courtier or politician who skilfully plays a game, and it was often to help some friend. The author says of her: "She wanted money and name; there were days when she hungered for them. But she would not give too reckless a price for them. She was a personality, a soul— not a vulgar woman—not merely callous or greedy. She dreaded to be miserable; she had a thirst for happiness and the heart was, after all, stronger than the head."

Lily Bart planned for her own social advancement and to make a rich marriage which should deliver her from the money makeshifts that constantly harassed her; and yet, there was within her, too, something which occasionally emerged longing for a better happiness, as when she ran away from her rich suiter, Percy Gryce, and talked with Selden.

"There were in her at the moment two beings, one drawing deep breaths of freedom and exhilaration, the other gasping for air in a little black prison-house of fears. But gradually the captive's gasps grew fainter, or the other paid less heed to them; the horizon expanded, the air grew stronger, and the free spirit quivered for flight."

Heredity and early training tended toward disaster in the lives of both our heroines. Lady Rose, Julie's mother, married to a man with whom she was unhappy, fell in love with an artist and traveler of good family, who also loved her. Lady Rose, after confessing this love to her husband, went away with the artist. As her husband would not sue for a divorce, she and the artist were never married. They lived happily together abroad, and Julie was their only child.

Julie, in speaking of her parentage, said: "'If the world knew, it would expect me to hang my head. *I don't.* I am as proud of my mother as of my father. I adore both their memories.'"

Then, when the man whom she passionately loved, Warkworth, was going away to Africa to leave her forever, pledged to marry a young heiress to whom he had become engaged before he met Julie, he plead with her to meet him in Paris that they might spend their last two days together at a quiet little hotel in the suburbs.

"'Say yes,' he urged, 'and put off for both of us that word—alone!'

"His low voice sank into her heart. He waited till his strained sense caught the murmured words which conveyed to him the madness and the astonishment of victory."

Lily Bart, after her father had lost his money and they became poor, was taught by her mother that her chief object in life was to use her beauty to capture a rich husband. As Lily told

Gerty Farish: "'Why, the beginning was in my cradle, I suppose—in the way I was brought up, and the things I was taught to care for.'" It was scarcely strange then that Lily, with all her uncurbed extravagant tastes, should scheme to make a brilliant match. And yet, whenever she was on the point of success, something from a different part of her nature would hold her back or lead her to some wild act which spoiled all her chances. According to Carry Fisher's oft-quoted comment: "'She works like a slave preparing the ground and sowing her seed; but the day she ought to be reaping the harvest she oversleeps herself or goes off on a picnic!'"

Poor Lily! everything seemed to work against her. Acts merely foolish and reckless were punished by the loss of her aunt's fortune and the desertion of her friends. Even the man who had loved her, failed her. And this is one of the great differences between "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The House of Mirth." The strength of character and spiritual insight of Delafield save Julie Le Breton; the cowardice and lack of purpose of Selden permit Lily Bart to go forward to her own destruction.

Delafield, suspecting the meeting with Warkworth, intercepted Julie Le Breton at the Paris station, and as he bore a telegram stating that her grandfather, Lord Lackington, was dying, she was compelled to return with him to London. From that time on, his influence over Julie began to increase. At length, but not until after their marriage, she grew to love him, and when he succeeded to the dukedom, the burdens of which he dreaded and would fain have relinquished,—"'It will be my part to be a worlding—for your sake,' she said, her breath wavering. Their eyes met. From her face shone a revelation, a beauty that enwrapped them both. Delafield fell on his knees beside her, and laid his head upon her breast. The exquisite gesture with which she folded her arms about him told her inmost thought. At last he needed her, and the dear knowledge filled and tamed her heart."

Very different from Delafield's role is the part of Selden in "The House of Mirth." Just after he had declared his love for Lily Bart and had arranged to see her; at a time when she

needed him most; when Trenor's claims were distressing her; Selden sailed off to the West Indies because of a suspicious circumstance which he neglected to take the trouble to investigate.

Then, near the end, when she came to him in poverty and trouble, he let her go almost in silence. It was only when it was too late, and she lay dead, that he came to speak the "word which would have made all clear."

There was much that was sordid in Lily Bart's character. Selden's "republic of the spirit" appealed to her and seemed to be an uplifting influence in her life, and yet, she could not give up her dream of wealth and position. It was only after having known poverty herself, when she held a poor woman's baby in her arms, and saw happiness, love, and faith in an humble cottage that the deeper things of life began to stir in her.

"As she looked back she saw that there had never been a time when she had had any real relation to life. All the men and women she knew were like atoms whirling away from each other in some wild centrifugal dance; her first glimpse of the continuity of life had come to her that evening in Nettie Struthers' kitchen."

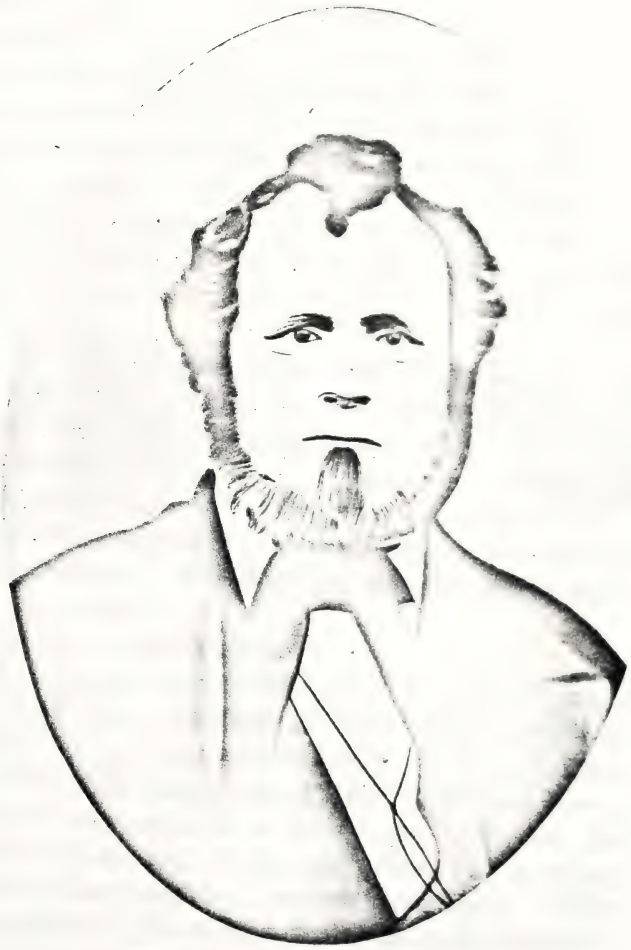
It is not generally Mrs. Wharton's method to picture a heroine whom we can thoroughly admire. She rather holds up to our gaze the weaknesses, foibles, and sins of womankind. This we find to be the case in her last book of short stories,—"The Hermit and the Wild Woman." Nearly all of these tales show women whose extravagance, folly or lack of integrity work havoc. In order to correct defects and abuses, it is often necessary plainly to reveal them, and this, in some cases, has been Mrs. Wharton's mission.

THE GERMAN PILGRIMS

BY EDGAR WHITE

ARTICLES of incorporation were filed recently for a railroad that will put the old communistic settlement of Bethel, in North Shelby county, on the map. Previous to the Civil war Bethel was known as the place where buckskin gloves were made, an exhibit of those goods having taken a premium at the World's Fair in New York, in 1848. Many other articles of manufacture by the thrifty colonists were used in all the cities of the United States, and in many countries of Europe. These goods were either made by hand or on machinery driven by water power. But when the railroads began gridironing the west old Bethel was left far inland and forgotten.

The railroad just incorporated, and which will, it is estimated, be in operation within a year, is chartered from Hannibal, in Marion, to Kirksville, Adair county. It takes in the historic towns of Palmyra, Philadelphia, New York and Bethel. Philadelphia and New York were named by Colonel William Muldrow, a far-seeing bundle of nerves and ambition, who is supposed to have been "Mark Twain's" character study or model for his "Colonel Sellers," in "Gilded Age." No railroad line in all Missouri will have so many towns of mighty name as "The Muldrow Route." A history goes with each place. Every year or so the feature men on the big dailies write long stories of "Marion City," now obliterated by the floods; Palmyra, Philadelphia and New York, and connect them with "Mark Twain's" stories, or Dickens' book, Martin Chuzzlewit. Bethel, however, has not appealed to the feature writers, because the great authors had laid no scenes there. Yet it has a homespun history, and one embracing greater movements, than either of the other places named.



DR. WILLIAM VIEL
Founder of Bethel



The village of Bethel, a few miles northeast of Macon, Missouri, was born of a creed, the foundation stone of which was consecration and determination. The men yet-living in the village bear evidence of the sturdy race of Pennsylvania pioneers from which they sprung. There yet lives in Bethel a clear-headed old gentleman who well remembers the exodus from Western Pennsylvania back in the thirties. The 500 emigrants who came to what was then the pathless west brought with them no assurance from their stalwart leader save that they should be clothed and have plenty of bread and water. They accepted the conditions as men do who are going to war, and they fulfilled the tasks demanded of them as faithfully and as intrepidly as any crusader who sought to wrest the cross from the hands of the savage Saracens.

The story of this remarkable early day pilgrimage to the Missouri plains was told recently by Mr. Moses Miller, who was born in 1821. The chief crusader and leader was Doctor William Keil, born in Germany, a preacher and commander of the type of men who fought with Cromwell's iron brigades.

Doctor Keil's tall form appeared one day among the German peasantry about Pittsburg. His doctrine was from the Bible and expressed in one sentence:

"Without money and without price."

It sounded good to the wooden-shoed toilers, who had found it hard to keep soul and body together on their little patches of land. The German doctor practiced exactly as he preached. Before coming to the small farms near Pittsburg he had been a class leader in a Methodist church in that town. One day the presiding elder did not appear at the time fixed for meeting. The congregation was there and had become impatient. Doctor Keil arose to the occasion. He strode down the aisle, ascended the pulpit and asked for a vote of the house as to whether or not he should declare his views on things in general. The congregation took the risk and for two and one-half hours the volunteer preacher discoursed upon his wonderful philosophy of life. "The Shepherd" was his subject. He claimed that he had received a marvelous light, even as the one which had appeared to Saul while on his murderous mission to Damascus. That

light had made a new man of him, said the Doctor, and his mission was to lead the people not out of but into the wilderness of the great west. He said—and this was one of his strong points—that no real minister of the Gospel was paid a fixed salary; that his labor and time were given to the little ones "Without money and without price."

In the afternoon the presiding elder, who had arrived during the crusader's discourse, took the pulpit and attempted to turn upside down the theory delivered from the forum in the morning. He did more than that. He undertook to get a new church law passed by his congregation to the effect that it would be irregular and highly improper for a class leader to preach from the pulpit.

Doctor Keil made a warm reply to this and the church was divided. Some sustained the iconoclast and others the presiding elder. Doctor Keil called for a line-up, and a majority went to his side. Doctor Keil continued his missionary efforts in Pennsylvania until he secured a following of over 500. Then some leaders were appointed to journey westward and select a spot on which to establish a colony where people could work and worship and love, entirely independent from sordid consideration.

The place chosen was a beautiful table land on the banks of a large stream known as Salt river, in northern Missouri. Several hundred acres were purchased cheaply and the pilgrims began building a town. The first consideration was a large church; then followed stores, factories, mills, a large amusement house and many dwellings. A certain make of workingmen's gloves, produced at Bethel, attained an international reputation. Each male inhabitant of Bethel was required to do a certain amount of work, for which he received free rent, a comfortable home and was entitled to draw on the general commissary for such things as he needed. The money derived from the sale of the manufactured products was turned into a general treasury. None of the people save those in charge of the enterprise, handled any money. None seemed to feel the need of it. If a man wanted to go back to Pennsylvania to visit relatives there he made application to the treasurer, who purchased him a

railroad ticket and arranged for his expenses. Such requests, however, were rare.

For ten years the colony grew and thrived. In that time the majority of people in it never saw a dollar. Finally, pleased with his success at Bethel and the fame its manufactured articles had achieved in the markets of the world, Doctor Keil decided to journey overland to the western coast and there found another town like Bethel. Sometime before making this journey he had promised his favored son, William, that he should go with him. Before the trip begun, however, the boy died. Then Doctor Keil put into practice a lesson which he had for years been instilling in the breasts of his followers—that a promise was sacred in life or death—that a man should die sooner than break a pledge.

He obtained from St. Louis a large metallic casket in which he placed his son's body and then filled the receptacle with pure alcohol. The people of Bethel understood why this was done. On the day of the departure Doctor Keil had his son's body driven to the center of the square in Bethel, and there addressed those who were to remain. Four horses were attached to the vehicle transporting the remains of the boy. In the early morning hours the strange caravan began its long journey westward. By day and by night the rugged pilgrims had with them the stern reminder of the Doctor's sacred pledge. Around the camp fires at night, on the lonely hillsides, or in the majestic mountains, there were sentinels guarding the uncanny freight—sentinels who did not sleep, but who were trained to run not from shadows. To these consecrated emigrants theirs was a holy mission, as true a source of inspiration as the ark borne in the battles of Jehovah.

"Some people have laughed at the story as a freak of an old man," said Mr. Miller, "but we knew Doctor Keil and his plan of life appreciated the solemnity and the seriousness of the act. To my mind that one thing has exerted more influence for good than all else the doctor did. It was not a pleasant task to escort his boy's remains 2,000 miles, the distance from Missouri to Oregon, and to have with him amid that wild and lonely country, the depressing influence of his boy's dead body; but it made

his people think; it made a lasting impression; the purpose of it was plain. A colonist dared not lie. You can take any barefooted boy or girl running around this village today and you will be struck with the straightforwardness and candor with which your every question will be answered. There has not been a man from this town sent to jail. We have no disturbance and rarely a law suit. The people are reasonable and are disposed to deal fairly. A man's word here is as good at the bank as a millionaire's note. Remember, this is long after the communistic idea has been abandoned, but the blood of the men and women who came here from Pennsylvania, is still here, and it counts in the commercial affairs of today just as it did in the early part of the last century."

Doctor Keil was successful in the new colony he founded in Oregon as he was the one in Missouri. During his life-time the colonists here always submitted to him by mail any controversies or differences as to his policy, and his advice was the supreme court for the government of Bethel. It was Doctor Keil's great ambition to establish his colonies on the Eastern and Western coasts, and in the middle states, hoping thereby that the influence of his doctrine would spread all over the country. But death came to him in 1879, while in the midst of his ambitious work. No one felt qualified to carry it on and his followers abandoned the communistic idea, divided out the property to each man in accordance with the number of years he had toiled, and from thenceforth carried on the business and labored in the ordinary way. It is an interesting fact, that in the division of the property built up by the colonists there were no controversies, and during all the years that have followed there has been never a law-suit among the early pilgrims.

Mr. Miller, who is the oldest of the pilgrims now living, was asked to what church Dr. Keil and his adherents professed allegiance.

"The Church of the Living God," the old gentleman said, bowing his head. "Doctor Keil took the Bible for his creed and nothing else. No one was requested to join the church; no one was even urged to attend church. A man could stand well in the community though he never went inside of the church. I some-

times think it was this absolute freedom of action which caused the big church building in which Doctor Keil preached to be full of eager worshippers every Sunday. Doctor Keil preached the great religion of the Lord Jesus Christ—'Tell the Truth;' 'Do Unto Others as You Would That Others Do Unto You;' 'Let No Day Pass Over Thy Head Without Something of Use to Thy Neighbor and Thy God Being Accomplished By Thy Hands.' "

THE DECLARATION AND ADDRESS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL

BY WILLIAM T. LAPRADE

THERE are at least two reasons why the centennial of the publication of this document is worthy of attention: This anniversary was celebrated in the autumn of 1909 by a religious society which had its birth in the circumstances that attended the publication of this pamphlet, and which now has a membership of more than a million and a quarter persons. This society, therefore, in the century of its existence has attained the largest membership of any Christian denomination which had an American origin. That fact alone would be a sufficient reason for considering the document which constituted the first attempt to give formal expression to the principles on which this movement was founded. But the Declaration and Address has a wider interest, since the motives which gave rise to its publication have, perhaps, come to be dominant in the Protestant Christian churches of America. It is not meant by this that the tolerant spirit which prevails at present among the more important Protestant denominations has been in any sense the result of the influence of Campbell's pamphlet. It would be more nearly correct to say that Campbell's movement itself was a product of a number of influences which have operated together to create the present situation. However, the fact remains that a brochure was published in western Pennsylvania just one hundred years ago, which contained views that were far in advance of what a majority of the people at that time were willing to accept. It is also true that few would find them so distasteful now. Therefore it is worth while to inquire concerning the nature of these views and the circumstances which led to their promulgation.

In 1807, in search of health, Thomas Campbell, a minister of

the Anti-Burgher branch of the Seceder Presbyterian Church in Ireland, emigrated to America and took up his abode in western Pennsylvania. Before leaving his native land he had been active in an attempt to reunite the divided parties of his denomination. After his arrival at Philadelphia, he became affiliated with the Synod of the party of which he was a member, and was assigned to the Presbytery of Chartiers. A little later he began his ministry among the churches near Washington, where he had decided to make his home.

Soon after he entered upon his new duties Campbell was sent to visit the scattered members of the denomination who lived along the Alleghany above Pittsburgh. Having a tolerant disposition, he did not adhere strictly to the tenets and practices to which his party subscribed, and invited the members of all Presbyterian churches to participate in the communion. For this offence he was reported to the Presbytery by the minister who accompanied him. When the Presbytery found him deserving of censure, the case was taken up by the Synod. It was evident from several passages in the letter which he wrote to the Synod in regard to the charges against him that Campbell had already gone far towards the position which he afterwards assumed. Among other things he said: "It is, therefore, because I have no confidence, either in my own infallibility or in that of others that I absolutely refuse, as inadmissable and schismatic, the introduction of human opinions and human inventions into the faith and worship of the church." Again: "For what error or immorality ought I to be rejected, except it be that I refuse to acknowledge as obligatory upon myself, or to impose upon others, anything as of Divine obligation for which I cannot produce a 'Thus saith the Lord.' "

The committee to which the charges were referred found Campbell's answer "evasive and unsatisfactory, and highly equivocal upon great and important articles of revealed religion." Naturally, such a decision, though acquiesced in for a time, did not serve to allay the differences which had arisen, and it was not long before Campbell and some of his personal adherents withdrew from the denomination. However, those who followed their leader out of the religious society of which

they had been members were yet by no means certain of the program which they ought to adopt. At the suggestion of Campbell a meeting was held at which the various questions at issue were discussed. The most important result of this meeting was a sentence in the opening speech of the man at whose suggestion it had been called. This sentence was assented to by a majority of those present and formed the basis of what was done afterwards. When the speaker had reviewed the incidents which had led to the separation from their former associates, he announced that the principle on which those who were assembled were acting was that "When the Scriptures speak, we speak; and when the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." The religious body that developed out of this small beginning were destined to find this platform too narrow to support their natural activities. Campbell himself gave it a somewhat liberal interpretation in the Declaration and Address. At the same time, it was probably not the least serviceable formula which a body of religious revolutionists might have adopted.

At a meeting held on August 17, 1809, the Christian Association of Washington was organized. Not long afterwards a house of worship was erected. It was exactly twenty-one days after the organization of the Association that Thomas Campbell published his Declaration and Address. It had been assented to by the new Society and was published as its constitution. Therefore it is in this document that the aims and purposes of the new organization may be found. The principles which were there set forth were afterwards amplified and given appreciation by the younger Campbell and his associates, but the fundamental conceptions on which the movement was based were contained in the Declaration and Address, and came from the mind of Thomas Campbell.

It will appear from a cursory examination of the document that the Declaration and Address is composed of three parts. There is, first, a declaration of the purpose and nature of the new association, summarized in nine propositions, which are prefaced by a brief explanation of the circumstances which had led to its formation. Next, there is an address containing thirteen propositions which were designed to set forth the princi-

ples on which the new movement was based. This is also preceded and followed by brief explanatory paragraphs. Finally, there is an appendix, which is of greater length than the other two parts combined, and which was designed to explain and amplify what had been said before. Therefore, in order to determine what were the purposes and priciples of the author and his adherents, it is only necessary to consider the twenty-two proposition in the Declaration and Address, resorting to the explanatory paragraphs only when there is doubt as to the meaning of the briefer statements.

In the prefatory paragraph to the nine propositions in the Declaration, it was explained that the constituent members of the new association had been moved to form it because of the contentions among the various Christian denominations; with the concluding statement: "Our desire, therefore, for ourselves and our brethren would be, that, rejecting human opinions and the inventions of men as of any authority, or as having any authority in the Church of God, we might forever cease from contentions about such things; returning to and holding fast by the original standard; taking the Divine word alone for our rule; the Holy Spirit for our teacher and guide, to lead us unto all truth; and Christ alone, as exhibited in the word, for our salvation; that, by so doing, we may be at peace among ourselves, follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

The first three propositions simply constituted the Association and provided that its members should contribute to a fund for distributing the Scriptures and propagating the doctrines contained in them, and that they should encourage the formation of other similar associations. The fourth proposition denied that the newly-formed society was a church or "at all associated for the peculiar purposes of church associations." It was insisted, on the contrary, that the members of the new organization were united "merely as voluntary advocates for church reformation." The sixth, seventh and eighth propositions had to do with the details of the administration of the society. The ninth merely bound the members to propagate the principles which had been set forth. The fifth proposition is the most sig-

nificant for the purpose of this article, since it stated the fundamental idea on which the new movement was based. It was as follows: "This Society, formed for the sole purpose of promoting simple evangelical Christianity, shall, to the utmost of its power, countenance and support such ministers, and such only, as exhibit a manifest conformity to the original standard in conversation and doctrine, in zeal and diligence; only such as reduce to practice that simple original form of Christianity, expressly exhibited upon the sacred page; without attempting to inculcate anything of human authority, of private opinion, or invention of men, as having any place in the constitution, faith or worship of the Christian church, or anything as a matter of Christian faith or duty for which there cannot be expressly produced a 'Thus saith the Lord,' either in express terms, or by approved precedent."

This was by no means an entirely new conception. It had been invoked, in part at least, by more than one of the reformers of earlier centuries. But it is essential to an understanding of the organizations which resulted from the agitation of the Campbells and their associates, and of the doctrines which they advocated, to remember that both the organizations and the doctrines grew out of an attempt to restore the New Testament Church and the New Testament Christianity on the basis of the New Testament Scriptures as the utmost authority.

The thirteen propositions of the Address were preceded by a statement of the evils resulting from the existing divisions and differences among Christians. The propositions themselves were not intended as a statement of a creed or system of Christian doctrine. It was the purpose of the author to suggest a platform on which it would be possible for all Christians to unite. The scheme which was proposed accepted Jesus Christ as the head and founder of the church, and the Scriptures as the only authoritative revelation of his nature and purposes. Otherwise, men were to remain free to follow their individual inclinations. The intention of the author of the Address was to afford a method of interpretation and application of the teachings of the Biblical writers which would enable all who accepted them as authoritative to work together for larger ends while

holding different opinions concerning details which were taught. Concerning his aim in formulating these propositions, Campbell himself said: "Let none imagine that the subjoined propositions are at all intended as an overture toward a new creed or standard for the Church, or as in any wise designed to be made a term of communion; nothing can be further from our intention. They are merely designed for opening up the way that we may come fairly and firmly to original ground upon clear and certain premises, and take up things just as the apostles left them; that thus disentangled from the accruing embarrassments of intervening ages, we may stand with evidence upon the same ground on which the Church stood at the beginning."

The first proposition asserted the unity of the "Church of Christ upon earth," affirming that it "is essentially, intentionally, and constitutionally one; consisting of all those in every place that profess their faith in Christ and obedience to him in all things according to the Scriptures, and that manifest the same by their tempers and conduct." In the second proposition it was admitted that locally the Church must be divided into separate societies. However, it was insisted that these societies "ought all to walk by the same rule, to mind and speak the same thing; and to be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment." In order to accomplish this desirable end, it was asserted in the third proposition that, "nothing ought to be inculcated upon Christians as articles of faith; nor required of them as terms of communion, but what is expressly taught and enjoined upon them in the word of God. Nor ought anything to be admitted, as of Divine obligation, in their church constitution and management, but what is expressly enjoined by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles upon the New Testament Church; either in express terms or by approved precedent."

In the fourth proposition it was pointed out that a different weight of authority should be given to the Old and New Testaments in determining the character of the New Testament Church.

In the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth propositions an attempt was made to define a method of ascertaining the extent to which

an individual should be left free to follow his personal inclinations with respect to his religious opinions. Scriptural "command and ordinances" were, of course, to be obeyed. But nothing was to be received as a necessary part of faith and worship which was not "as old as the New Testament." Realizing that there might be differences of opinion as to what the "commands and ordinances" of the New Testament are, the author attempted to provide a means of settling that question. He admitted that "inferences and deductions from Scripture premises, when fairly inferred," were properly regarded as scriptural doctrines. However, he insisted that they "are not formally binding upon the consciences of Christians farther than they perceive the connection, and evidently see that they are so." Therefore such deductions ought not to be made terms of communion. In the opinion of the author, it followed from this that all creeds, doctrinal systems and treatises, while expedient and useful for purposes of instruction, were improper when accepted as authoritative or imposed as obligatory, since they were dependent to a degree at least on human reasoning. He concluded in the eighth proposition that "as it is is not necessary that persons should have a particular knowledge or distinct apprehension of all Divinely revealed truths in order to entitle them to a place in the Church; neither should they, for this purpose, be required to make a profession more extensive than their knowledge; but that, on the contrary, their having a due measure of Scriptural self-knowledge respecting their lost and perishing condition by nature and practice, and of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, accompanied with a profession of their faith in and obedience to him in all things according to his word, is all that is absolutely necessary to qualify them for admission into his Church."

It was set forth in the ninth and tenth propositions that divisions among Christians involve many evils and that, therefore, they ought not to exist. In the eleventh proposition it was pointed out that such divisions had resulted from the fact that "human opinions and human inventions" had been imposed as terms of communion and fellowship. The threefold remedy which was proposed in the twelfth proposition had reference to

the preceding premises. None were to be received into the church but such as had "that due measure of Scriptural self-knowledge described above," and who also professed "their faith in Christ and obedience to him in all things according to the Scriptures." Secondly, none were to be retained in the church "longer than they continue to manifest the reality of their profession by their temper and conduct." Finally, the ministers of the church, "duly and Scripturally qualified, should inculcate none other things than those very articles of faith and holiness expressly revealed and enjoined in the word of God," observing "all the Divine ordinances after the example of the primitive Church exhibited in the New Testament." Lastly, in the thirteenth proposition, it was provided that if "any circumstantials indispensably necessary to the observance of Divine ordinances" could not be found expressly authorized in the Scriptures, resort was to be had to human expedients. But no pretence was to be made that they had sacred origin, and naturally they were not to be regarded as authoritative.

Such was Thomas Campbell's program for uniting the professed disciples of Jesus Christ. The basic idea of his plan, that union is only possible on the fundamental principles, and that details will have to be left to the opinion of the individual, will probably be the scheme on which this union is accomplished, should it ever be done. As to whether the Declaration and Address offers a feasible method for determining what are the fundamental things of Christianity, there is still room for wide difference of opinion. It is even doubtful whether every point which Campbell presupposed as generally admitted would at this time find so wide an acceptance. Yet his work deserves notice as an attempt to turn Protestant Christians to the direction in which there now seems to be a general tendency to move; and it deserves this notice the more, because at the time of its publication it was a distinct advance over any scheme which had been proposed hitherto.

AERIAL NAVIGATION

SIXTY YEARS AGO

By Julia A. Lapham

DURING the year 1850 John Wise, the celebrated aeronaut of that time, presented a memorial to Congress, asking for an appropriation of $20,000 to be used in proving to the world that it was possible to navigate the air as safely as the ocean.

The idea was "no less wonderful than the magnetic telegraph and would be as feasible in practice." The petitioner claimed from the great benefit it would be to mankind, the experiment was well worth trying.

For sixteen years John Wise studied aeronautics and during that time made many ascensions and aerial voyages. He made many improvements in his balloon and added what might be called safety appliances of various kinds.

In a number of instances his balloon exploded at an elevation of at least two miles but every time he descended uninjured to the ground.

Mr. Wise was fully convinced by his experiments that the navigation of the air was quite as practicable as the navigation of the ocean. In his memorial to Congress Mr. Wise reminded that honorable body that all experiments had been private enterprise and money had not been sufficient to bring about great results. He claimed that a much smaller sum than had been spent on improving the navigation of the sea, would produce an almost inconceivable degree of perfection that would be of the greatest benefit both in peace and in war. Mr. Wise compared the "puny vessels" in which Columbus discovered the new world with the "monster leviathans" which were at that

time moving with speed and safety over the "mighty deep" and said that even greater improvements and discoveries would be made in aerial navigation if only the money could be secured.

The appropriation asked for in the memorial was to be expended in the city of Washington, under the direction of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Wise proposed to construct a balloon one hundred and six feet in diameter which would give it an elevating power of sixteen tons. It was to be made of some material that would retain hydrogen gas for an indefinite period.

With this balloon he would make numerous ascensions at Washington. The balloon securely anchored to the earth would be out of the reach of shot or shell and, from it he would send "imitative destructive missiles" to show his ability to destroy any fleet or army beneath him.

Mr. Wise had demonstrated to his own satisfaction, that, in our latitude there was always in the "elevated regions of the air a perpetual current from the west to the east and that by its means an aerial voyage around the globe could be made in a very short time."

In making the experimental ascensions at Washington he proposed to make observations that would prove this theory to the world.

He also proposed to make an ascension from St. Louis, cross the Alleghanies and descend near the Atlantic coast and, as a final experiment, he would make an ascension from New York and cross the Atlantic.

A Francis life boat was to be used as a car—supplied with water and provisions. Six or eight volunteer attendants would be required for this voyage. Mr. Wise's hope was to be able to continue this trip around the world and present himself to Congress on his return as living evidence of having made the first aerial voyage round the globe.

Like many another inventor Mr. Wise lived at least fifty years too early to have his plans fully appreciated. To-day there would seem to be nothing impossible in such plans.

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STARVED ROCK



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THE HISTORY OF STARVED ROCK

BY WILLIAM W. LOOMIS

THE Middle West is notably lacking in points of lasting historic interest. Its development has been nothing less than phenomenal, but this growth has been marked by few dramatic events which left their impress on the destinies of the people or the character of our civilization. But it would be a wrong conclusion that there is nothing of romantic interest or historic significance, for nowhere in the country, East or West, can one find a spot so tragically associated with the passing of the Indians, or so conspicuously linked with the advent of the White Man as Starved Rock, a natural fortress located on the south side of the Illinois River, opposite the town of Utica and about eight miles west of the present city of Ottawa.

Near this famous rock was founded by Father Marquette the first Christian mission in the Mississippi Valley; here was the first permanent colony of white men; here, on the top of the rock in the fort built by LaSalle was lighted the first coal fire that ever burned on the American continent, and here perished by starvation the remnant of the once powerful tribe that gave its name to the state. Its dramatic past makes Starved Rock stand out in the history of the Illinois country just as the rock itself stands out in prominence by the tranquil waters of the Illinois River—grim, defiant and impregnable. Sphinx-like, it has witnessed the rise and fall of races but despite the momentus events that have been staged around it, the rock, with its enchant-

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ing surroundings, remains unchanged by the passing centuries; it is practically the same as when Marquette and Joliet first saw its strategic possibilities—or when some prehistoric moundbuilders sought refuge on its easily guarded top.

The region along the river both above and below Starved Rock is very different from that of other sections of the state, the high bluffs, as sharply defined as palisides, are a source of perpetual interest to the geologist. The conditions here made it a favorable rendezvous for the primitive races. The river with its many tributaries served as canoe water ways to and from the hunting grounds; the high bluffs presented strategic advantages fully appreciated by the Illinois tribes and protected the broad valley from disastrous storms. It is a logical inference, supported by much specific evidence, that for centuries there was at least a semi-permanent settlement here, and as late as 1818 Gordon S. Hubbard reported on the plains across from Starved Rock, the largest village of Pottawatomies he had ever seen.

It is a subject of frequent comment by historians that for two centuries after North America had been discovered, the Mississippi Valley was unvisited and unknown but the French trading posts slowly penetrated into the interior. Vague rumors came to them of a "great water" to the westward and it was thought that this might be an ocean or at least some river running into a western sea. In the fall of 1672 Count Frontenac determined to learn more of this unknown region and delegated Louis Joliet, an intrepid fur trader, 28 years old, to visit and explore the "great water." Joliet spent the winter at Mackinac with a priest friend, Father Jacques Marquette, and together they worked out the plans for the journey that was to give them an immortal place in American history.

The expedition which started out on the first day of May, 1673, consisted of two birch bark canoes, five oarsmen, Joliet and Marquette—the one an explorer seeking new waterways and desirable sites for trading posts; the other a missionary with all the zeal of a Crusader, hoping for opportunities of sowing the seed of Christianity in a new country. The party traveled up the Fox River of Wisconsin to the Wisconsin portage

and down the river of that name to the "Father of Waters"—the first white men, as far as known, to visit the Upper Mississippi. They journeyed as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas, returning by way of the Illinois River, the Chicago portage and Lake Michigan. It was on this return journey, in the month of September, 1673, that they found the great "fortress carved out of solid rock," and on the plains across the river a large village of Indians who were most friendly. This settlement is known in history by various names, "Kuilka," "La-Vantum" and "Kaskaskia." Marquette called it Kaskaskia, and when the tribe, years afterwards, fled before the warring Iroquois, they carried the name with them to their new home on the banks of the Mississippi about midway between St. Louis and Cairo where the transplanted Kaskaskia became the first capital of the state.

Marquette and Joliet tarried with the Indians several weeks and when they resumed their journey Père Marquette promised that he would return later and establish a mission. The following year he set out from Green Bay to redeem this promise and the record of his perilous journey, the lonely winter in a wretched shack on the site of the present Chicago, and then the struggle forward in spite of failing health is a thrilling and inspiring story of devotion and determination. Under commission from Quebec he established, almost in the shadow of Starved Rock, the "Mission of the Immaculate Conception." This was the first definite movement to introduce Christianity in the Mississippi Valley—a fact that has endeared the spot to the Catholic church. The mission was continued under other priests for twenty years, and was then moved to Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, where it continues to this day, under the same name.

Marquette was the missionary and Joliet was the explorer while LaSalle was the empire builder who foresaw the future development of the inland regions. He was the first man to journey from Lake Michigan to the mouth of the Mississippi and back again, and he sent out the party that explored the Upper Mississippi and discovered St. Anthony's Falls. He gave the name of "Louisiana" to a territory vaster and richer than he had pictured in his wildest dreams. With impressive ceremony

he laid claim to Louisiana in the name of France—the first man to claim for a European power the right of ownership by virtue of discovery. Three times he visited France, pleading with Louis XV and his Minister Colbert, for the granting of lands, the privilege of founding colonies and the rights of ownership and governmental authority.

LaSalle had visions of a New France that should include the valley of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley. He advocated a line of forts from Montreal to the Gulf of Mexico. With irrepressible enthusiasm he urged his plans on others, raised funds for beginning the work and had the satisfaction of seeing several forts located and occupied before his untimely death at the age of 43. The French government eventually adopted the plans which he had so persistently advocated, and in time sixty forts and colonies were established in the furtherance of this policy.

It was in the fall of 1679 that LaSalle first journeyed down the Illinois River and spent the winter at Fort Crevecoeur, near the present city of Peoria. This has frequently been referred to as the first permanent location from which the flag of a civilized nation was unfurled in the Mississippi Valley, but in reality it was nothing more than a winter camp, fortified from the Indians by a log stockade. LaSalle recognized the temporary character of Crevecoeur, for the following March he arranged for the first fort and colony at Starved Rock, its location and its natural advantages making it an ideal center of operations. After the memorable trip to the Gulf, the actual fortification of the rock was begun. On the lofty summit, half an acre in extent, a fort was built and the only means of access was an easily guarded natural stairway. The fort was named "Fort St. Louis du Rocher" and commanded the great waterway between the lakes and the Mississippi. Under commission from the king, LaSalle founded a colony here—the first deliberately planned and definitely organized settlement in the Mississippi Valley. The fort was garrisoned by French soldiers under the command of Henri de Tonti, LaSalle's trusted lieutenant. Tonti was an Italian, a man of military experience and executive ability who will live in history as the first governor of the Illinois country.

For eighteen or twenty years Fort St. Louis du Rocher was the central point of operations, and from here many expeditions were organized and sent out. It was visited by adventurous Frenchmen, soldiers of fortune, fur traders and priests. It was a haven of refuge not only for the whites but for the friendly Illini who sought the protection of the soldiers against their ancient enemies, the Iroquois. LaSalle estimated that at times there were as many as 20,000 Indians encamped in the valley and on the bluffs around the fort. It was while returning from the unsuccessful attempt to plant a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi that LaSalle was assassinated—the victim of a conspiracy among discontented members of his party. His untimely death proved a great setback to the plans for systematically settling this great domain and among the other results was the eventual abandonment of Fort St. Louis du Rocher as other portages and waterways between the lakes and the Mississippi were discovered. With the death of LaSalle no leader came forward to direct the systematic settlement of the colonies, and for a time the traders and pioneers went their several ways and Fort St. Louis was vacated.

It is probable that the great natural fortress was the scene of battles from time immemorial, as it was during the period of the French occupancy, and in later years. Tonti nearly lost his life in a battle between the Iroquois and the Illini the year the fort was established. Later about 2,000 Iroquois made an attack on the garrison but were readily repulsed by the 150 soldiers on the easily defended rock. In 1722 it was the scene of a battle between the Fox Indians and a tribe of the Illini, and in 1769 the tragedy occurred that gave to the rock its name.

How much the facts may have been distorted by tradition will never be known, but it is accepted by all the historians that at a council of war, at Cahokia, Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, was stabbed. According to one story, his assassin was Kineboo, chief of the Illini, while another account attributes the deed to a half-breed Peoria Indian. Pontiac is frequently referred to as the greatest of the North American Indians—certain it is that he was held in the highest reverence by other tribes than his own, and over his body vengence was vowed. The Miamis, Kicka-

poos, Shawnees, Chippewas and Ottawas came forward to avenge the death of the famous chief, and war was declared to exterminate the Illini. The scattered villages were quickly destroyed and the various tribes of the Illinois confederacy were driven in to La Vantum, about three-quarters of a mile above the great rock. Tradition has it that there were ten thousand souls in La Vantum, two thousand of whom were warriors and they held their own during the summer and fall. Early in the winter the allied forces made a concerted attack which continued for twelve hours—one of the bloodiest battles in the history of Indian warfare. A blinding snowstorm ended the struggle, and under cover of the night and the storm, the Illini launched their canoes and crossed to the rock that had been a refuge so often for their ancestors. Here they readily repulsed the attacks of their enemies, but they were shut off from water and supplies, and in less than two weeks nearly twelve hundred men and women perished from famine rather than surrender. In later years Meachelle, an old Pottawatomie chief, told the early white settlers that "eleven of the most athletic warriors, in the darkness and confusion of the fight, broke through the besieging lines." The Illini had long drifted about over a wide territory—even beyond the Mississippi—and it is probable that a good many isolated families were overlooked and escaped extermination, but the tribe, as an entity, was practically wiped out, and from this tragic event Starved Rock has derived its name.

It is of further interest to note that the first record of coal in North America was made by Father Louis Hennepin, a Recollect missionary, with LaSalle's party in 1679. He made several references to outcroppings of coal at various points along the Illinois, Mackinaw and Fox rivers, but the exact locations are matters of conjecture. Trevenot noted on his map of 1681, near the mouth of the Fox River, "Carbon de terre"—the first map mention of coal. It is possible that coal was burned as a fuel in some other place at an earlier date, but "in any event, the record is clear that the first mention of coal in the New World was in the neighborhood of the rock, and the first mention of its use is in the forge placed within the stockade of Fort St. Louis du Rocher!"* The mining of coal has since developed into one

*Theodore Jessup. Publication No. 11 of the Illinois Historical Library.

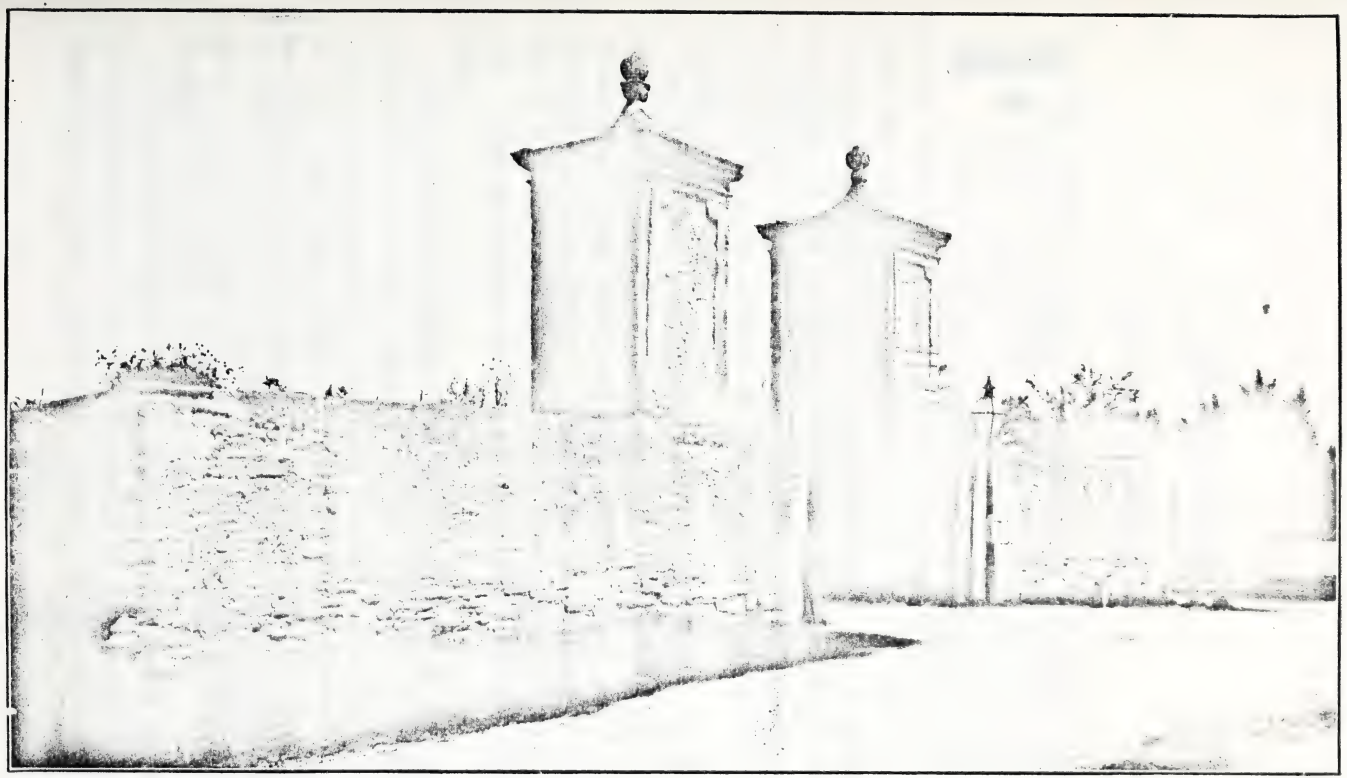
of the greatest industries in the country, and its use is the mainspring of our commercial life. The black diamonds are more valuable than all the previous metals combined, and Illinois is now one of the principal coal producing states. The entire region around Starved Rock is underlaid with rich deposits, and it is a matter of keen satisfaction that up to this time the efforts to develop the mineral resources in its immediate vicinity have been unsuccessful, and it is probable that this will be prevented by the purchase of the land as a state park.

The Illinois Valley was the natural highway of the Indians, and its advantages were recognized by the early white settlers. On July 4th, 1833, the first stage left Chicago on the newly-established stage line between that city and St. Louis. During the summer months the stage line ran to Peru, just beyond Starved Rock, where it connected with the boats that came up the river to that place. For many years there was a daily boat between St. Louis and Peru, and Frink & Walker's Stage Line had in operation six to eight four-horse stages between Peru and Chicago. During these years the rock was in the very center of the activities which marked the first formative period of the early settlement and development of the state.

Just at this time, when the Central States are so vitally interested in a deep waterway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, it is significant to recall that the first mention of an artificial waterway between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River was made by Joliet in 1673. The completion of the Illinois-Michigan canal in 1848, was the engineering triumph of the times. The canal joined the Illinois river just above the rock so that it continued to look down upon the growing commercial interests which necessarily developed, in those early days, along the navigable rivers and artificial waterways. When the legislature encouraged railroad construction by its grants to the Illinois Central (the first of the land-grant railroads), the engineer in charge of building operations journeyed down the canal and the surveying and construction parties actually began work within sight of the historic rock, since which time "it has looked down upon the ceaseless stream of human travel by rail, as it has witnessed it by the red man's canoe, his overland trail, the

explorer's boats, the pioneer's stage roads and the canal, the predecessor of the railway."

Starved Rock has been enthusiastically described as "the most beautiful spot between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains." It certainly is one of the most picturesque places in this region and a nearby summer resort now attracts hundreds of pilgrims annually. Despite the encroachment of cement mills and coal mines, the rock is practically unchanged by the advent of white men, protected as it is by a deep tree-filled ravine and charming glens and canyons, beyond which are the palisaded, forest-covered bluffs. The historical and geographic societies of the state, the Daughters of the American Revolution and many prominent individuals have long advocated the purchase of this land as a state park. Its natural beauty alone would justify such action in a state where there are so few scenic spots to attract attention, and when its wealth of historic associations is taken into account it would seem nothing less than an irretrievable calamity to allow the property to be exploited for industrial purposes. At the last session of the legislature the "Starved Rock Park Commission" was created and there is now a definite state organization and a growing public sentiment in favor of the conservation of the "most picturesque, the most romantic, the most historic spot" in the Middle West.



CITY GATES AT ST. AUGUSTINE
One of the most historic landmarks in the Western Hemisphere



OLD FLORIDA

By Littell McClung

FLORIDA, that part of the continent which first felt the tread of the Spanish dreamers of an Eldorado beyond the unknown seas, to-day still possesses more visible evidence of the pre-Revolutionary struggle for control of the Western World than any other state in the Union, Virginia not excepted. While Jamestown lies in ruins, the pillars of the ancient City Gates stand guard over St. Augustine. Near the Gates on the banks of Matanzas River the high battlements of old Fort Marion mark the spot where the cavaliers of Castile lost their lives in defense of the continent their illustrious countryman discovered.

Tourist hotels, magnificent in size and unexcelled in appointment, stretch down the East Coast from Jacksonville to Miami. Automobiles roll over asphalt streets and hard driveways through the palm groves. Residences of striking beauty are rising on the shores of Florida's phosphorescent waters, and every year from November till March the whole state throbs with new life.

But to one who seeks restful enjoyment in an atmosphere mellowed by historic suggestion, the Florida of Spain appeals far more than modern American Florida. Despite Time's touch of decay and the conflicts of nations that followed the voyages and discoveries of Columbus, "Old Florida" is well preserved. By "Old Florida" is meant principally that country contiguous to St. Augustine, for here Spain, France and England contended for possession of the New World.

It is greatly to their credit that in recent years the citizens of St. Augustine have striven to recall by pageantry the first conquest of the great peninsula. Every Easter now old Ponce de

Leon once more sails up the river and lands on the shores that he thought held for him the secret of the ages—the restoration of youth and vitality. Again he claims the continent in the name of Spain, and the black-robed priest pronounces Heaven's benediction on the discovery. Once more the awe-struck Indians crowd around the white invaders.

After his reception by those he has come to enslave, imprison and put to death, the aged Spaniard leads his countrymen to Fort Marion within whose massive walls the impressive and picturesque ceremony is concluded.

The builders of modern Florida have kept the graceful lines of Spanish architecture in the erection of the imposing buildings that dot the East Coast. The hotel Ponce de Leon, built largely of coquina stone, the same substance out of which the Spaniards fashioned Fort Marion and the line of bulwarks around St. Augustine, resembles some immense Castilian castle more than a modern palace of entertainment. Its spreading court of fountains and palms and its lofty spires make it more a part of old Spain than present day America. Its arched windows and balconies remind one of the high openings in Mohammedan mosques through which the muezzin appears calling to prayers. The decorations of this hostelry are those of the Renaissance. In the great rotunda four female figures typify Adventure, Discovery, Conquest and Civilization, while four other figures represent the elements—Earth, Air, Fire and Water. The Alcazar, another imposing hotel in St. Augustine, is also built on lines true to the Renaissance. Over on the West Coast the spires of Tampa Bay Hotel give it the appearance of several great mosques welded into one.

Another imposing structure of the Renaissance style is Memorial Presbyterian Church, in St. Augustine, built by Mr. Henry M. Flager to conserve the body of his daughter, Jennie Louise Benedict, who was drowned on her honeymoon tour to Florida. With its great glittering dome, which can be seen for miles when the sunlight falls on it, this costly church might be taken for some glorious Mohammedan shrine, built by a religious prince of fabulous wealth.

But had the creators of the new Florida ignored the traditions

and forms of the old, the impress of the Castilian's heel would still be visible along the white sands of the peninsula. In the ancient parts of St. Augustine the visitor can feel across the span of years the touch of historic incident. He has but to walk through the narrow, quaint streets to think that the year 1700 is not far removed from yesterday.

In the center of the town is the Plaza de la Constitucion which gets its name from the monument erected in its center by the Spaniards in 1813 to commemorate the adoption of a liberal constitution by the Spanish Cortes. While reading the names carved into the shaft the visitor takes the first step into a romantic and fascinating past. At one side of the Plaza stands the old market of slavery days, a low heavy structure of stone. However, this building was never used by slave traders as some seem to think. It was simply the vegetable and meat market of the Spanish inhabitants of the town.

Diagonally across from the Market is St. Joseph's Cathedral, whose restful, dreamy interior is at once suggestive of other days and other worshippers. This Cathedral was erected by the Spanish Catholics in 1791. In 1887 it was partly burned, but was restored a year later. One of its bells bears the date 1682.

Near the Plaza runs Treasury Street, which is but seven feet from side to side and the narrowest thoroughfare in the United States. Along it and several other streets of old St. Augustine are the small Spanish houses with their sharp roofs and their floors on a level with the ground outside. Many of the delightful overhanging balconies and the discolored battered walls remain unmolested by modern improvements. The atmosphere of romance seems to envelop these old homes that were enlivened with the tinkle of the guitar and the ring of the senorita's laugh before the English conquerors came to wrest from Spain one of her richest possessions. Some of the dwellings have been carefully preserved by the owners. The oldest of them, which tradition says was built more than three hundred years ago, has an enchanting court. This inner yard contains a thatched stone "summer house" surrounded by four life size marble statues.

At the edge of the town stand the City Gates—massive

square pillars of coquina flanked on each side by high thick walls of the same stone that was quarried on Anastasia Island across Matanzas River. The Gates were one of the vital points in a line of fortifications that ran from Fort Marion around St. Augustine to the San Sebastian River. Here and there is a mound marking the line behind which Spain endeavored to hold half the continent against the incursions of the French and the bombardment of English guns.

The history of these fortifications, of which Fort Marion bore the brunt of the successive struggles for the possession of the Floridas began when Pedro Menendez landed on the peninsula August 28th, 1565. This was St. Augustine's Day, and he gave the name of St. Augustine to the place where Ponce de Leon had set foot more than fifty years before. But previous to the coming of Menendez a band of French Huguenots had touched at St. Augustine and then gone up to the St. Johns River where they built a defense called Fort Caroline. It was this settlement by the Huguenots in Florida that caused Philip II of Spain to send out Menendez on a voyage of extermination.

The Spaniard planned the massacre of the French with all the cunning of a frenzied bigot, who regarded himself not only as the sole master of the vast new realm but the ordained messenger of Heaven to spread light in the new world with the dagger in one hand and the crucifix in the other. After their ships had been wrecked by a storm, Menendez by promises of mercy, enticed the Huguenots to surrender. Then he had them all blindfolded and murdered. The massacre occurred at Matanzas (Slaughter) Inlet, twelve miles south of St. Augustine. The Spaniards then set up another fort at Matanzas Inlet, the ruins of which are there to-day.

The extermination of the French accomplished, Pedro Menendez set about constructing a fortification at St. Augustine which was destined to stand as a monument to the futility of Spain's tremendous efforts to spread her domains around the world. Pine logs were first used and the fort took on an octagonal form and was called San Juan de Pinos (St. John of the Pines). But three years later a new French expedition sailed for Florida under command of Chevalier Dominque de Gourgues and bent on a



This is said to be the oldest house in St. Augustine, and consequently the oldest in America. According to local tradition, it was built over 300 years ago by the Spaniards.



mission of vengeance. An attack was made on Fort Caroline on the St. Johns, now manned by the Spaniards. The Indians joined the French and the fort was captured and razed. But the larger fortification at St. Augustine was not taken, though the French killed several hundred Spaniards and sailed away with the satisfaction of having avenged the murder of their countrymen.

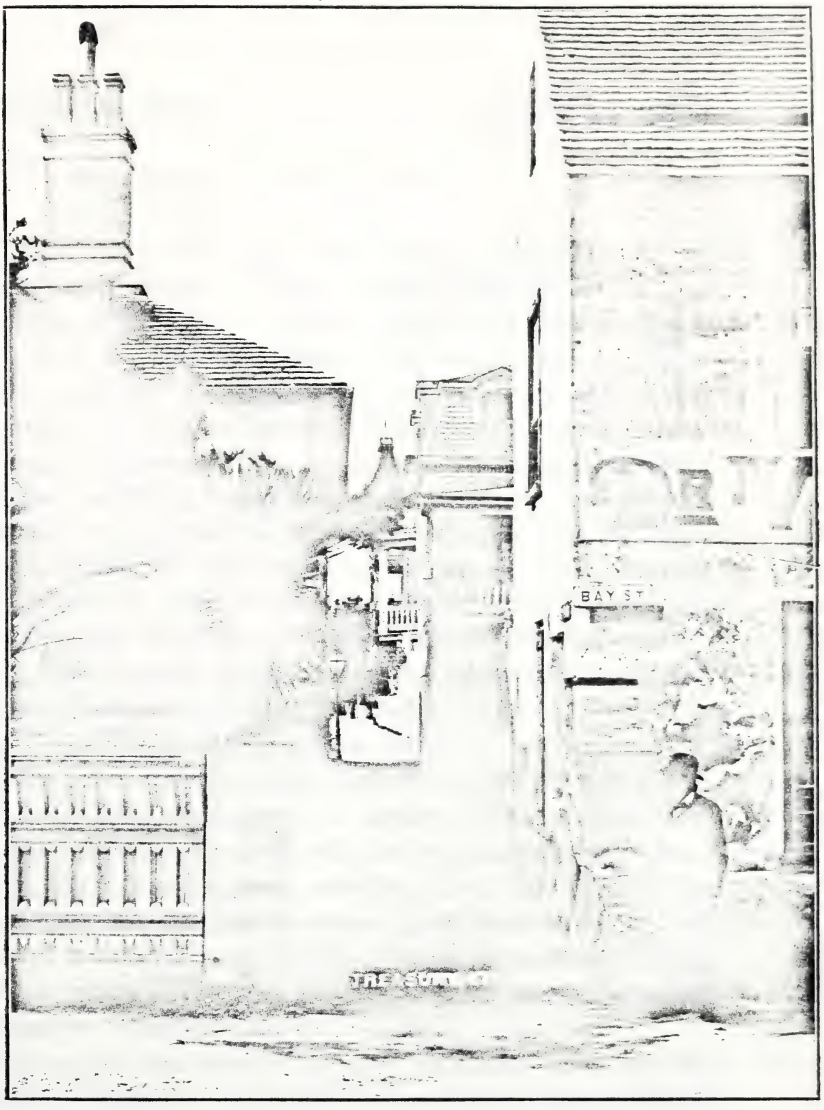
The Spaniards soon continued their work on the fort. The Indians were forced into service in hewing out the stone on Anastasia Island and bringing it across the river. This stone (coquina) which is formed of vast quantities of sea shells, possesses the adhesive qualities of cement, and the Spaniards found it just the thing for the construction of an impregnable fortification. While the blocks adhered to each other and finally formed a solid mass, the walls of the fort were soft. A cannon would not splinter them but would bound off and bury itself in them. For sixty years the Indians were kept at work and the results of their labor was that St. Augustine and the southeastern peninsula was bulwarked behind one of the most powerful defenses in the world. So great a drain on the treasure house of Spain was the building of it that Ferdinand VI, so tradition goes, declared that the walls must have been made of pure gold. With its massive battlements nine feet thick at the base; its high signal towers; and its surrounding moat, forty feet wide, it was indeed a fortification worthy the builders of a mighty empire.

The storms of battle that have blown over it are history. The severest of these was the bombardment by Oglethorpe in 1740. The English general landed his batteries on Anastasia Island and for forty days pounded the fort with cannon balls. The scars on the walls still tell of that terrific bombardment. Twice has the name of the fortification been changed. From St. Johns it became Fort San Marco. In 1821 the United States Government named it Fort Marion in honor of General Francis Marion of the Revolution. There is a bit of tragic irony in this. General Marion was never connected with any event in Florida's history, and yet because he was a distinguished American patriot, the walls that cost Spain vast sums and Titanic labors will bear his name as long as they stand.

In 1842 the United States completed a sea-wall in front of the

fort nearly a mile long and ten feet high to protect it from the constant beat of the tides. Near this wall is the Military Cemetery where sleep the soldiers of Major Dade who were massacred in the Seminole War.

To-day the old moat is dry. The drawbridges are gone, and sections of obsolete batteries lie rusting away in the sun and the rain. The Spanish inscriptions and the proud coat of arms of Castile have gradually faded until they are now hardly distinguishable. In the watch towers and the bastions the birds build their nests. The great walls are cracked and battered, and the mosses are growing where Spanish guns once blazed defiance at the sea captains of England. A thousand years and more Fort Marion may stand—a constant reminder of a withering empire's herculean struggle against the omnipotent hand that has guided the Anglo-Saxon nations on the highway to power, glory, and civilization.



TREASURY STREET, A BIT OF OLD ST. AUGUSTINE
This is the narrowest street in the United States, being only seven feet wide



A PATRIOT GUIDE-BOOK MAKER OF A CENTURY AGO

BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING

A HUNDRED years ago there were no guide-books to the United States. There were books of travel, to be sure, written by visiting Englishmen and Frenchmen for the entertainment and edification of their friends at home and the instruction of those who should follow in their footsteps. But these volumes were more successful in their former than in their latter rôle, as was doubtless intended. Entertaining they certainly were, and even informing, but should you care yourself to depend in your journeyings in a strange land on a work which devoted most of the space for a certain section of the route to such topics as "Handsome Children," "Superstitions of an Old Lady," and "Pernicious Effects of the Stove?" You might even weary of constant diatribes against the poor roads and the bad manners of the authors' fellow-travellers. And there was another difficulty. Every writer insisted that the previous traveller had given an utterly false account, or if he left his predecessor a shadow of a character for intending to tell the truth, he declared that so many changes had taken place in the years or even months since Mr. So-and-So made his tour that his statements were in no way to be relied upon. If travel to the United States was to become anything but a hazardous plunge into the unknown, there must be more definite descriptive literature.

The man who met this need was John Melish, cited in our encyclopedias as "geographer, guide-book maker, and political economist," and the story of his career, as well as the set of little sheepskin-covered, yellow-leaved books that bear his name, is well worth unearthing from dusty library shelves. The books are a curious combination of the familiar and the unfamiliar.

One pulls open the flap of the three-dollar pocket-book edition of the Traveller's Directory, which every tourist of your great-grandfather's time slipped into his pocket as surely as you carry "Route X, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington." But what is the New York Mr. Melish describes in his "Travels?" A city of fifteen thousand houses, "generally built of brick, with slated or shingled roof," whose inhabitants pleased him by their "affability and polite deportment," and whose "female society was polished and well bred." And of Washington he writes: "Being told that we were entering Washington city [by stage], I continued looking for the houses for some little time; but seeing none, I thought I had misunderstood the gentleman who made the remark, and turning round for an explanation, he told me laughing that we were almost in the middle of it, and asked me if I did not see the Capitol a little before us. I did, indeed, see a stately edifice, but no other appearance of a city." The next morning he found that the seven hundred houses of the infant capital were scattered over an area of four and a half by two and a half miles,—the size of the city of London,—and gave therefore only the appearance of a rather thickly settled country. It is an instance of the fairness and sense of humor which endeared Melish to his American readers that instead of ridiculing this small beginning he read carefully Mr. Ellicott's description of the prospective city with its 37 squares, 17 grand avenues, 130 to 160 feet wide, and all that goes to make up our modern capital, and said, "A most elegant plan indeed, and a very animated description. It only wants 40,000 elegant buildings, and a corresponding population to constitute the American capital, one of the handsomest cities in the world! However, it is to be recollected that everything must have a beginning, and the time was when London was *not.*"

This road from New York to Washington was one of the most frequented routes. So it took the traveller only two days to go by stage from New York to Philadelphia, two by land and water to Baltimore, and one more, by three changes of horses on the fast mail-stage, to reach Washington. But turn to the Memorandum leaves of the edition of 1818, and you will find jotted

down in pencil the list of expenses of the tourist who owned this copy of the "Directory."

	December 28
Horse	$115 00
Portmanteau	5 15
Blanket	2 50
Spurs	2 00
Buffalo skin	3 50
Leggings	1 25

This gentleman was probably going from Albany into the "back lands" of New York, or from Pittsburg into the wilds of Ohio.

It was a business trip that John Melish, a cotton merchant of Glasgow, planned to make across the Atlantic in 1806 with a view to establishing himself permanently in some port of the United States. He read the books of travel he could lay hands on, and discarded them all in disgust, preferring to depend upon a good gazetteer and a map. He evidently registered a vow that if he ever published a book of travels they should be of a different order, for when the embargo and the war of 1812 ruined the business which he had set up in Savannah, he took the notes which he had made on his first trip and set out on a second and more extended tour with the purpose of studying the prospects of a man who wanted to establish himself in the United States, and of giving out the information he should gain in a combination geography and book of travels. This two-volume work met with instant success. The thirst for information about the more newly settled parts of the country made Americans welcome an account which was so fair in its judgments and so accurate in its statements, and it was warmly commended by such men as President Jefferson and such magazines as the Portfolio.

We can hardly realize by how many people books of travel were read at this time. Many read them from general interest; desire for information; and this was worth while in a period when Mr. Melish had to revise his "Geographical Description of the World" in four years "to exhibit all the new discoveries and important alterations in the geography of the world. Others read with a view to possible emigration; and still others with

an anxious desire to learn how it would fare with friends and relatives who had gone to the new world. Remember that the census of 1820 reported that there were in the United States 143,000 foreign-born persons who had come during the last decade, and these figures take no account of the tide of emigration that was sweeping over the eastern states and driving hundreds of families westward.

Before his "Travels" were off their Philadelphia printing presses their author had found a new field for his activities. The war of 1812 had broken out, and the newspapers were filled with despatches telling of engagements on the western frontier; but they were unintelligible to the people, who had no accurate geographies of these regions. The canny Scotchman saw his opportunity and rushed through the press a "Map of the Seat of the War of 1812." This he followed with a written description of the country, through which he had so recently journeyed, and in the next two years he issued a series of maps of the Detroit River, of Quebec and the St. Lawrence, and of the seacoast, which interpreted to patriotic Americans the victories of Perry and Harrison, and are the textbook of historians of to-day.

The war gave Melish the chance to prove himself no foreign immigrant but a true American patriot. From the day when he set foot on American soil he had realized that the position of America in regard to British commerce was misunderstood and the power of America vastly underestimated in Great Britain. He was a man of standing in his home community and had done his best in the interval between his first journey and his final removal to America to convert others to his own changed point of view. He had written a letter (which was afterwards published) to a member of Parliament entering his protest against the orders in council, which were creating such a stir in America, and if nothing else of his writings remained but this shrewd, well-balanced, prophetic letter, it would show him to deserve his title as political economist. The people of the United States did not want a war, he said, but the folly of the ministry of Great Britain might plunge them into it, for he was confident that they would never submit to the restrictions which were being laid upon their trade. Before he posted the letter news

of the embargo reached England, and he added this telling postscript. "Some of our *energetic* politicians here are talking very big about *reducing the Yankees to obedience*. No doubt, they anticipate that glorious sport will result from an American war. . . . If they do, I have yet one piece of news in store for them: THE AMERICANS NEVER WILL MAKE PEACE UNTIL THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS BE COMPLETELY AND UNEQUIVOCALLY RECOGNIZED AS A BASIS!"

In those words lay the making of an American patriot, and when the negotiations for peace were in progress at Ghent in 1814 and the British had proposed as a *Sine Qua Non* terms which would deprive the United States of territory which was justly its own and would lay humiliating restrictions on other regions, John Melish demonstrated once more the value of printer's ink. Congress was giving out for distribution the documents and despatches rejecting this offer. Melish published the "Sine Qua Non: A Map of the United States, showing the Boundary Lines proposed by the British Commissioners at Ghent, with the Documents relative to the Negotiation, and Remarks on the Extent of British Pretensions and the Effect they would produce if acceded to." The remarks would have carried weight even without the map. They set forth in scathing terms the "awful magnitude" of the British demands, which invited the United States to hand over to her enemies forty-three and one-half million acres of territory. But the map was irresistible. Even after one hundred years the colors stand out clear and bright,—red, yellow, pink and purple! If copies of this map, wrote Jefferson from Monticello, could be posted up in every street, on every town-house, and every court-house in the country, "it would be patent to the eyes of those that cannot read, and of those who read without reflecting, that reconquest is the ultimate object of Britain."

For a man who had lived in the United States barely three years, our author had taken quite a part in public life. Nor was he unaware of the fact. With the naiveté which runs through all his writings he tells us in an advertisement which he issued a few years later, how his works have influenced the leaders of the country in more ways than one. Especially he calls atten-

tion to this *Sine Qua Non* pamphlet, telling of the critical state of affairs when he published it. "Shortly after," he continues, "the British Government became more reasonable, and peace was happily concluded." Doubtless neither the British government nor the honorable commissioners,—among whom were John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay,—realized the part which an obscure map-maker of Philadelphia had played in their negotiations; but Mr. Melish did not need their testimony.

The unconscious conceit of the man and the intimacy with which he takes us into his affairs and advises us about our own, lend charm to our study. Fancy attempting a biography of Baedeker or of Murray from their writings! But Melish takes for granted our interest in him and gratifies it at every step of the way. He believes in the extension of the public library system in America; so he slips into one volume of his travels an appendix giving a charming account of how he and a friend conceived the idea of establishing a public library in Glasgow. No one could be made to share their enthusiasm for a scheme so preposterous as of a library which any person whatsoever could use by the payment of a small fee. Nothing daunted, however, they started it themselves, purchasing with their own entrance fees two books,—Paley's Natural Theology, and Lord Lauderdale's Essay on Public Wealth. "My friend took the office of librarian," writes Melish, "and I held all the other offices. We held regular meetings, and had much intellectual pleasure in superintending our infant institution." We read on with interest how this library gained 350 subscribers and 1,500 volumes within four years, and then pull ourselves up to inquire just what connection this has with "Travels in America." The path is easily traced by our author. New towns in America should have libraries; people will have neither the courage nor the intelligence to found them; here is a plan. What could be simpler?

It is so with his career as a publisher. We have been told already how he came to write his travels, and to make his military maps. During the war a "very respectable Friend" in Philadelphia came to him and said, "I wish, friend John, thee would make a Map of the Seat of Peace." And from that simple

remark, presumably, developed the school geographies, the state and county maps, which he made at the request of the Pennsylvania legislature, and all of the long list of forty-eight maps, which are catalogued under his name and treasured in our libraries to-day. That their maker was a careful student and a skilful workman is established both by the testimonies of students and their official recognition given them on such occasions as the treaty-making in 1819 between the United States and Spain, when the boundary lines were to be "as laid down on John Melish's map."

It is, however, in Melish's career as a guide-book writer rather than as a map-maker that we are especially interested, for here we get the most revealing glimpses of the life of those far-away days. It is amusing to see how little change a century has made in the things which a tourist wishes to know. Run over the contents of the last United States Baedeker, and see how closely the general headings correspond with those of Melish,—voyage from Europe, railways, steamers, and coaches (which in Melish are stages, postroads and horseback) climate, plans of tour, routes, etc. But what a difference in the text! Baedeker gives directions for a sea voyage of from six to eight days on a well appointed floating hotel. Melish advises the traveller to lay in a stock of provisions for six or eight weeks. The ship table will only provide stable articles like biscuit, saft beef, pork and peas. The wise *pater familias* is recommended to purchase a supply of everything eatable from ducks, fowls, beef and mutton, (which will vary the diet for at least the first ten days) to meal, barley, flour, potatoes, bread, wine, and any other delicacy that can be preserved for some time. With such a load of provisions and the required bedding, including mattresses as well as sheets and blankets, a family must have had a pile of baggage on the dock; and passengers who came by steerage, as did not a few of our best citizens, must provide their own cooking utensils as well. Ocean travel did not always require so much preparation on the part of the passenger even at that time. There were vessels on which the captain provided all but the wines,—and in that case beware to what captain you entrusted yourself for six long weeks,—and others where the passengers clubbed together and ordered provisions.

It would be a mistake to judge from our own luxurious point of view that Melish made conditions appear difficult to the prospective emigrant. Exactly the opposite! His books are a constant enconium of life in America, where there were no exorbitant taxes, no unjust landlords, and no feudal estates. The wages of artisans, the prices of land, the relative cost of every staple article of food in the United States and Great Britain are all set temptingly before the reader. Industrious farmers, manufacturers, laborers, and "gentlemen of republican principles and manners" with some capital he urges to come to America; but during the depression of commerce existing at the time when he was writing, merchants and clerks would have less chance of success; the learned professions were already well-stocked, and "noblemen and gentlemen of high birth and aristocratic principles" were warned off in no gentle terms. America was the land of labor, and emphatically the best country on earth for those who would labor, but idlers were out of place, and men of rank and nothing else would find America the worst market in the world; nor, he quietly remarks, would the person who cherished aristocratic principles (and endeavored to impress them on the people) be likely to find himself happy.

For the man who was willing to work Melish could not find sufficiently flowery words of welcome. "We applaud your resolution," "we give you greeting," he says. "As hospitality was practised by savages of all time, so it would be practised and in much larger measure in the United States to the stranger who sought asylum there,"—and so on and so forth, until we realize that the rhetorical prose of the eighteenth century was the model by which this young Scotch boy had been educated. But the remarkable quality of Melish's books is, in general, their business-like consciseness and their massing of necessary facts without undue elaboration. In this he was the pioneer of guide-book makers.

If Melish could be said to have had a hobby, it was the cause of domestic manufactures. By skilful manipulation of figures he succeeded in extracting from dry statistical records and tables of exports and imports an array of data which supported conclusively the theories of Jefferson and of an increasing number of wise men

all over the country, who maintained that the United States was too ready to send raw material abroad and pay exorbitant sums for the manufactured product when it was returned. To be independent the country must be able to supply its own material wants. We were running thirty million dollars short of that. No one was more delighted to see Americans boycott British silks and woolens and appear in simple homespun than the man who had come to the United States to import those very British goods, and who, after the war was over, could have done it at immense profit.

He was no hero, this Scotchman of ours,—just a simple practical man of affairs, who saw the needs of his time and fulfilled them to the best of his ability. His name is forgotten save by the historian who consults his maps. Yet he had a large influence in his day and will always stand as a worthy representative of our most valuable class of citizens,—the men who interest themselves vitally in the affairs of the country and are satisfied if they can serve well their day and generation.

AN IMPORTANT HISTORIC MEMORIAL

BY LILLIAN STAIR SCHREINER

TOO much cannot be said in commendation of the great work now being done by the various patriotic societies of the United States in restoring and marking historic spots for the benefit of future generations. Although of a more recent date, the work done in the Middle West is not of less importance than that done in the Eastern states, and so general has it become that all through this region we come upon stone markers and memorials telling the passer by of some great deed of heroism, some battle fought, or some important event in history that took place upon this spot.

One of the most important of these undertakings was the erecting of a massive boulder to mark the site of the fort built by Gen. Atkinson in the Black Hawk War upon the shores of Rock River and which gave the city of Fort Atkinson, Wis., its name. Aside from the purely local interest inspired, the erecting of this memorial was a notable event in the progress of the country, inasmuch as the site of this fort marks an important event in its history,—the Black Hawk war was the last stand taken by the Indians for supremacy in the Middle West, and though there was but little actual loss of life to the whites, yet its results in regard to the history of the upper part of the Mississippi Valley were far reaching and important. The complete destruction of the Black Hawk band which had always been a menace to the white settlers, and also the knowledge obtained by so large a body of troops passing through a region hitherto unknown, were great factors in the future settlement of the country. In the wake of the great army, along its broad trail settlers poured in and within a few years after the war flourishing settlements dotted the whole territory.

This little fort here in the wilderness was a crucial point in

the history of the war, situated as it was right in the heart of the Indian country, only five miles above Lake Koshkonong, which, with its myriads of wild duck, its waters full of fish, and its shores lined with acres of wild rice, a staple food of the aborigines, was a favorite meeting ground of the tribes. Gen. Atkinson with his army of regulars, in the summer of 1832 marched up to the foot of Lake Koshkonong, there expecting to find Black Hawk. The Indians having taken alarm and fled, Atkinson took some 1,500 of his men and came on up the river and erected the fort. Remaining here some two months, he sent various scouting parties out on all sides and by this means was at last enabled to ascertain the whereabouts of the savages. Learning that they were moving westward toward the Mississippi, he abandoned the fort and followed, coming up with them in time to join in the battle of the Bad Axe where most of the tribe was annihilated and Black Hawk himself was taken prisoner.

Another point of interest connected with this fort, and which is especially notable at this time, owing to the recent Lincoln centennial is the fact that as a young man, Abraham Lincoln served under Gen. Atkinson, and it was here at this little fort in the wilderness that he was honorably discharged from his regiment. Tradition hath it that the night before he was to leave some one stole his horse and the future hero of the Rebellion was obliged to walk the nine miles between here and Whitewater where there was a little hamlet, before he could obtain another horse.

Aside from Lincoln many other names which became famous in our country's history were upon Gen. Atkinson's payroll while he hunted savages in the Wisconsin wilds, among them, Zachary Taylor, afterward president, Col. Wm. Hamilton brother of Alexander Hamilton who was killed in the duel with Aaron Burr, Capt. Gideon Lowe of Fort Winnebago, and Col. Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame.

Every trace of the fort, which consisted of several building surrounded by a stockade, had disappeared, but by the aid of the pioneers still living, whose memory dates back to that early day, the spot was located and the stone placed. The memorial itself is a massive boulder of native rock set in a cement base and sur-

rounded by a neat iron fence. On the northern face of the monument the words "Black Hawk War" are carved in large letters; on the southern face is the following inscription carved upon a tablet of Massachusetts granite, let into the stone, "Near this spot Gen. Atkinson erected a stockade fort during the Black Hawk War. To mark this historic ground the Fort Atkinson Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution place this memorial."

The monument stands in the eastern part of the city of Fort Atkinson, and marks the southwestern corner of the stockade. The cannon ball let into the cement was unearthed in digging a cellar for one of the early houses built within the stockade itself, and is presumably one that was used in the war.

HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

By Brigham H. Roberts, Assistant Historian of the Church.

CHAPTER XV

BEGINNING OF THE PUBLIC MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH: PERSECUTIONS.

THE public ministry of the Church was begun on Sunday, the 11th of June, 1830. The meeting was held in Fayette township, at the home of Peter Whitmer, Sen., where five days before the Church had been organized. The meeting was attended by large crowds of people; and Oliver Cowdery had the honor of making the first proclamation of the gospel in the new dispensation, in a public meeting called for that purpose. At the close of the meeting six persons, viz: Hiram Page and four members of the Whitmer family were baptized by Oliver Cowdery in Seneca lake, to which the Whitmer farm was adjacent. It is a beautiful expanse of clear water, this American lake with a Roman name. It is some thirty-six miles in extent north and south, and between three and four miles in width. Its sand-pebbly shore, and the gentle declivity of its margin, made it an ideal place for the beautiful ceremony of baptism by emersion, wherein is symbolized the burial and resurrection of the Christ; also the death, to sin, of the convert, and his resurrection to a new life of righteousress; the formal taking on of the name of Christ, the visible entrance into the kingdom of God. A week later, seven more were added to the Church at the same place, three of whom were Whitmers, including Peter Whitmer, Sen.,[1] and his wife, Mary M. Whitmer; the others were their immediate neighbors.

1. Kennedy states that when it became noised abroad that the honest old German was being duped (?) by Smith, his Pastor Rev. Diedrich Villers, of the German Reformed Church, called upon him to remonstrate against his folly. The only reply he could gain from the old farmer was, "Jesus Christ; yesterday, to-day, and forever" (Kennedy's Early Days of Mormonism p. 73). So far from this being a reproach to "the honest old German," one may see in it that stronger convictions of the "Eternal Christ" had come to the mind of Peter Whitmer, Sen., in his new found faith.

Meantime the Prophet was not unmindful of his friends, the Knight family, living at Colesville in Broome County, New York, about one hundred miles away; and in this month of April he paid them a visit, to inform them of the progress being made in the work entrusted to him; and hoping, doubtless, to bring them into the Church of Christ. Of this family and the friendship subsisting between them and Joseph Smith we have already spoken.[2] The family were Universalists in their faith, and this of itself, since the central idea of that faith tends to liberalize the mind,[3] to say nothing of the esteem in which the family had previously held the Prophet, insured him a respectful hearing, now that he had come as the official representative of a Church. The Prophet was not disappointed in his reception, or the Knight family's hospitality. Several meetings were held in Colesville where the Knights lived, and a spirit of inquiry, accompanied by a desire to know the truth, was awakened.

Among those who became interested was Newel Knight, son of Joseph Knight, Sen., a young man five years the Prophet's senior. He was a man of rather delicate constitution. As he had no taste for farming, he had engaged in milling both in carding mills and grist mills; but owing to his failing health he had discontinued these occupations on the advice of his physicians.

He was a prosperous man, however, in material affairs, and had married well, although his wife[4] was of delicate constitution. Newel was happy also in the confidence and esteem of his father's family and the neighborhood.[5] He was a man of high character and of a sensitive nature. He and the Prophet had many conversations on the susbject of religion; and as many at the meetings now being held were praying for guidance in forming their opinions of the strange things being testified of among them, the Prophet urged his friend Newel to do the same, not only

2. "Americana," Vol. 4, p. 768 and note; and p. 803.

3. The central principle of Universalism is a belief in the final salvation of all men; and it cannot be otherwise than that such a faith, whatever its defects and untruth may be, will tend to tolerance and broad mindedness. The vice of the doctrine is that it is likely to end in absolute indifference to religion.

4. She was Sally Coburn before her marriage and had long been a leading member of the choir in one of the Churches in Colesville; her father was a musician.

5. These facts are learned from Newel Knight's Journal, published in the "Faith Promoting Series," No. X.

to pray in secret but in the presence of others, and at the meetings. This Newel promised to do, but when the time came, at the evening meeting, his heart failed him, and he excused himself from the undertaking, and could not be persuaded by the Prophet to change his mind. The following morning he retired to the woods where he attempted to carry out his intention to pray in secret, according to his announcement at the meeting the evening before. But he was oppressed by the sense of a duty neglected, by the consciousness of a promise broken; and when he attempted to pray in secret, he failed. Not even words would come at his bidding. Prayer is not a mechanical function. One may not always pray when one chooses. Something more than words are needed. Prayer is soul of man communing with soul of God—the infinite in man reaching upward to touch the infinite of God. God must be a party to this blending of souls, else there will be no prayer.

Newel Knight, under the circumstances, could not then reach God's soul. Newel must be taught a lesson, so also the whole Church. Newel Knight could not pray. He began to feel uneasy; both mind and body were afflicted, until on reaching home his appearance was such as to alarm his wife. He requested her to bring the Prophet to him. "I went," says the Prophet, "and found him suffering very much in his mind, and his body acted upon in a very strange manner; his visage and limbs distorted and twisted in every shape and appearance possible to imagine; and finally he was caught up off the floor of the apartment and tossed about most fearfully."[6] His relatives and some of the neighbors having heard of his condition soon gathered at his house, and witnessed his distress. The Prophet after some effort caught him by the hand, and immediately Newel spoke to him and asked him to cast the devil out of him, for he knew he was possessed, and he knew the Prophet could cast out the evil spirit. "If you know that I can," said Joseph, "it shall be done." And then almost unconsciously the Prophet rebuked the evil spirit and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to depart from the afflicted man. Newel was instantly relieved: his countenance became natural, the distortions of his body

6. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 82, 83.

ceased. He himself declared that he saw the evil Spirit leave him and vanish from sight. His relief from this mental distress, however, was attended with great physical weakness. But after the storm came the calm. His friends laid him upon his bed, and then was witnessed a most remarkable scene. Newel himself afterwards narrated it as follows:

"I now began to feel a most pleasing sensation resting upon me, and immediately the visions of heaven were opened to my view. I felt myself attracted upward, and remained for some time enwrapt in contemplation, insomuch that I knew not what was going on in the room. By and by, I felt some weight pressing upon my shoulder and the side of my head, which served to recall me to a sense of my situation, and I found that the spirit of the Lord had actually caught me up off the floor, and that my shoulder and head were pressing against the beams."[7]

This is usually called "the first miracle in the Church." It was witnessed by eight or ten adult persons, most of whom afterwards joined the Church. The Prophet himself ascribed the power by which the evil spirit was cast out, to God; saying: "It was not done by man, nor the power of man; but it was done by God, and by the power of godliness: therefore, let the honor and the praise, the dominion and the glory, be ascribed to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen."[8]

Soon after this occurrence the Prophet returned to Fayette, whence he was followed by Newel Knight in the last week of May. Soon after Newel's arrival at Fayette he was baptized by David Whitmer.

The first conference of the Church was held on the ninth day of June, 1830.[9] About ninety members were in attendance and a larger number of believers and sympathizers. The conference was a spirited one. The sacrament of the "Lord's Supper" was

7. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 82, 83. Also Newel Knight's Journal, (Faith Promoting Series No. 10) pp. 50, 51. Also see note 1 end of this chapter, for a discussion of the subject.

8. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 83.

9. Some confusion exists as to this date in our annals. In the *Times and Seasons,* and in the *Millenial Star,* also in the Manuscript History of the Church in the Historian's Office, the date of the Conference is given the first of June; but the minutes of the conference, written by Oliver Cowdery, in what is called the Far West Record (ms.), the date is given as the "9th of June," and that date is followed in the text above as the most likely to be accurate.

administered; a number were called and ordained to the several offices of the Church, and there was singing and exhortation. Also spiritual manifestations in visions, and in prophecy concerning the future development of the work then beginning its unfoldment. All present were impressed with the solemnity and yet also with the joy of the occasion. "To find ourselves engaged," says the Prophet, in recording the events of the conference, "in the very same order of things as observed by the holy Apostles of old; to realize the importance and solemnity of such proceedings; and to witness and feel with our own natural senses, the like glorious manifestations of the powers of the priesthood, the gifts and blessings of the Holy Ghost, and the goodness and condescension of a merciful God unto such as obey the everlasting Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, combined to create within us sensations of rapturous gratitude, and inspire us with fresh zeal and energy in the cause of truth."

Shortly after the close of the conference David Whitmer baptized eleven persons in Seneca Lake; and the Prophet returned to his home in Harmony, Pennsylvania.

There was no more staying at home, however, for the Prophet. Under Divine guidance he had launched an institution, devotion to which would absorb his life, and be more to him than home and family and country. He no more primarily belonged to home and family, but to the Church of God. She must be henceforth the first object of his solicitude, and of his activities; all else, secondary.

In consonance with this new attitude toward life's activities, the Prophet soon left Harmony to pursue his labors at Colesville. Arriving here in company with Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and John Whitmer, he found a number of the Knight family and some others ready for baptism. A public meeting was appointed in Colesville the Sunday following the arrival of the Prophet's party. On Saturday a dam was built across a convenient stream of water, that a suitable place for baptisms might be ready. During the night the dam was torn out by a mob. Sunday came, and a congregation assembled, among whom, it was afterwards ascertained, were the parties who destroyed the dam. Oliver Cowdery preached and the Prophet and others

bore testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, and also to the truth of the Gospel that had been restored.

After the meeting a number opposed the work by seeking to turn against the brethren those who gave credence to their testimony. In this they were not successful. Early Monday morning the dam across the creek was repaired and thirteen persons were baptized. About the time the baptisms were concluded, the mob collected—about fifty in number—and were highly enraged because they had been thwarted in their efforts to prevent the baptisms. The house of Mr. Knight was surrounded by these infuriated men, who seemed determined to commit violence upon the saints. The Prophet's party, therefore, with a few friends, withdrew to the home of Newel Knight, in the hope that this would allay the excitement.

But they were followed by the questioning, threatening mob. "And as long as they chose to stay," says the Prophet, "we were obliged to answer them various unprofitable questions and bear with insults and threatenings without number."[10]

A meeting had been appointed for Monday evening at the house of Joseph Knight, Sen., for the purpose of attending to the confirmation of those who had been baptized that morning. At the appointed hour the newly baptized converts and their friends arrived. When just as the meeting was about to be opened, a constable appeared on the scene and placed the Prophet under arrest on a warrant charging him with being a disorderly person by preaching the Book of Mormon, and setting the country in an uproar. This charge was sworn out by a young man of the name of Benton, but most likely at the instigation of a Mr. Cyrus McMaster, a Presbyterian of high standing; a Doctor Boyington, of the same Church; and the Rev. Mr. Shearer, a Presbyterian minister, all of whom were active instigators of the persecutions to be enumerated in this chapter. The charge of course was ridiculous; and indeed was only a pretence of legal procedure, during which the mob hoped to get the Prophet into their hands. This the constable himself disclosed soon after the arrest; for the officer had found the Prophet a very different person from what he had been represented to be, and became his friend.

10. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 88.

The constable's story was soon confirmed, for not far from Mr. Knight's house the wagon in which the officer with his prisoners had started for South Bainbridge was surrounded by the mob who had been lying in ambush, and who seemed only to await a signal from the constable to take the prisoner. This signal, however, was not given; on the contrary the officer put the whip to his horse, and left them. During the chase that followed, a wheel came off the constable's wagon, and he and his prisoner were nearly overtaken by the mob; but the wheel was replaced in time to make good their escape.

The constable drove his prisoner to South Bainbridge, in Chenango county, where he lodged him in a tavern, himself sleeping with his feet at the door of their room with a loaded musket at his side, declaring that if they were unlawfully interfered with he would fight for the prisoner.

The trial came on the next day before Joseph Chamberlin,[11] Justice of the Peace. Meantime the Prophet's friends had not been inactive. Joseph Knight Sen. engaged the services of two of his neighbors, well versed in the law, although not practicing attorneys. They were respectable famers, James Davidson and John Reid, by name and both widely known for their integrity and honor. These gentlemen and a number of the Prophet's friends arrived at South Bainbridge before the opening of the trial.

The main charge apparently, was soon abandoned, as it could not possibly be entertained by the court; but a number of others charges utterly irrelevant were investigated, the nature of which is disclosed by the questions put to the witnesses. And here let it be said, that although these matters are insignificant in themselves, yet they disclose the nature of the charges made against the Prophet, and the untruthfulness of such accusations made against him as involve the employment of his prophetic gifts, or the use of his official position, for material gain. For example: His friend Josiah Stoal was put upon the stand and questioned as follows:

"Did not he [Joseph Smith] go to you and tell you that an

11. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 95.

angel had appeared unto him and authorized him to get the horse from you? No, he told me no such story. Well, how had he the horse of you? He bought him of me as any other man would. Have you had your pay? That is none of your business. The question being put again the witness replied: I hold his note for the price of the horse, which I consider as good as the pay; for I am well acquainted with Joseph Smith Jun., and know him to be an honest man; and if he wishes, I am ready to let him have another horse on the same terms."

"Mr. Jonathan Thompson was next called up and examined: Has not the prisoner, Joseph Smith Jun., had a yoke of oxen of you? Yes. Did he not obtain them of you by telling you that he had a revelation to the effect that he was to have them? No, he did not mention a word of the kind concerning the oxen; he purchased them the same as any other man would."

The Court was detained until two daughters of Mr. Stoal could be sent for and questioned. These were two young ladies with whom the Prophet had kept company before his marriage. They were examined as to his conduct generally, but especially as to his behavior towards them, both in public and in private. They both gave such answers as left the young Prophet's enemies without pretext of action on their account.

Incidents alleged to have taken place in Broome county were introduced, but these the court being held in Chenango County, would not entertain; and after the court had been in session from ten in the morning until mid-night, the trial closed, by the Justice declaring the prisoner "not guilty."

During the day a successful application had been made for a warrant against the Prophet in Broome county; and no sooner was he discharged by Justice Chamberlain than he was arrested under the warrant from Broome county, and dragged off to Colesville some fifteen miles distant. He was taken to a tavern where a number of men gathered and for some time in the presence of the constable ridiculed and insulted the helpless prisoner.

The next day the trial began, and the Prophet found his faithful friends and his counsel of the day before, Messrs. Davidson and Reid, by his side. Many witnesses were called, but their testimony was so palpably false and contradictory that it could not be admitted by the court. A lawyer by the name of Seymour

assisted by a Mr. Burch conducted the case for the prosecution. They called Newel Knight as a witness against the prisoner, to detail the account of the Prophet's ministration to him when possessed of an evil spirit, as already related—and such were the matters of inquiry in a court of justice in an early decade of the nineteenth century, in the State of New York! In the plea for the state, prosecutor Seymour dragged in the matter of the Prophet having been "a money digger," and in every way that occurred to his ingenuity sought to influence the court against him.

Messrs. Davidson and Reid followed in behalf of the defendant. I may not hope to describe so well as the Prophet himself does the effort these gentlemen made in behalf of their client; and it is due to history and to these gentlemen that their client's own brief description of their speeches shall be recorded here:

"They held forth in true colors the nature of the prosecution, the malignancy of intention, and the apparent disposition to persecute their client, rather than to afford him justice. They took up the different arguments which had been brought by the lawyers for the prosecution, and having shown their utter futility and misapplication, then proceeded to scrutinize the evidence which had been adduced, and each, in his turn, thanked God that he had been engaged in so good a cause as that of defending a man whose character stood so well the test of such a strict investigation. In fact, these men, although not regular lawyers, were upon this occasion able to put to silence their opponents, and convince the court that I was innocent. They spoke like men inspired of God, whilst those who were arrayed against me trembled under the sound of their voices, and quailed before them like criminals before a bar of justice."[12]

The court pronounced the prisoner "not guilty," to the joy of his friends, and the vexation of his enemies, who still breathed out threats of violence against him; but with the assistance of the constable, who had treated him with unnecessary harshness when making the arrest, and also in bringing him to Colesville, but who now had become friendly, the Prophet escaped their hands and was soon among his friends at Harmony.

12. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 93, 94. See also note 2 at the close of this chapter.

NOTE 1. THE REMARKABLE CASE OF THE LEVITATION OF NEWEL KNIGHT: The levitation of Newel Knight, related in the text of this chapter is a very remarkable instance of that strange phenomenon, of the possibility and actuality of which there is now little doubt among many leading men of science. The reality of this particular circumstance is well attested. It was not a case of subjective hallucination on the part of Newel Knight; for eight or ten adult persons witnessed the fact of the levitation, and it was doubtless a contributing cause to their uniting with the Church, since it was associated with the official action of the young Prophet, who had dared in the name of Jesus Christ to rebuke the psychic power that bound Newel Knight just previous to the levitation taking place.

As for the possibility and the actuality of levitation itself, in view of our scriptural and modern knowledge, there can scarcely be a question about it. The case of Elijah's ascension into heaven (2 Kings ii) can be no other than a case of levitation. So, too, the young man's axe head, which fell into the Jordan, and which, through the power exercised by Elisha, "did swim" to the surface of the water and was taken out (2 Kings vi). The ascension of the risen Christ, a personage of "flesh and bone" (Luke xxii; 39), is another case of scriptural levitation (Luke xxi; 51 of Acts i; 9).

Relative to the attitude of many scientific minds towards the fact of levitation (and hence as to the possibility and even probability of such a case as the one here being considered) the following from the works of Thomas J. Hudson, author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and other works on that line of thought, is instructive. Referring to the subjective mind in man, and speaking of its powers, he says:

"It remains to consider another power, peculiarly its own, which demonstrates the actual possession by the soul of a kinetic potency which for the present cannot be classed as intellectual. I refer, of course, to its power to move ponderable bodies, otherwise known as the power of levitation. . . . Of the existence of this force no one who has investigated the subject, pretends to doubt. It has been investigated by many of the ablest scientists of the world, notably by Prof. Elliot Coues, of Washington, and Professor Crookes and Lodge, of London, besides many other scientists of lesser note in Europe and America. Professor Coues has given it a name, "*Telekinesis,*" and writes on the subject learnedly and interestingly, as he writes on every subject which he handles; and Professor Crookes has given the world a very learned disquisition on the topic; whilst Professor Lodge has exhausted the resources of human ingenuity in devis-

ing tests demonstrative of the existence of the force, and of the English language in describing them. . . . But no scientist has been able to do more than to enable us to say that it is a power belonging exclusively to the subjective entity; that it performs no normal function in this life; that it requires a physical basis in order to produce phenomena cognizable by the objective senses, and thus, like all other psychic phenomena known as spiritistic, it is never produced except as a result of the most intensely abnormal physical and mental conditions. . . . . The only thing that can be said of the power with certainty is that it exists; that it is not a power of the objective mind; that it is a power of the human soul, and that it is valuable in this life only as an evidence that there is a kinetic force resident in the soul. . . . Besides, if, as we must suppose, the soul is a spark of the Divine Intelligence, it must be invested, in some degree, with the potential energy inhering in Omnipotence." (Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life-Hudson; p. 289-291).

In the presence of this high authority for the actuality of such phenomena as is here considered, it may not be regarded as the result of superstition or ignorance if one believed in the somewhat remarkable instance of levitation supplied by the case of Newel Knight.

Note 2. The Vindication of the Prophet from the Charge of Irregularities in Conduct by his Trials at South Bainbridge and Colesville: The effect of the two trials of the Prophet described in this chapter must be to give him a clear bill of acquittal of practically all those charges alleged against his youth. It should be remembered that the trials took place right in the vicinity where he had spent the greater part of the preceding five years of his life, being frequently employed by Mr. Stoal and Mr. Knight, and during the last year living at his own home in Harmony, but a few miles distant over the New York state line. Of accusations there were plenty and to spare; but submitted to investigation they proved to be but the slanders of his enemies, or the idle exaggerated gossip of a rural community. On this point most interesting and enlightening are the remarks made upon these incidents in the Prophet's early experience by one of his counsel, at these trials, namely, by John Reid, about fourteen years after the trials occurred. Mr. Reid, though never a convert to the Prophet's faith, nevertheless always held him in high esteem. In May, 1844, Mr. Reid visited Nauvoo, and in a public address related the early experiences connected with these

New York trials. After giving a detailed account of the rise of the opposition against the Prophet by sectarian zealots, he said:

"Those bigots soon made up a false accusation against him and had him arraigned before Joseph Chamberlain, a justice of the peace, a man that was always ready to deal justice to all, and a man of great discernment of mind. The case came on about 10 o'clock a. m. I was called upon to defend the prisoner. The prosecutors employed the best counsel they could get, and ransacked the town of Bainbridge and county of Chenango for witnesses that would swear hard enough to convict the prisoner; but they entirely failed. Yes, sir, let me say to you that not one blemish nor spot was found against his character, he came from that trial, notwithstanding the mighty efforts that were made to convict him of crime by his vigilant persecutors, with his character unstained by even the appearance of guilt. The trial closed about 12 o'clock at night. After a few moments deliberation, the court pronounced the words 'not guilty,' and the prisoner was discharged. But alas! the devil, not satisfied with his defeat, stirred up a man not unlike himself, who was more fit to dwell among the fiends of hell than to belong to the human family, to go to Colesville and get another writ, and take him to Broome county for another trial. They were sure they could send that boy to hell, or to Texas, they did not care which; and in half an hour after he was discharged by the court, he was arrested again, and on the way to Colesville for another trial. I was again called upon by his friends to defend him against his malignant persecutors, and clear him from the false charges they had preferred against him. I made every reasonable excuse I could, as I was nearly worn out through fatigue and want of sleep; as I had been engaged in lawsuits for two days, and nearly the whole of two nights. But I saw the persecution was great against him; and here let me say, Mr. Chairman, singular as it may seem, while Mr. Knight was pleading with me to go, a peculiar impression or thought struck my mind, that I must go and defend him, for he was the 'Lord's anointed.' I did not know what it meant, but thought I must go and clear the 'Lord's anointed.' I said I would go, and started with as much faith as the Apostles had when they could remove mountains, accompanied by Father Knight, who was like the old patriarchs that followed the ark of God to the city of David. * * *

"The next morning about 10 o'clock the court was organized. The prisoner was to be tried by three justices of the peace, that his departure out of the county might be made sure. Neither talents nor money were wanting to insure them success. They employed the ablest lawyer in that county, and introduced twenty

or thirty witnesses before dark, but proved nothing. They then sent out runners and ransacked the hills and vales, grog shops and ditches, and gathered together a company that looked as if they had come from hell and had been whipped by the soot boy thereof; which they brought forward to testify one after another, but with no better success than before, although they wrung and twisted into every shape, in trying to tell something that would criminate the prisoner. Nothing was proven against him however. Having got through with the examination of their witnesses about 2 o'clock in the morning, the case was argued about two hours. There was not one particle of testimony against the prisoner. No, sir, he came out like the three [Hebrew] children from the fiery furnace, without the smell of fire upon his garments. The court deliberated upon the case for half an hour with closed doors, and then we were called in. The court arraigned the prisoner and said: 'Mr. Smith, we have had your case under consideration, examined the testimony and find nothing to condemn you, and therefore you are discharged.' They then proceeded to reprimand him severely, not because anything derogatory to his character in any shape had been proven against him by the host of witnesses that had testified during the trial, but merely to please those fiends in human shape who were engaged in the unhallowed persecution of an innocent man, sheerly on account of his religious opinions.

"After they had got through, I arose and said: 'This court puts me in mind of a certain trial held before Felix of old, when the enemies of Paul arraigned him before the venerable judge for some alleged crime, and nothing was found in him worthy of death or of bonds. Yet, to please the Jews, who were his accusers, he was left bound contrary to law; and this court has served Mr. Smith in the same way, by their unlawful and uncalled for reprimand after his discharge, to please his accusers.' We got him away that night from the midst of three hundred people without his receiving any injury; but I am well aware that we were assisted by some higher power than man; for to look back on the scene, I cannot tell how we succeeded in getting him away. I take no glory to myself; it was the Lord's work, and marvelous in our eyes." (Documentary History of the Church vol. 1, p. 95, 96. Mr. Reid's speech is published in full in the *Time and Seasons*, Vol. V, pp. 549-552.)

CHAPTER XVI

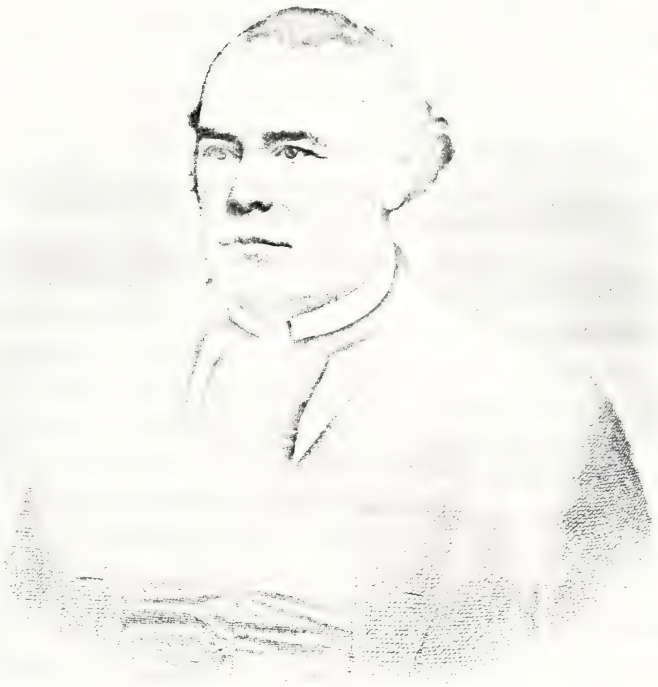
THE FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE CHURCH: THE COMING OF PARLEY P. PRATT

Although pronounced not guilty by the court at Colesville, it did not follow that the Prophet and his associates were to be permitted to exercise the rights of free men and follow unmolested their calling as ministers of the gospel. This was discovered on an attempt being made by the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery to hold meeting, shortly after the close of the trial, at the home of Joseph Knight, Sen., for the purpose of confirming those who had been baptized; and whose confirmation had been so unwarrantably prevented by the first arrest of the Prophet. No sooner did the two brethren appear in Colesville than the mob began to gather to oppose them. It was considered wise on the part of the brethren and their friends to avoid a conflict, and so they departed without even waiting for refreshments. They were closely pursued by the mob, but were successful in eluding them. They traveled most of the night, resting only for a short time under a large tree by the wayside, sleeping and watching alternately, until a little rested, when they resumed their journey and arrived at the Prophet's home in Harmony early in the morning.

About this time a most important revelation was given, destined to have a great effect upon the doctrinal development of the Church, the full import of which is not yet realized even by the Church.[1] This revelation gave the first part of what is known as the Book of Moses now published in the Pearl of Great Price, one of the four standard doctrinal books of the Church.

This chapter could well be entitled the "Call of Moses," for calling this prophet and preparing him for his mission as the deliverer of Israel and the historian of the creation is really the burden of this portion of the book. The chapter deals with four important subjects: (1) The Eternity of God, and the office of the Christ as the Savior of men; (2) The call of Moses to deliver the children of Israel from bondage; (3) The partial revelation to Moses of the creations of God, the Divine purpose in that crea-

1. This, February 1910.



Parley P. Pratt

ONE OF THE FIRST APOSTLES OF THE NEW DISPENSATION

tion and the earth-life of man, from which doubtless, Moses was able to write the creation story of Genesis; and, (4), the localization of the revelations to Moses to our earth and its immediately associated spheres, the heavens that are connected with it. In abbreviated form these several topics are thus presented.

Preface: "The words of God, which he spake unto Moses at a time when Moses was caught up into an exceeding high mountain, and he saw God face to face, and he talked with him, and the glory of God was upon Moses, therefore Moses could endure his presence."

The Eternity of God: the Office of the Christ: "And God spake unto Moses, saying: Behold, I am the Lord God Almighty, and endless is my name; for I am without beginning of days or end of years: And I have a work for thee, Moses, my son; and thou art in the similitude of mine Only Begotten; and mine Only Begotten is and shall be the Savior, for He is full of grace and truth; but there is no God beside me, and all things are present with me, for I know them all.[4]

The Call of Moses: In the midst of the vision Lucifer appears to him, and is rebuked by Moses, whereupon the vision is renewed, and the Lord said:

"Blessed art thou, Moses, for I, the Almighty, have chosen thee, and thou shalt be made stronger than many waters; for they shall obey thy command as if thou wert God. And lo, I am with thee, even unto the end of thy days; for thou shalt deliver my people from bondage, even Israel my chosen.

The Partial Revelation of the Creations of God: The Divine Purpose in the Creation and Earth-Life of Man: "Behold, thou art my son; wherefore look, and I will show thee the workmanship of mine hands; but not all, for my works are without end, and also my words, for they never cease. Wherefore, no man can behold all my works, except he behold all my glory; and no man can behold all my glory, and afterwards remain in the flesh on the earth. . . . And now behold, this one thing I show unto thee, Moses, my son; for thou art in the world, and now I show it unto thee. And it came to pass that Moses looked, and beheld the world upon which he was created, and Moses beheld

4. See note 1 end of chapter.

the world and the ends thereof, and all the children of men which are, and which were created; of the same he greatly marveled and wondered. . . . And it came to pass as the voice was still speaking, Moses cast his eyes and beheld the earth, yea, even all of it; and there was not a particle of it which he did not behold, discerning it by the Spirit of God. And he beheld also the inhabitants thereof, and there was not a soul which he beheld not; and he discerned them by the Spirit of God; and their numbers were great, even numberless as the sand upon the sea shore. And he beheld many lands; and each land was called earth, and there were inhabitants on the face thereof. And it came to pass that Moses called upon God, saying: Tell me, I pray thee, why these things are so, and by what thou madest them? And behold, the glory of the Lord was upon Moses, so that Moses stood in the presence of God, and talked with him face to face. And the Lord God said unto Moses: For mine own purpose have I made these things. Here is wisdom, and it remaineth in me. And by the Word of my power have I created them, which is mine only Begotten Son, who is full of grace and truth. And worlds without number have I created; and I also created them for mine own purpose; and by the Son I created them, which is mine Only Begotten. And the first man of all men have I called Adam, which is many.[5] But only an account of this earth, and the inhabitants thereof, give I unto you. For behold, there are many worlds that have passed away by the word of my power? And there are many that now stand, and innumerable are they unto man; but all things are numbered unto me, for they are mine and I know them. And it came to pass that Moses spake unto the Lord, saying: Be merciful unto Thy servant, O God, and tell me concerning this earth, and the inhabitants thereof, and also the heavens, and then Thy servant will be content. And the Lord God spake unto Moses, saying: The heavens, they are many, and they cannot be numbered unto man; but they are numbered unto me, for they are mine. And as one earth shall pass away, and the heavens thereof, even so shall another come;[6] and there is no end to my works, neither to my words. For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

The Revelations of God to Moses Local: "And it came to pass that Moses spake unto the Lord, saying . . . tell me concerning this earth and the inhabitants thereof, and also the heavens, and then thy servant will be content. . . . And now

5. Adam, then, a generic name, as well as an individual name.
6. Both evolution and devolution, the process in the universe—a scientific truth.

Moses my son, I will speak unto thee concerning this earth upon which thou standest; and thou shalt write the things which I shall speak. . . . And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Behold, I reveal unto you concerning this heaven, and this Earth; write the words which I speak.[7]

About the same time a revelation was given making more definite the calling of the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery. In the midst of the incidents related in this and the preceding chapters the Prophet and Oliver were trying to raise a crop on the small farm at Harmony which the former had purchased of Isaac Hale, his father-in-law, and which he still owned. But the Prophet had been called to a larger work than this, and one which required all his time. Hence the Lord said in the revelation referred to:

"Behold thou wast called and chosen to write the Book of Mormon, and to the work of my ministry. . . . Magnify thine office; and after thou hast sowed thy fields and secured them, go speedily unto the church which is in Colesville, Fayette and Manchester, and they shall support thee; and I will bless them both spirtualy and temporally. . . . And thou shalt continue in calling upon God in my name, and writing the things which shall be given thee by the Comforter, and expounding all Scriptures unto the Church; and it shall be given thee in the very moment what thou shalt speak and write, and they shall hear it, or I will send unto them a cursing instead of a blessing. For thou shalt devote all thy service in Zion; and in this thou shalt have strength. Be patient in afflictions, for thou shalt have many; but endure them, for, lo, I am with thee, even unto the end of thy days."[8]

Concerning Oliver Cowdery it was said:

"And thy brother Oliver shall continue in bearing my name before the world, and also to the Church. And he shall not suppose that he can say enough in my cause; and lo, I am with him to the end. In me he shall have glory, and not of himself; whether in weakness or in strength, whether in bonds or free, and at all times; and in all places, he shall open his mouth and declare my gospel as with the voice of a trump, both day and night. And I

7. The last lines of the quotation are taken from ch. ii. verse 1 of the Book of Moses, to complete the emphasis of the fact that the revelations to Moses pertain to our earth and its heavens, not to the whole universe. The importance of these doctrines will be discussed in a subsequent chapter of this work.

8. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 24.

will give unto him strength such as is not known among men.'"[9]

To Emma Smith also was given consolation through the word of the Lord, for in a revelation given during those days, she was appointed to be a scribe unto the Prophet during a projected absence of Oliver Cowdery. To her it was said:

"Thou needst not fear, for thy husband shall support thee in the Church; for unto them is his calling, that all things might be revealed unto them, whatsoever I will, according to their faith. And verily I say unto thee, that thou shalt lay aside the things of this world, and seek for the things of a better. And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my Church; for my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

Shortly after the revelations above were given, Oliver Cowdery went to visit the Church in Fayette; and the Prophet occupied himself in setting in order and copying the revelations which up to this time had been received; in which work he was assisted by John Whitmer who continued to reside with him. While so engaged, much to the Prophet's surprise, he received a letter from Oliver Cowdery "commanding" him to alter one of the revelations which had been received.[10] The Prophet immediately answered Oliver by letter, but the matter was not finally settled until the Prophet visited the saints in Fayette in person, and convinced Oliver Cowdery and a number of the Whitmers who had taken Oliver's view of the subject, that the passage was reason-

9. That Oliver Cowdery attained unto such power is evidenced by the testimony of Wilford Woodruff, the fourth President of the Church who on March 3rd, 1889, said: "I have seen Oliver Cowdery when it seemed as though the earth trembled under his feet. I never heard a man bear a stronger testimony than he did when under the influence of the Spirit. But the moment he left the kingdom of God, that moment his power fell like lightning from heaven. He was shorn of his strength, like Samson in the lap of Delilah. He lost the power and testimony which he had enjoyed, and he never recovered it again in its fullness while in the flesh, although he died in the Church. It does not pay a man to sin or to do wrong." The Deseret Weekly News, Vol. 38, p. 391.

10. Part of paragraph 37, Sec. 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants. The reasons for the demand of the change are not adequately stated in our annals, but under the system of ecclesiastical government being developed, Oliver Cowdery was clearly out of order.

able, and according to the scripture: "And thus was this error rooted out," says the Prophet, "which, having its rise in presumption and rash judgment, was the more particularly calculated, when once fairly understood, to teach each and all of us the necessity of humility and meekness before the Lord, that He might teach us of His ways, that we might walk in His paths, and live by every word that proceedeth forth from His mouth."

In the latter part of August, 1830, Joseph Smith, Jun., in company with John Whitmer, David Whitmer, and Hyrum Smith visited the Colesville Saints, assembled them together, confirmed them members of the Church, partook of the Sacrament, rejoiced in their achievements, sang hosannas to God, and the next morning returned to Harmony without molestation.

This work accomplished, the Prophet in the last week of August removed to Fayette. Here, however, irregularity had asserted itself, in that Hiram Page had been receiving "revelations" for the Church, through the use of an alleged "seer stone," concerning the upbuilding of Zion, the order of the Church, etc. "All of which was entirely at variance with the order of God's house," remarks the Prophet, "As laid down in the New Testament, as well as in our later revelations." A general conference had been appointed for the 26th of September,[11] and the Prophet thought it wisdom not to say anything about this matter until the conference convened. But on discovering that Oliver Cowdery and a number of the Whitmers were believing in the things set forth by Hiram Page, it was thought best that inquiry should be made of the Lord, and before the conference convened a revelation was received, in which the "revelations" of Hiram Page were condemned; and Oliver Cowdery was commanded to take Hiram Page between himself and him alone, and tell him that the things he had written as revelations were not of God, that Satan had deceived him.

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11. In the manuscript of the Prophet Joseph's History this conference is said to have been appointed for the "first day of September;" but in the "Far West Record," a manuscript record kept by the clerks of the High Council in Missouri—and to which reference has before been made, are the minutes of the 9th of June conference (1830)—which state that the conference adjourned to meet again on the "26th of September." The record also contains the minutes of the above conference bearing the date of September 26th.

Oliver Cowdery's late presumption was also reprimanded in this revelation. The revelation, in fact, was directed to him:

"Behold, I say unto you, Oliver, that it shall be given unto thee, that thou shalt be heard by the Church in all things whatsoever thou shalt teach them by the Comforter, concerning the revelations and commandments which I have given. But, behold, verily, verily, I say unto thee, no one shall be appointed to receive commandments and revelations in this Church, excepting my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., for he receiveth them even as Moses; And thou shalt be obedient unto the things which I shall give unto him, even as Aaron, to declare faithfully the commandments and the revelations, with power and authority unto the Church. And if thou art led at any time by the Comforter to speak or teach or at all times by the way of commandment unto the Church, thou mayest do it. But thou shalt not write by way of commandment, but by wisdom: And thou shalt not command him who is at thy head, and at the head of the Church. For I have given him the keys of the mysteries, and the revelations which are sealed, until I shall appoint unto them another in his stead. * * * For all things must be done in order, and by common consent in the Church, by the prayer of faith."[12]

Thus the order of the Church in respect of receiving revelations was more clearly defined, and by the time the conference convened on the 26th day of September the difficulties were well on the way to an amicable settlement.

The conference continued through three days. Besides the preaching and ordinary business a number of revelations were received concerning the future development of the work. Reproof and encouragement were given most fearlessly; a number of people were baptized, and the work generally strengthened. "The utmost harmony prevailed," says the Prophet, "and all things were settled satisfactorily to all present."

Among the things made known by the Book of Mormon is the fact that the land of America is a "chosen land above all other lands, a chosen land of the Lord;" also that upon it in the last days shall be builded "a new Jerusalem," or "Zion" unto the remnant of the seed of Joseph[13] who holds the birthright in Is-

12. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 28.
13. Book of Mormon, Ether Ch. xiii.

rael.[14] Hence it is a matter of faith with the Latter-day Saints that this city of "Zion" will be built upon the continent of North America. Very naturally the saints were early exercised concerning this city and especially concerning its location. Its location was undoubtedly one of the subjects of Hiram Page's revelations; for in the revelation correcting his errors it is said: "It is not revealed, and no man knoweth, where the city Zion shall be built, but it shall be given hereafter. Behold I say unto you, that it shall be on the borders, by the Lamanites."[15] Also the Book of Mormon declares that the Gospel of the Christ which it contains shall be preached among the Lamanites, and that they shall be restored to a knowledge of their fathers.[16] This also was a matter that early engaged the attention of the saints, and especially at this September conference. In a revelation received a few days before the conference convened Oliver Cowdery had been appointed to introduce this work to the Lamanites.[17]

During the conference young Peter Whitmer was appointed to go with him.[18] And in October following Parley P. Pratt and Ziba Peterson were added to this Indian mission.

The coming of Parley P. Pratt to the Church is a matter of sufficient importance to receive more than a passing notice, both on account of his exceptional native talents and the great work he accomplished in the Church, and because of the controversy that gathers about the circumstance of his coming to the Church, under the circumstances attendant upon that coming. Viz: Coming immediately from the vicinity of Sidney Rigdon's activities

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14. See 2d Chronicles v. 1, 2. Also New Witnesses for God, Vol. III, ch. xxxv, The Place of the Patriarch Joseph in Israel.

15. "Lamanites," American Indians. The name is from the Book of Mormon character Laman, Eldest son of Lehi, who led the colony from Jerusalem to the western hemisphere about 600 B. C. It became a party name rather than a racial one in the latter part of Nephite History—fourth century A. D.—and is a name applied now in Mormon literature to all the American Indians. "Borders by the Lamanites;" The government of the United States had already began the execution of that policy which required the removal of the Indians from states east of the Mississippi to the Indian territory west of Missouri and Arkansas, and a number of eastern tribes had already been removed to these then western lands. The site of the future "zion" was to be somewhere on the "borders by the Lamanites."

16. See Nephi ch. 30. 3. Nephi, ch. 16. For a consideration of the fulfillment of the prophesies concerning the gospel going to the Lamanites and their acceptance of it see the writer's work, New Witnesses for God, Vol. 3, pp. 285-291.

17. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 28.

18. Ibid, Sec. 30. Peter Whitmer was but twenty-one, having been born, 1809.

and after association with him; taking this eastern journey for Columbia county, New York, shortly after the Book of Mormon was published; stopping off at Newark, in the vicinity of Palmyra without any seeming occasion beyond a psychic impression that he had a work to do in that neighborhood before going on to the objective point of his journey; meeting the Smiths and accepting the Book of Mormon; all which, it is claimed, bears evidence of his being in collusion with the parties bringing forth the Book of Mormon, and perhaps was the connecting link between Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon and the Spaulding manuscript.[19] Our history as it proceeds will establish the vanity of these idle speculations.

Parley Parker Pratt was the son of Jared and Charity Pratt, and his ancestry runs back to the first settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1639. He was born in Burlington, Otsego county, New York, 1807. His boyhood was spent on a farm, in Canaan, Columbia county, New York, and he had but few educational opportunities. Early in youth, however, he gave evidence of possessing a profoundly religious nature and joined the Baptist Church. In his seventeenth year, in company with his brother William, he journeyed west about two hundred miles, and selected lands for a farm about two miles from Oswego, New York. Owing to failure of crops, and also the failure of his brother William to raise his portion of the payments on the land, the farm finally reverted to the original owner. Somewhat disheartened by this incident young Pratt left the State of New York in 1826, and settled some twelve miles west of Cleveland, in Lorain county, Ohio, then literally a wilderness, where he laid the foundations of a wilderness home. The following year he returned to the home of his boyhood and married Miss Thankful Halsey, in September, 1827. The young couple immediately started for the western home in Ohio, where work on the new farm was resumed.

About eighteen months later Sidney Rigdon, then an associate of Alexander Campbell and Walter Scott in that aggressive reform movement which resulted in the founding of the sect of the

19. Such is the claim of Mr. Theodore Schroeder in his "Origin of the Book of Mormon," in the *"American Historical Magazine,"* predecessor of *Americana,* Vol. II, No. 1.

"Disciples" or "Christians," came into Mr. Pratt's neighborhood on a preaching tour. The doctrines of the "Disciples," appealed to the understanding of Mr. Pratt and he accepted them, resolving also to devote his life to the ministry of that Church. With this in view he sold his possessions and started in company with his wife for Eastern New York, desiring that the friends of his youth should be among the first to receive his ministrations as a preacher of the Gospel. On the journey eastward, following an impression to do so, he stopped off at Newark, in Wayne county, some fifteen or twenty miles east of Palmyra, where he made and filled several appointments for preaching. While in Newark he heard of the Book of Mormon, saw one in fact, at the home of a Mr. Hamlin, learned the current account of its discovery and publication, read it, and resolved to investigate its claims as a divine record. With this purpose in view he visited the Smith home near Palmyra, but the Prophet was absent in Harmony. He met Hyrum Smith however, and with him visited the Whitmers at Fayette where, about the first of September, he was baptized by Oliver Cowdery, and ordained an Elder of the Church. He now resumed his journey to the eastern part of the state, preached the Gospel to his kindred and to the friends of his boyhood days. His brother Orson, destined to become one of the most powerful advocates of the Gospel of the new dispensation—then a youth of nineteen—readily embraced the Gospel, as did several others.

Parley now returned to Fayette, arriving shortly after the first conference of the Church was concluded, and there, for the first time, he met the Prophet, and received his appointment to join in the mission to the Lamanites. Soon afterwards the four brethren who had been appointed to this labor started on foot upon their mission, which was to carry them to the distant frontiers of the United States on the Missouri—"to the borders of the Lamanites."

NOTE 1. THE REVELATION OF THE CHRIST'S MISSION TO MOSES: The reader may be startled at the plainness of the revelation made to Moses of the Christ and His Mission: "Thou art in the similitude of mine Only Begotten;" "Mine Only Begotten is and shall be the Savior, for he is full of grace and truth"—these

words, I say, addressed to Moses may be a surprise to the reader, for they represent the existence of a knowledge of the Christ in ancient times not generally if at all conceded. Inquiry into the facts, however, will sustain the probability of the truth of what is represented as being said to Moses in the passage of Mormon Scripture here considered.

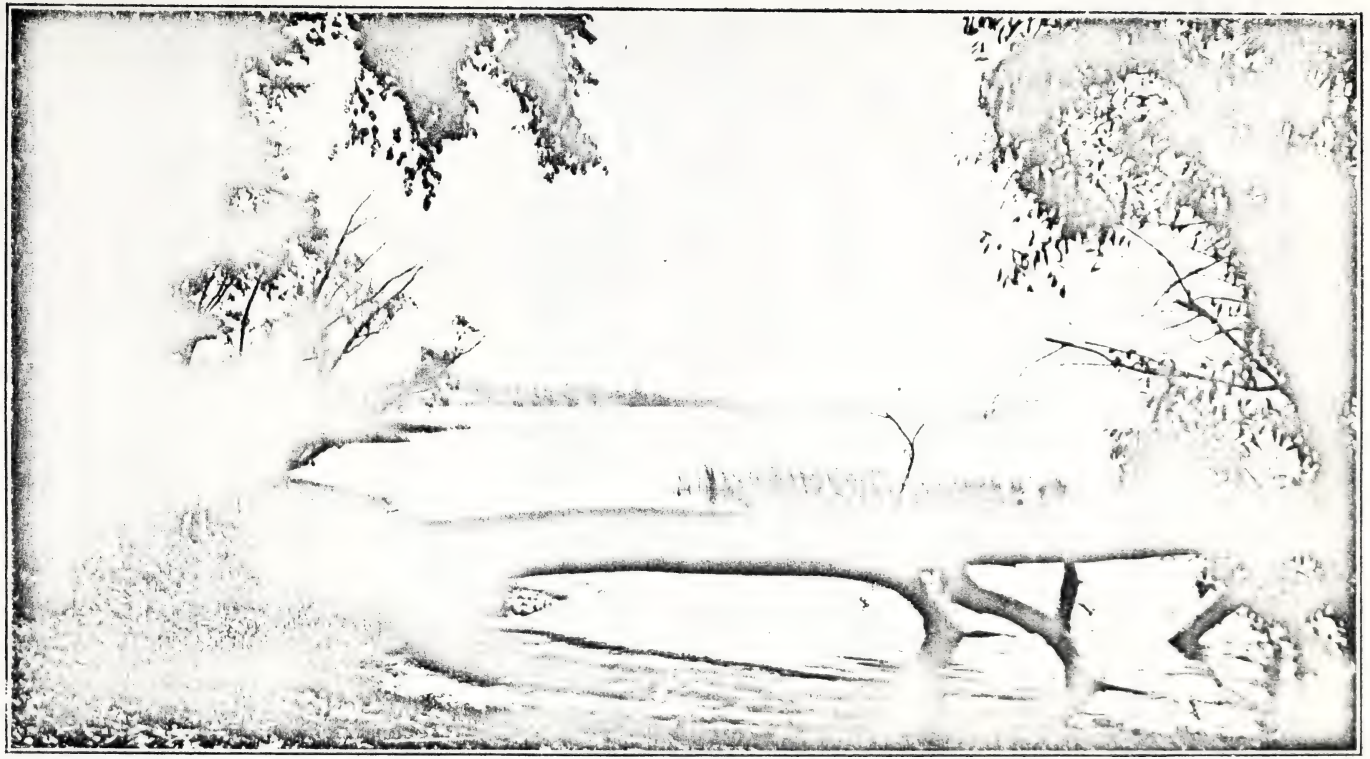
The Christ in Christian Scripture is spoken of as the "Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13; 8). This, if it means anything, means that the Christ and his Mission was known before the foundations of the earth were laid. Why then, should not his relationship to God and his mission be made known to Moses?

Paul speaks of living "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began" (Titus 1; 2). This, if it means anything, means that the scheme on which God promised eternal life,—the Christian scheme,—salvation and resurrection for the race through the atonement and the resurrection of the Christ, was known and promised before the world began. Then why should not the part of the Christ in the devised plan of "eternal life" be revealed unto Moses?

Again Paul, in speaking of Moses, says that he esteemed "*the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt:* for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward" (Heb. 11; 26). But how could Moses esteem "the reproach of Christ as greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," if he knew nothing of the Christ, or of "the recompense of the reward," in serving him?

Again Paul says: "The Scripture forseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith preached before the Gospel unto Abraham" (Gal. 3; 8). But where the Gospel is preached there always must the Christ be preached, as the very heart and life of it—hence even Abraham must have had knowledge of the Christ, and the hope of eternal life through him "which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began."

Later in the very Scripture last quoted, Paul asks—"Wherefore then serveth the law?" (i. e. the law of Moses). He answers: "It was added because of transgression, until the Seed [i. e. the Christ] should come to whom the promise was made" (v. 19); "Wherefore the law was our school master to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith" (v. 24). From this it seems that the Gospel of Christ was in the world among the patriarchs before the law of Moses. Why, then, should not Moses have knowledge of the Gospel, and of the central fact of it—the Christ?



North End of Seneca Lake, New York, where many early baptisms took place.

In the third chapter of Hebrews Paul alludes to the transgressions of ancient Israel; and especially to those in Israel who, by reason of their sins, were destroyed in the wilderness. Then, in opening the fourth chapter, he says: "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering unto his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. For unto us [the people of Paul's day] was the Gospel preached, as well as unto them [meaning ancient Israel]: but the word preached did not profit them [ancient Israel], not being mixed with faith in them had heard it (Heb. iv: 1, 2). Here is the Gospel in ancient Israel—the Christ must be the central figure of it.

Paul makes a further allusion to the Gospel being with the children of Israel in the days of Moses. Writing to the Corinthians he says:

"Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea;

"And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea;

"And did all eat the same spiritual meat;

"And did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: *and that Rock was Christ.* (1 Cor. x, 1-4).

Surely after this there need be no surprise that an alleged ancient scripture hitherto not known to the world should represent that Moses had definite knowledge of the Christ, as the Only Begotten Son of God, and as being the Savior of Men.

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST GENIUS

Joel Chandler Harris

BY LEONORA BECK ELLIS

IT was not merely the children of the South, or even of America, who lamented the passing of "Uncle Remus." Rather, both young and old are voicing his praise in many tongues, and among all nations that read good literature he is revered, and is still mourned with a sincerity of grief that will not be gainsaid.

For thirty years we have known and loved the creator of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, and all their enchanting kin, yet to us he remained perennially young. We have never thought of him as old, nor do we now. He was little more than fifty-nine years when he laid down that magic pen.

"I think my work is finished," he said, a little while ago. He said it with a gentle smile, and to one very dear to him. "I shall hardly write again."

It startled the loving circle around him; and, even while refusing to accept it, yet they felt the keenest pang strike to their hearts.

A few days more, and the pang grew to a steady pain. The final illness set in, then the end, as we say in temporal phrase.

But in reality there is no end to such life-achievements as his. The world that he fashioned, peopling it with those wondrous creatures of his fancy, is a permanent possession to us and ours. It will continue to exist at least as long as literature lasts, and will remain forever a land of enchantment and delight to the little ones of all countries, and likewise to the fortunate grown-ups who keep in their breasts the hearts of youth.

It is richly worth our while to note at this very point one of the

last thoughts recorded by the great and good man, a sentiment appearing in print, indeed, just as his mortal part was laid beneath the sod. The paragraph occurs in the July "Uncle Remus's Magazine," forming a part of that noble editorial, "In the Matter of Belief," for every word of which we shall always be grateful as his farewell message to the wide audience of readers loving and loved by him.

"We must become as little children," [to hold this purest form of faith] he wrote; "and who does not desire in his heart to imitate the fresh innocence of the youngsters who come and go before our eyes, and who contribute in such large measure to the satisfaction which we have in life?"

Let us review briefly the life he lived, and the tangible evidence of the work he did.

Joel Chandler Harris was born in December, 1848, in Middle Georgia, a section which he never ceased to love devotedly, to write of fondly, and to claim as his first, last, and only home. A Southerner of Southerners we must admit him to have been; yet how broad his sympathies, how boundless his affection for our common country, for our common humanity, indeed!

The years of his boyhood were spent in the country. Old plantation days and ways in the South, and the institution of slavery, with its pecular impress on both the social and domestic fabric, formed the web and woof of his eager, zestful childhood.

Throughout that childhood, there was plenty of poverty and very little formal schooling. But seldom do such limitations hamper genius real as his. While still a mere child, it became necessary for him to learn the printers' trade. Yet, good fortune had it that the press was set up in a fine old plantation house, where "the Countryman," a weekly periodical whose editor recognized to some extent the boy's real genius, was published in a very leisurely and unexacting fashion, and where the gifted child-assistant had access at all "between times" to a choice old library.

The magnificent ability of this writer never had any long waiting for recognition. While still very young, he was called to an editorial position on a short-lived monthly magazine published in New Orleans, and a little later accepted a staff position with the Savannah Morning News, remaining with that prosperous daily

until 1876. It was during this period of residence in the city by the sea, that he married Miss Essie La Rose, a beautiful and talented Canadian girl of French extraction, who remained from that hour until the last of his existence his joy, his comfort, and the perennial source of charm and inspiration in his life.

The young couple, leaving Savannah in 1876, came to the capital city of Georgia, then a prosperous and not greatly overgrown village. Mr. Harris took a position on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution, over whose policies and destiny he wielded for a quarter of a century a power always used for good and uplift. It was here that his comradeship began with the distinguished and early lamented Henry Grady, each of these gracious spirits falling speedily under the charm of the other, until there resulted one of the most renowned friendships the South has known.

On the Constitution, Mr. Harris gained immediate recognition for fineness of hand, keenness of intellect, and wide scope of both knowledge and thought in dealing with all subjects and situations, whether in practical matters, or literary and political issues. Soon the editorials of Mr. Harris were being looked for with eagerness, and read and copied both North and South. Many of them are veritable classics in the line of editorial production.

This might have seemed attainment enough for one man. The power inhering in him who speaks through the columns of a great daily, moulding its destinies, shaping its policies, swaying its vast clientele, is a tremendous thing, and any man may be proud of it.

But this many-sided spirit had yet other gifts dearer, better, more potent to reach the heart of humanity. It was just after he took a place on the Constitution staff that the first of his "Uncle Remus" sketches appeared; and it is scarcely too much to say that fame overtook him at a single bound. No one could have been more surprised at this suddenly attained reputation, growing steadily into abiding renown than was the modest author himself, who, to the end of his days, always shook his head in serious deprecation at any allusion to his world-wide fame.

Mr. Harris was but twenty-eight when "Uncle Remus" and the "Little Boy" first came into the lime light of public regard. For a third of a century, he charmed successive generations of

children with the most wonderful tales of folk lore, animal lore, child lore, that the world has ever heard, probably can ever hear. For what possible coming age can repeat that picturesque combination of the wide plantation, with abundant animals, domestic and wild, the slaves singing in the fields by day, by night gathered around the lightwood fire in the cabin's wide chimney place, the aristocratic master and mistress of that elder day, with their well-born but simply bred, trusting children, eager for just the sort of entertainment furnished by the stories, the legends, of "Uncle Remus," of "Daddy Jake," and "Aaron, Son of Ben-Ali?"

The wonderful facility, as well as productivity, of this eminent author has been seldom surpassed. When one computes the mass of his editorial writing, upon that vast range of subjects, one is sufficiently amazed. Yet, watch him morning after morning, through twenty-five years, as the swift pen travels down the page, completing with rare skill, delicacy, and grasp, those daily theses upon every topic that could interest human beings. Likely as not these pages are finished, and the copy turned in, before 11 A. M. Straightway, almost without pause, with no readjustment of mental vision,—what need of it to a sight so clear and keen and true?—straightway the master hand would take up a different sheet, the master mind a different line of thought, and probably before he arose from his chair, a dozen, two dozen, close-written pages of one of his books would be completed. There was very little revising. His hand-writing, unique, symmetrical, was no more a marvel of strength and finish, than his pure English, the combination making his copy a joy to the printer.

Glance over the notable list of books emanating from his hand and brain during those decades of heavy outside work:—"Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "Mingo and Other Sketches," "Rainy Days with Uncle Remus," "Mr. Rabbit at Home," "Aaron in the Wildwoods," "On the Plantation," "Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches," "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," "Uncle Remus and His Friends," "Tales of the Homefolks in Peace and War," "Plantation Pageants," "The Story

of Aaron,"—and on through the catalogue of twenty-eight volumes.

A wonderful list, a noble contribution, not to our literature only, but to that of many countries: for already several of his books have been translated into all leading European languages.

Allusion has previously been made to the fact that Mr. Harris never had to endure the trial of most authors, the waiting through long years for the recognition and good fame rightfully due. It is just as well to add that neither did he have to wait for the golden harvest following in the wake of such recognition. The revenue from his books was sufficient from a very early day to render himself and family more than merely comfortable.

Many of his biographers have missed a certain note in his life, his career, which seems to me a dominant one. It was my good fortune to know Mr. Harris personally, to love him through long years, not merely as an enchanter in the literary sphere, but as close friend and kindly neighbor in this everyday world of ours. And, when all is said and done, there stands forth paramount in my mind the fact that he lived a life as nearly ideal in its happiness as can well be imagined, but do not forget that this happiness sprung from the deepest, truest spirit-sources.

Look in for a moment with me, "At the Sign of the Wren's Nest," as his pretty home in West End, Atlanta, is called,—the name having originated some twenty years ago from a most charming editorial essay, or prose poem which Mr. Harris built upon the circumstances of a tiny wren's house-keeping in the post-box at his gate.

To begin with, there was never a quainter, more interesting house than this manse-cottage of Uncle Remus', rambling off in all sorts of unexpected directions, affording countless odd nooks, balconies, and dormers, and set in the midst of what seems quite a plantation in the city, those four acres of orchard, lawn, and vegetable and flower gardens. Here for an average generation's length, his roses and honey-suckle have bloomed, his snap-beans and cabbage bourgeoned, his boys and girls blossomed and grown from infancy, on through the most joyous youth, the older ones now crowned with high manhood and womanhood.

Here, too, have bourgeoned and grown those wonderful brain-creations, those joy-giving books of the gentle Sage.

No shadow of worldly ambition, any more than of sordid care, crossed the fortunate threshold. The tastes and desires of father, mother and children, always refined, yet leaning ever towards the simpler, sweeter things, found complete gratification in this perfect home-life, with its atmosphere of unaffected ease and culture, its circle of valued friends, and its constant outgive and intake of subtle influences for good.

Strangely enough, even the ordinary troubles of life seemed long barred from this magic spot. Mortal sickness or disease came not, common trials faded to nothingness in the sunshine of such optimism, such everyday joyousness and unselfishness, as ruled at The Sign of the Wren's Nest.

Existence seemed perpetually brightening, gaining in value, never losing. The world's recognition, which the world itself calls fame, voiced itself more and more loudly at those gates. It was startling to the shy, home-loving man at first, and but for the simple sincerity in the situation, must have been offensive to his modest soul. Only old-fashioned things appealed to him, old-fashioned feelings swayed; but through this came finally his adjustment to the new rleationship. Deep in his shy soul, the neighborly instinct of the old-fashioned Southerner was strongly dominant, and so the reconciliation was wrought.

"I've always been such a bashful fellow," he worked it out, "and talking comes so hard to me, that I never could say, even to close neighbors, and scarcely to home-folks, just what I wanted to. But this way I can have so many good people scattered about the world for my friends and neighbors, and chatter away to them concerning all the idle things I'm thinking. No, no, this isn't fame," he would add, shaking his head in perfectly sincere protest; "this is only the neighborly answer to a neighborly hail."

So the years trooped past and the roses still bloomed, and work went on joyously. Friends multiplied, as ever the neighborly call kept going out to them through those wonderful books. One after another the boys and girls married, leaving now only the youngest two. Yet, keeping up that record of unbroken hap-

piness, the mated ones built their home-nests all within call of him, and after a while he saw the sunshine gleaming still brighter on the heads of laughing grandchildren.

Great and lowly came in increasing throngs from parts distant as well as near, to call At the Sign of the Wren's Nest. He would see them when he could, especially the humble ones,—the child, the soap-vender, the struggling youth. But such sincere souls as Roosevelt, plain Andrew Carnegie, modest Whitcomb Riley, were not denied merely because they chanced to wear the accidental garb of renown. Perhaps you have read elsewhere what the Ironmaster and the Georgian thought of each other?

"Joel Chandler Harris has given a helping hand to all the world," said the millionaire builder of libraries; "he has won the hearts of all the children, and that's glory enough for one man."

Mr. Harris, when questioned about the rich Laird and his visit, answered with the quaint tribute:—"Andrew Carnegie is just a plain, ordinary fellow. He's home-folks, and mighty good company!"

We are loath to end so happy a story. We will not think of it as the end, but only as a true beginning, for so he thought of death always.

A gifted man who knew the author's whole joyous, joy-giving life, has recently said of him:—

"Sleep found him trustful and placid, well-loved and well-loving to the end. He wrote his own peaceful epitaph when he said of a comrade newly departed,—'Having made a friend of Life we may be sure he made a friend of Death.'"

AMERICA'S ORDER OF NOBILITY

BY WILLIAM J. ROE

WHILE the American army awaited the final treaty of peace by which Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her rebellious colonies, the troops lay in cantonments at New Windsor beyond the Hudson Highlands. The surrender of Cornwallis (October 18, 1781) virtually ended the war of the Revolution; but two years were to pass before the army was disbanded, and these years were of inaction, recreation, and sometimes of that mischief which,—as the old saying is,—Satan provdes for idleness. However, though often sorely tried, Washington's wise and efficient discipline surmounted all obstacles, and the greater part of those two years were passed in peace and comparative comfort.

In April of the year 1783, while Washington and his wife were living at the house of Colonel Hasbrouck at Newburgh, Major-General Henry Knox, chief of artillery, being then quartered at West Point, wrote to the general-in-chief a letter,—dated on the 15th,—in which was set forth a plan of organization of a society of the Continental officers, the object of which was to perpetuate the memory of the long companionship in arms.

Washington received this paper, which was endorsed;—"Rough draft of a society to be called 'The Cincinnati,'" with great favor, and at once forwarded copies to the various corps commanders and to all the colonels. On May 10th the officers met at the building known as the "Temple" where a full discussion of the subject of organization took place. At this meeting a committee, of which General Knox was chairman, was appointed to prepare a fair copy of the articles of association, and pursuant to adjournment, the officers met again at "Mount Gulian," the fine, old time mansion of the Verplanck family at Fishkill, across the Hudson river. This building was then occu-

pied as the headquarters of Inspector-general Baron de Steuben, and it was here, May 13th, that the Society of the Cincinnati was instituted.

The objects of the association are set forth in the original document (which is still preserved) as follows;—"To perpetuate the remembrance of this vast event (referring to the achievement of independence) and the mutual friendships formed under the pressure of common danger." And further:—"That the following principles shall be immutable and form the basis of the Society of the Cincinnati;—'An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature, for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.

" 'An inalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective states, that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the American empire.

" 'To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers. This spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the Society, towards those officers and their families, who unfortunately may be under the necessity of receiving it.' "

The name of the order is derived from that of the "Illustrious Quinctius Cincinnatus," that "model of antique virtue and simple manners," who, it will be remembered, when summoned to the dictatorship of ancient Rome, was found quietly at his plough.

For almost a year previous to the final disbandment of the army the neighborhood of Washington's headquarters had been —for those primitive days, and considering the impoverished condition of the country, extremely gay. "Lady" Martha Washington entertained handsomely, and Mrs. Lucy Knox, even more lavishly. The general's quarters at West Point (recently torn down to provide a site for new barracks for the cadets) was the scene of splendid, even if somewhat frugal hospitality; while the old "Ellison house" at New Windsor, to which Knox removed that summer, was enlivened by many balls and parties. This grand old-time mansion, solidly constructed of stone, still

stands, in exactly the condition it was over a century ago. The spacious interior, the ceilings unusually high, and the walls wainscoted in hard wood, recall those last of the revolutionary days, and the decorous festivities of that gallant company to whom (let us never forget) we owe the priceless benefit of our nation's freedom.

Mrs. Lucy Knox is described by the chroniclers of those days as a lively little lady, very fond of society, and glad to gather at her home,—wherever that might be,—all the pretty and charming young women of the vicinity. The neighborhood of New Windsor was not lacking in these. Plenty of "old families,"—Puritan and Huguenot in descent,—had estates in that vicinity. Cadwallader Colden lived a few miles away, and one "Etterick," a prosperous miller, with his winsome daughter, "Peggy," dwelt on the river bank. A number of the "buds" of that day, chaperoned by Mrs. Knox, sportively inscribed their names with a diamond on a pane of glass of the Ellison house. This pane is now in possession of a member of the Morton family, descendants of a former owner; the names are,—"Kitty Wynkoop, Sallie Jansen and Maria Colden."

General Knox, though a gallant officer and in action and deportment essentially military, was in fact decidedly fat. At one time several of the higher officers had themselves weighed; Washington's weight was 229 pounds, Huntington's only 132; but Knox tipped the scales at 280 pounds.

As the summer of 1783 advanced the gayeties gradually subsided, and in July were virtually over. Washington was absent the greater part of the month,—having gone with Governor Clinton on a tour of inspection at the north,—and on his return, having been summoned to appear before the Continental Congress, then in session at Princeton, New Jersey, he turned over the command to Knox. In "Heath's Memoirs" this item appears:—"June 19th.—'A number of officers, viz:—Several general officers, and officers commanding regiments and corps met at the New Building and elected his Excellency, Gen'l Washington, President-General; Gen'l McDougall, Treasurer, and Gen'l Knox, Secretary, *pro tempore,* to The Society of the Cincinnati.'"

It is from these memoirs of General Heath, the Reminiscences of the Marquis de Chastellux, and the scattered "general-orders" of the New Windsor cantonment, that most of our information as to affairs during the period of awaiting actual declaration of peace, is derived.

Hardly would it be thought that anything in the avowed objects of the Cincinnati, so purely social, benevolent and fraternal, would have sufficed to excite the fear or much less the indignation of any considerable number of citizens. Unfortunately, however, the best intentions and the most earnest assurances of the officers that, like Cincinnatus, they proposed to resume the "simple life" after the conclusion of peace, were scoffed at by the populace. The society had had the temerity to incorporate the principle of descent of their dignities to the "oldest male heir," and this the majority of their fellow countrymen held was an adherence to methods of outgrown aristocracy. The colonies were then, as the states were to become, intolerant of anything savoring of rank and privilege. In the minds of the people the Cincinnati had constituted themselves an "order of nobility," and this became at once a most grievous offence. The opposition came in its extreme virulence, not so much from the "common people," or the families of the file of the army, who might have cherished hopes of impossible social equality, but from many civilians of the highest attainments, culture, refinement and position. A book bearing the title;—"Some Considerations of the Cincinnati," was sent broadcast over the country by a justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. To this a modest reply was published by a Pennsylvania farmer, signing himself, "An obscure Individual." Count de Mirabeau, the celebrated French revolutionist, also issued a pamphlet, in which he predicted the dire calamities that were about to befall America if the society should be permitted to exist. The ardent democrat, Samuel Adams, wrote, May, 1784:—"This is as rapid a stride towards an hereditary military nobility as ever was made;" and even John Jay, federalist though he was, declared that "if the society obtained permanent foothold in America he would cease to care whether the Revolution had succeeded or not." Another stanch federalist, John

Adams of Massachusetts, afterwards vice-president, and then president of the United States, wrote, April 25th, 1785:—"What is to be done with the Cincinnati? Is that order of chivalry, that inroad upon equality, to be connived at? It is the deepest piece of cunning yet attempted." And even the calm, philosophic Benjamin Franklin rails at this innocent institution as, "An order of hereditary knights," and hurls disapproval at those who "violate the united wisdom of our nation by establishing ranks of nobility."

From such outbursts of popular disapproval it is not singular that the society shrank. Even Washington himself, not usually intimidated, gave expression to his regret that the association had admitted the clause pertaining to primogeniture, and recommended that it should be rescinded. The general society did in fact (at a meeting held in Philadelphia, in May, 1784) by resolution abolish this clause. But by the constitution of the society the assent of the subordinate state organizations was required, and this never having obtained, nothing came of the resolution. Some of the state societies took no notice whatever of the general society's action, while several openly repudiated it; but the majority, not daring to brave any further the public clamor, ceased to meet, records ceased to be kept, funds were "lost, strayed or stolen," and the organizations quietly sank into peaceful oblivion.

The state organizations which continued to exist were those of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland and South Carolina. In all of these the membership and interest gradually declined; meetings were very rarely held, and the association, as a whole, or in its several state organizations, ceased to be regarded as a menace to the principles of a republican form of government, or to the liberties of the people. By the year 1848, evidence having accumulated that all of the former antipathy had vanished, some show of activity was renewed; and in 1860 interest had so far revived that, not only were full meetings of the existing associations held, but the subject of the restoration of those societies which had succumbed to the outburst of disapproval at the beginning of the century was taken up.

The "impending Crisis," resulting in the unfortunate War be-

tween the States, for many years interfered with the consummation of this project, and it was not until 1872 that anything was done towards the revival of all the societies. The first of the disbanded associations to reorganize was Rhode Island, in 1877, and afterwards, in rather tardy succession, one after another, the other state societies resumed their membership, the last to be reincorporated (the Society of Georgia) taking its place among the sisterhood of Thirteen in 1904.

Original membership in the Cincinnati included, not only all commissioned officers of the Continental forces, but also officers of the higher grades in the land and sea forces of "our great and good ally," the king of France. Amid the turbulence of the French revolution, following so quickly our own, and which was of so different and so sinister a character, everything having the slightest sign or savor of lordship, or legitimacy or aristocracy kept cowardly—or prudent—silence. Even after the downfall of the Reign of Terror, the French populace,—in the same spirit of narrow intolerance that characterized our own citizens,—continued inimical to the order, and it was not until the present French republic had become established on a secure basis that any attempt was made to reorganize the French society. Again however (tolerance being always the surest sign of strength) the descendants of the men who aided so effectually the cause of American freedom are permitted to wear the innocent insignia of the order. Immediately after the close of our revolution, it was said that a Frenchman was more ambitious to acquire the decoration of the Cincinnati than to receive the cross of St. Louis; it is not improbable that a similar sentiment will again prevail.

Perhaps some of you who have read this article may become fired with the not unworthy desire to be numbered among the elect descendants of our revolutionary patriots. If you are a member of one of our "old families," old, I mean, in our American sense of the word,—it is certainly possible that your ambition may be gratified. There were originally about nineteen hundred members, and at various times the strict requirements for admission to the order have been somewhat modified; probably there are altogether full three thousand "propositi" from whom descent can be claimed; as there are at present less than a thou-

sand members of the order, there remain about two thousand unrepresented in the society by an heir.

That you may not be deluded by the idea that admission to the association (even for those who can trace their lineage to some veteran of the Revolution) will be found easy, my own experience may be of service. In 1883, when the last of the centenaries of the "old war" were being celebrated, I found among some old papers belonging to my great-grandfather his commission as an officer. A courteous response to my application for membership disclosed two obstacles; one that my ancestor (although he had served the cause in the field) had been an officer of the *militia,* and not of the "Continental line," and further, that my descent was from his third son, a remote cousin being his rightful representative.

The gentleman who wrote suggesting that I might have better success by tracing my ancestry on "the distaff side," I did so, to find that I was the genuine inheritor of the honors of a maternal great-grandfather. Unfortunately again this worthy soldier, although he had served in the Continental forces, and had "resigned with honor," had neglected to join the association. In consequence of this failure, especially that he had not paid in "to the account of the funds" the month's pay exacted, my own membership was conditioned upon the payment in cash of $250. I wanted very much to become an "American noble;" but was frugal enough not to want it at that price. I feel sure that if Benjamin Franklin and President Adams had known that such an incident would occur it would have spared them considerable worry. I think they would have realized that a title destined to "go begging" for $250 was not likely to endanger our liberties.

On the grounds of the "Hasbrouck house" at Newburgh on the Hudson has been erected a substantial memorial of the days of the Revolution, and especially of its closing scenes. Here a picturesque "tower of victory" overarches a life-size statue of Washington. Another statue,—that of George Clinton, first governor of New York and vice-president of the United States,—adorns one of the city's public squares. And on "Temple-Hill," on the site of the building where the first meeting was held to organize the "Society of the Cincinnati," a tall shaft, constructed of common field stone, rises to commemorate not only this inci-

dent, but others that are now historic;—the quelling of the mutiny in the army, the celebration of the dawn of peace, and Washington's refusal of the crown of America.

On patriotic holidays, and especially on July 4th, the anniversary of the declaration of independence, meetings of the various state branches of the Cincinnati occur, and every three years a meeting of the General Society. At one of the latter, held in the banquet hall of the famous "Delmonico" restaurant in New York, I happened to be present (not as a "Cincinnatus," but a "Son of the Revolution"). One group of the assembled "nobility" is fixed upon my memory;—the venerable Hamilton Fish, then president-general of the order, across his breast the broad ribbon and jewelled decoration of office, gift of France to America. With him, on terms of the utmost democratic equality, an humble farmer, clad in plain "ready-made" clothes, a Wayne, of Pennsylvania, descendant of gallant "Mad Anthony;" an Astor, member by right of inheritance from John Armstrong, instigator of the mutiny of the Continental army, but to whose patriotism posterity has done full justice; the Chaplain-general, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina; and, in "full dress,"—to which perhaps he was not much accustomed,—a man from my own town, an honest man and good citizen, but a house painter by trade.

Surely our liberties are in no danger from an association constituted on a fraternal basis like that.

SOME INDIAN LITERATURE

BY HATTIE C. SLEEPER

WHEN the shadow of the last Red Man shall have faded into the receding rays of the setting sun, how shall be preserved his literature, the legends and traditions handed down through succeeding generations, told by father to son? To whom shall they be intrusted if not to the Pale Face, who has already become the historian of the Aborigine.

The Indian is a profound believer in the existence of good and evil spirits. He sees evil in the lightning and personifies it as Mich-a-boo, the good spirit who inhabits the rivers and lakes he calls Man-i-tou. The aid of the good spirit is invoked before eating, going into battle, or in any important action of life; the bad one is supposed to be placated by offerings of tobacco, etc.

Throughout the United States there exist many names of Indian origin. They are significant of the custom of the savage who never designates a person or place without attaching some meaning to the appellation. Thus, Lake Michigan is "the great water," Lake Ontario, "the beautiful lake," Niagara is "thunder of waters" and Algonac is "the land of the Algonquins," a powerful tribe that once inhabited the region along the St. Clair river. If the French had not interposed Detroit would now be Wa-wi-ta-nong, meaning "where the river bends."

Along the Great Lakes and intervening rivers are many places bearing most peculiar names and indicating a legendary origin. Sleeping Bear Point and the Manitou Islands in Lake Michigan are among those having such romantic interest. Tradition says that, many years ago, before the white man invaded the primeval forest, a huge she-bear and her two cubs were compelled, owing to forest fires, to desert the Wisconsin shores and escape by swimming across the lake. Before reaching land, how-

ever, the two cubs became exhausted and were drowned. The old bear swam about the spot for awhile in vain, and, no longer able to keep afloat herself, returned to the shore and lay down upon a high bluff to watch and finally to sleep.

From that day to this she has remained at her post, and perhaps from the conformation of the headland the place is called Sleeping Bear Point. On the spot where sank the two cubs, arose two islands, known as North and South Manitou, or in the language of the Ottawas, "Spirit Islands." On stormy nights, the Indians say, the old bear still moans from her watch on the great sand bluff, over the fate of her young.

Point of Skulls, at the foot of Lake Superior, has an equally curious origin. From Rev. Henry Pah-ta-qua-hong Chase, an educated Ojibway, stationed for over 50 years at Sarnia, Ont., as a missionary to his people, was obtained this tradition, given as near as possible in his own words.

The Ojibways and the Iroquois were ever at war and many were the deadly conflicts between the two tribes. "At one time," he says, "my own people, the Ojibways, were coming down the lake, and, reaching the point about dusk, went ashore for the night. Knowing the treacherous and stealthy nature of their foes they should have kept a close watch for them, instead they slept without this precaution. During the night the Iroquois descended noiselessly upon them and killed every individual. Then, cutting off their heads, they placed them, as a warning, along the shore where they could be seen by any one descending the lake." This gave rise to the name Point of Skulls.

The legend of Kettle Point, on the Canadian side above Sarnia, has been adapted from the original as follows: Many years ago a young Frenchman named Jacques loved a dusky daughter of the forest, Kin-ne-qua. In time two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The Indian lad had a dark skin like his mother's, but the girl was fair, and as she grew up became very beautiful.

Seeing that her beauty would very likely become a snare to her, Jacques determined to send her to Montreal and place her under the care of the good nuns there, where she would receive an education. In vain he urged the Indian mother to give her con-

sent and, seeing that further argument was useless, he took the child by stealth. Kin-ne-qua was inconsolable, but hiding her grief in her own bosom, she continued to perform her usual tasks of carrying wood, preparing the meals and watching the fish nets.

In the meantime Jacques disappeared and came no more to her wigwam. The long winter passed slowly. Often the Indian mother would watch the calm moon through the fleeting clouds and wonder where it looked down upon her loved one. Some times she would ask the great Man-i-tou to direct her to her child. Finally she evolved her plan, from the depths of mother love, as strong in her breast as that of any more fortunate woman.

In coming west from Montreal voyageurs frequently took the Georgian Bay route. She believed, if she could only reach the Bay, she would somehow be enabled to find the young maiden. Her recreant spouse, she knew, would never return, and so she prepared to leave her people forever. Collecting a few articles of food and clothing and taking the Indian boy, she loaded up a canoe and directed the boy to take his place in it. The she began to paddle out into the lake.

The lad looked inquiringly at his mother and asked where they were going. "To your sister," was the response, and then no more was said by either for awhile. The canoe, with its occupants rode the waves until a storm arose. Dark clouds appeared in the sky, lightning played and thunder rolled.

"See, there are the children of Mich-a-boo" said the boy, pointing to the lightning, but the Indian mother said never a word, only bending the more vigorously to her task. Tossing a bit of tobacco upon the angry waves by way of propitiation, the boy said no more.

Steadily they continued to ride the waves, now appearing on the crest only to disappear in the depths, until darkness came. They were never seen again. Soon, however, a great cloud arose over Kettle Point. It resembled the form of Kin-ne-qua. To this day it is sometimes seen. The Indian says it is the spirit of the unhappy mother, seeking her long lost child.

The numerous islands in St. Clair and Detroit rivers were the

direct result of a jealous quarrel, if legendary lore may be believed.

Once upon a time the North Wind, Ka-bid-in-oka, became enamored of a beautiful maiden. The West Wind, Mud-je-kewis, also loved her. He finally stole the maiden from the North Wind and carried her to the Gate of Lake Huron where Wis-kin, guardian of the lakes, allowed them to escape. Upon hearing of this the North Wind became very angry and, leaving his home in Lake Michigan, the Great Water, he blew fiercely all along the shore.

Now the St. Clair river at that time extended much farther north than at present, and when the North Wind blew so violently against the eastern bank he scooped out a bay at Kettle Point. The land thus detached floated down and formed the islands in the rivers. Wis-kin was also borne along and buried under Isle aux Peche, opposite Detroit, where his groans were ever afterward heard.

Thunder Bay, off Alpena, has a very pretty legend which has been told in verse by Constance Fennimore Woolson. The story is of a French and Indian maiden, "petite Marie," who sails away in a little Mackinac boat with a young subaltern from the fort. The boat, "Wing and Wing," is passed by voyagers as they were going north, but is never found again. The old French father, so the poem says, "watched out his lingering life in vain," but the truant lovers never returned. Still "the lake sailors see the white sails," and as the phantom boat glides past they hear the song of the lovers as it is borne to them by the wind.

OFF THUNDER BAY.

We sail, we sail, in our Mackinac boat,
  Over old Huron we go,
Above, above us the summer clouds float,
  Sailing aloft as we sail below.
Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,
  Wing and Wing, he bears us away,
And off to the right, o'er the sparkling lake,
  Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay.

Her brown hands toy with the flowers in her lap,
  Spicy juniper, balsam sweet;
Her black hair waves from her red-beaded cap
  Down to her little mocassined feet.

"Alone with ourselves, alone with our love,
Wing and Wing, through the summer day;
We sail below and the clouds sail above,
O'er the deep waters of Thunder Bay."

Upon the evergreen isle in the north
The Indian mother silent waits,
The old French father strides back and forth
And hails the ships coming through the straits:
"Ho, brave voyageur, our child hast thou seen?
Petite Marie, Flower of the Snow,
We find but the fringe of her mantle green,
The print of her feet off Tuskanoe."

"Ah, oui, Antoine," cries the voyageur,
Down on Huron her boat we met.
But a blue-eyed stranger was with LaFleur,
And all the canvas was southward set.
The wind was fair, the boat sailed at its best,
Wing and Wing went dancing away,
They sailed southeast, we were tacking northwest,
We passed each other off Thunder Bay."

O'er the island fort the English flag waves,
English soldiers pace to and fro;
Behind the plateau the Indian graves,
A little French town on the beach below.
The old commander comes down from the height,
Hails the vessel with pompous mien;
"A young subaltern escaped last night,
A boat sailing southward have you seen?"

"Ah, oui, Captain," cries the voyageur,
Bowing before the gold-laced form,
We saw a young soldier with sweet LaFleur,
We caught the gleam of his uniform.
Two lovers behind and two sails before,
Wing and Wing they vanished away;
First a sail, then a speck, then nothing more,
Save the blue offing off Thunder Bay."

The Indian mother soon passed away,
Passed away with her fading race,
But year after year and day after day,
French Antoine watched with eager face;
Watched the long point of the green Bois Blanc shore,
Watched for his child with longing pain,
Watched for the sail that came back no more,
Watched out his lingering life in vain.

THE MORAVIAN MISSION AT "SHEKOMEKO"

BY LEONORA SILL ASHTON

"THE zeal of the Moravian body," said William Wilberforce, "is a zeal tempered with prudence; softened with meekness; soberly aiming at great ends by the gradual operation of well adopted means, supported by a courage, which no danger can intimidate; and a quiet constancy which no hardships can exhaust."

It seems strange that a people with characteristics such as these, and living in the early days of this country, should have met with the persecutions and hardships which form the greater part of the history of the Moravians.

So it was, however; and there is no more vital passage in their annals than that pertaining to their missions in New York State, and just over the border line in the State of Connecticut.

Here at "Shekomeko" in the town of Pine Plains, Dutchess County, New York, and in "Wechquadnacle" in the town of Sharon, Litchfield County, Connecticut, was established the first successful Moravian Mission among the Indians of North America.

It must be understood, of course, that in all the records of the "United Brethren" they are found confining their labors exclusively to the converting of heathen peoples—holding it "un-Christian to build upon other men's foundations;" and though their history from earliest times is a tale of struggle and persecution, the results of their toil have been sound and wide.

The Mohicans of Eastern New York and the Wampanoags of Connecticut were the special tribes for whom the Mission at Shekomeko was started.

After the abandonment of the Mission in Georgia, Christian Henry Ranch came north. He met with many discouragements

as to the possibility of making any progress in Christian influence among the Indians of New York State; but he finally discovered he could talk with them in the Dutch language, which they had learned from the Dutch settlers along the Hudson.

Biding his time, he waited until there came a respite in the almost habitual drunkenness of the Mohicans, and then he obtained an interview with the two chiefs, Techoop and Shabash, and promptly asked them if they did not wish to learn something beyond the things they could see.

The strange, mystic instinct of the Indian was touched, and they readily assented to the plan of being taught.

This act resulted in the opening of the Mission at Shekomeko, the Indian name for Plains of Pine; and here the wild, unrythmic song went forth:

> "The rugged rocks, the dreary wilderness,
> Mountains and woods are our appointed place;
> Midst storms and waves, on heathen shores unknown
> We have our temple and serve our God alone."

The Mission opened by Ranch immediately upon his arrival, August 6th, 1740, was one of far reaching ends. This devoted zealot lived the life of the man of the woods; he traced paths and streams with the red men, learning their thoughts and translating crudely perhaps, but surely, the mystery of the Great Spirit into more tangible beliefs.

The two chieftains, deeply versed in all the wickedness the white man could teach, grew more and more interested and drawn to Ranch, and finally Tochorp, the most notorious villain of them all became so changed and chastened in character that he was made an interpreter to carry this wonderful news which he had been taught to others of his race less fortunate than he.

In 1742 Shekomeko received its first visit from a bishop—Bishop Count Zinzendorf, who came over from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, by way of Esopus, now Kingston. Six Indians were baptised by Ranch at this time. We read: "A regular congregation was then formed, the first congregation of believing Indians established in North America, consisting of ten persons."

Later in the same year Ranch was joined by Gottleib Büttner, and these devoted men toiled together till at the end of that twelve months the number of Christian Indians was thirty-one.

In March of the next year the communion was celebrated among these Indians, and the missionary wrote: "While I live I shall never lose the impression this first communion with the Indians in North America made upon me."

Some of the white settlers, however, grew anxious as the influence of Ranch spread. There was great gain in the sale of liquor to the Indians, and it was decreasing under the persistent efforts of the missionaries. Thus the first persecution against the Moravian came among the unprincipled white men who incited the Indians of evil mind to assist them.

As the gentle influence became greater and was felt in the daily conduct of the Indians, bitter and more fierce persecutions beset the missionaries; and there crept in the most subtile force of all—the suggestion of their being Jesuits in a baffling disguise.

In 1743 there were sixty-three baptised Indians connected with the Mission at Shekomeko; but at this time arose troubles between the French and English Governments, and the Jesuits employed themselves in trying to gain the Indians as spies to work for the French cause.

Peace was the only message the Moravians sought to carry, but charges of a stupendous nature were brought against them. These increased, until the matter was taken to Governor George Clinton, when all fears as to the harm that was being done were found to be groundless, and the decree went forth 'As to the Moravian priests: The General Assembly of this province having ordered in a bill for the securing this, his Majesty's Government, the Council were of opinion to advise his Excellency to order the Moravian priests back to their homes, and required them to live there peaceably and await the further orders of his Excellency."

The persecutions still continued though, and soon after this we read: "Three justices of the peace and the sheriff arrived at Shekomeko, and in the name of the Governor and Council of New York prohibited all meetings of the Brethren, under the

pretence of being in league with the French, and forbidden under a heavy penalty ever more to appear among the Indians, without having first taken the oaths of allegiance."

So the Mission at Shekomeko was disbanded.

After it was dispersed, another was formed of white persons alone, in Indian Pond, in the town of North East, while many of the Christian Indians moved to Pennsylvania.

Great and noble have been the efforts of high-minded men of all the ages of our history to gain freedom of mind and soul for the Indians, but it is safe to say that none have been more painstaking, nor performed under greater difficulties than these early attempts by the Moravians among the tribes of New York State.

tofore disgraced American Journalism," and that the pages would be filled with reliable news and the best current literature of that day. It was claimed by the promoters of the scheme that, unless an empire was established, civil war, lawlessness, corruption, insecurity of person as well as property and robbery of public creditors would result, while, as democracy had proved a failure, an empire would mean "Law, order, security, public faith and peace."

Articles were copied from leading newspapers both for and against the project. The following was from the Pittsburg *Weekly Press*:

"The Empire is Approaching.—We can conceive nothing more certain, except death and the tax-gatherer, than that we are approaching a military despotism." . . . The close observer of history will have constantly presented to him examples of peoples working through precisely the same phases on a parallel plain with our own. First, patriotism; second, glory; third, corruption and then military despotism. We have passed the two first; are far on the third, and the result is inevitable."

In the *Imperialist* of April 24 the editor said, in part:

"So long as a Republic is possible, a Republic is best, because it is best suited to the crude and undeveloped condition of the race. But, it is a singular truth, an Imperial form of government, while it is, and will be the inevitable result of the highest possible Christian civilization, is also the best calculated to deal with the social cankers and diseases which result from such a position as ours."

He said further that by the establishment of the Empire:

"We are looking forward to good and economical government; to the abolition of corruption; the protection of industry; the security of life, liberty and property; the sure punishment of crime; to national respectability and good credit, in fact to all that is included in the grand words, Peace, Safety, Honor."

The Imperialist party offered great inducements to the working men, "light taxes and protection in his own sphere." The leaders said: "Give up your ballot and we will organize industry and secure you against poverty and oppression." At a

largely attended, enthusiastic meeting of workingmen held at Cooper Institute, New York, a resolution was unanimously adopted

"declaring that neither of the great political parties of the day cared anything about the interests of the workingman and that, henceforth, they would no longer heed the promises of politicians nor consent to become their tools."

From Minnesota, came a strong word of opposition to the scheme. The writer, once editor of the *Democrat*, at Stockholm, Sweden, said, in part: "I do not feel willing to contribute one cent towards establishing an empire; would spend, and spend a good deal, to prevent this and other kinds of tyranny and can, consequently, not pay for your paper." He was perfectly willing to admit that a change of some kind was necessary, but "Monarchy has been tried enough; let us not go backward—let us seek something new. . . . To go backward is a proof of lack of good sense. . . . Let us not re-adopt what has been found not good." There was no signature to this letter. In a letter, dated Milwaukee, July 7, 1869, and signed "X," the writer favors the founding of an empire and "Hails with ecstacy the *Imperialist* as a harbinger of a peaceful revolution." In concluding, he says:

"It is not too much to say that in all the great cities of the Union, the whole administration of the criminal law in respect to crimes against property, has passed into the hands of professional thieves, burglars, robbers and murderers. The reform of this state of things must commence either at the top or bottom—with the educated, refined and virtuous class or the ignorant, brutish and vicious, who live, thrive and have their being in the present condition of affairs. You appeal to the former and specify the only mode of relief and, therefore, I am with you."

The names of both General Sherman and General Grant were suggested for the first emperor—General Grant to rule as Ulysus I.,—the spelling is that of the *Imperialist*. During the first and, possibly, only year of existence, there was an interesting series

of articles on prominent men of the time in this paper, among them Charles Sumner, William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Jay Cooke and Andrew Johnson.

Many important questions of the day were discussed in the columns of the *Imperialist;* among others were, The Cuban Question; Woman's Suffrage; Despotism of the Dollar; True Idea of Government; Irish Discontent and its Causes; Chinese Immigration; How Money Goes to Influence Legislation. Nor were the railroads neglected. In the issue of June 12 is a two-column article on the Pacific Railroad:

"The Pacific Railroad. Something About a Gigantic Swindle. The last spike is driven. Of course we have had our little celebrations over the event; have listened, with a patience only exceeded by our charming credulity, to innumerable orations, sermons and the equally trustworthy twaddle of the newspapers in commemoration of this, the "Grandest and most glorious achievement of modern times," etc., etc. The writer suggests that "as the hurrahing is done, a few plain facts be considered," adding: "Facts are stronger than arguments and the story of such a gaigantic swindle as the Pacific Railroad points to its own moral."

Our Public Lands is the title of an editorial in the issue for July 3. In it the lavish manner in which congress disposed of vast tracts of public land, is severely criticised, the consideration for the lands being "certain railroad shares and mining stock transferred to the accounts of the individual members of that body." This policy of "granting lands," as it was facetiously termed, to bogus railroad companies was extensively carried on and resulted in the surveying of many impracticable routes by numerous companies with the sole object of getting possession of the land with no thought of constructing a road "to satisfy a public want or to supply a commercial necessity." This was followed by a list of twenty-one proposed railroads and canals asking for grants amounting to 173,711,520 acres of public land.

The first number of the *Imperialist* tells where were some of the leakages in the administration of the government. The Springfield *Republican* was the authority for the statement that

Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior, Caleb R. Smith, used to say that, if he dared, he could run his department with one-half its force of clerks and for half its cost; and that General Walker in the Statistical Bureau of the Treasury Department recommended the discharge of twelve clerks, "a saving of $15,000 a year, in one little corner of the Treasury Building, and he pledged himself that the work of the office should not stop one day on account of their discharge." Congressmen rushed to the rescue of their proteges and only three were discharged.

The presidential campaign expenses were published in the issue of May 1. The cash receipts, as reported by the Union Republican Congressional Executive Committee amounted to $64,206. The amounts given by several of the states was mentioned and, it was stated, large sums were received from diplomatic officers abroad, postmasters and others holding federal offices. The expense of printing and circulating campaign documents was $34,740. There were about fifty different kinds of documents, making in all 43,570,400 pages. Some were in English, some in French and some in German. This work was under the charge of the Honorable Thos. L. Tullock, of New Hampshire.

A comparison of the New York and Chicago budgets was copied from the New York *Evening Post.* $5,821,778 was the sum asked by the several departments of the Chicago government. This was reduced to $4,069,812 by the finance committee of the common council.

"Chicago has a population of about 250,000—New York has about a million of people. In proportion to population, at these estimates, our municipal government should cost a little over $16,000,000 per annum. In fact it is to cost us, this year, more that $21,000,000. For street cleaning and repairs Chicago paid $354,719—New York, about $1,300,000. Chicago's fire department cost $426,781—New York's $967,940. Chicago's police department cost $405,000—New York's $3,500,000. Of course New York police had much the larger area to guard."

The *Post* was of the opinion that Chicago was doing pretty well, but would require "several years of diligent practice in

ring swindling to bring its city government squarely up with our own." From the San Francisco *Commercial Review* an article on "Widespread Corruption" was copied.

"Everybody is crying out against the widespread corruption which, undoubtedly, exists throughout the land; but nearly everybody seems oblivious to the fact that he, himself, has done much towards popularizing theft and robbery."

The writer uses the election to illustrate this fact. He says, in part:

"Persons, somehow, obtain offices with only sufficient salary for decent support. If, at the end of the term for which they are elected, they leave their offices honest men they are called 'fools on whom popular favor is thrown away;' if only dishonest enough to feather their nests lightly by corrupt practices every one cries 'thieves;' while if they leave the office rich and financially prosperous, every one calls them 'smart fellows' and treats them with the greatest respect. So long as public morals exhibit such depraved and vicious characteristics, we must expect corruption to be braodcast throughout the land."

On the twenty-second day of May the editor said, in speaking of the G. A. R. convention:

"The public has no true idea of the immense power which the G. A. R. could wield should its services be called for. It is a disciplined army 400,000 strong and nine-tenths of its members are veteran soldiers. This silent, unnoticed army garrisons the entire north. It can take the field at an hour's notice, and what possible force could be raised to resist it, should the 'long roll' be beaten from Maine to Minnesota."

Someone in the issue of April 24 criticised the use of the words "ship of state," Americans are so fond of using in describing our government. He said:

"A ship in which the authority should be vested in the crew and the voice of the majority rule would not be apt to make a safe or speedy voyage."

Yet, for forty years, since the *Imperialist* was first published our ship of state has sailed over smooth or troubled waters and still sails on. No empire or military despotism has been established but our Republic still exists and is, more than ever, a "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER

BY FRANK H. SWEET

THE second year of the American Civil War found me Acting Master on board the war steamer Richmond, then stationed at Baton Rouge. Early in January, 1863, I was officially informed of my promotion to the grade of Acting Lieutenant. A week later, by order of Admiral Farragut, I assumed command of the W. G. Anderson, then lying off the Pensacola Navy Yard.

The Anderson was a beautiful clipper bark, built in Boston for the Cape of Good Hope trade, and had been purchased by the United States Government in 1862. She had then been fitted out as a cruiser, her decks strengthened to carry an armament of six thirty-two pounders, two twenty-four pounder howitzers, and a thirty-pounder Parrott rifled gun on the forecastle, with a complement of ten officers and a hundred and five men.

My orders were to proceed to the coast of Texas, to join the fleet engaged in the blockade of Aransas and Matagorda Bay. This was welcome news, as there was a great deal of blockade-running in that quarter, which offered to us a fine prospect for excitement and prize money. Our preparations were quickly made, and then we weighed anchor, saluted the flag officer's pennant, and were off for our station.

The first few days passed quietly, with nothing to interrupt the usual routine of sea life on board a man-of-war. As we were now in the direct track of the blockade-runners bound from the coast of Texas to Havana, their favorite port, I issued an order that a lookout should be kept at each mast-head from daylight until dark. The cry "Sail ho!" was constantly heard from our vigilant lookouts, but the sails thus discovered proved, after much chasing to be all legitimate traders, or, at least, their

papers represented them to be such, and we had our labor for our pains.

As I looked at our track, laid out on the chart by the navigating officers, at the end of the fourth day, it resembled a Chinese puzzle much more than the course of a vessel bound to a certain point with a leading wind. We had no further time to lose, and so I laid our course direct for Galveston, where I was to report to Commodore Bell before going down to my station.

The following morning at daylight I was roused by a boy, who reported that the officer of the deck had made out a schooner on the lee beam standing to the eastward. I bundled on my clothes, and hurrying on deck, found our ship making all light sail in chase. The vessel was so far to leeward of us that her hull was scarcely visible above the horizon, but the breeze was fresh and our canvas was drawing well, and it was soon apparent that we were gaining on her. By the time we piped to breakfast we had raised her hull, and I felt confident of overhauling her in a few hours.

But it now became evident that the schooner was by no means anxious that we should come to close quarters, and proposed to prevent it if possible. Suddenly putting her helm up, she kept away before the wind, and crowded on canvas until she looked like a great white gull.

This more convinced us that we had at last fallen into luck, and that the schooner was what we had been so diligently seeking—a blockade-runner. To make assurance doubly sure, I gave the Parrott rifle its extreme elevation, and sent a shell screaming down toward her, at the same time hoisting our colors as a polite invitation for her to heave to and allow us to overhaul her. But our courtesy passed unnoticed, and she displayed no colors in return. We followed her example in making sail as we squared away, and every yard of duck that could be boomed out from any part of the ship was brought into play. We were evidently gaining on our chase, and all seemed to be going well, when there was an ominous sound of slatting canvas, and, looking aloft, I saw that the breeze was failing us. This was unfortunate, for "a stern chase" is proverbially "a long chase." The forenoon was well along, and we were still miles astern of the schooner.

I ordered that all our sails be hoisted taut and sheeted close home, but the wind continued to blow lighter until there was scarcely enough breeze to give us steerage way. Occasionally we could feel a slight puff of air, and, remembering the experience of the Constitution when chased by two English frigates in 1813, I ordered that whips be rigged aloft, and the sails be thoroughly drenched with salt water. Still, with all our efforts, it was evident that we were not materially lessening the distance between the two vessels. After consulting with my executive officer, I decided that my only hope of securing our prize before dark—as of course she could easily evade us by night—was to send a party in one of the boats in chase. Accordingly Mr. Bayley had his boat, the first cutter, called away, the crew carefully armed, and a small Gatling gun mounted in the bow of the boat.

The chase was now, so we estimated, nearly six miles distant, and as she was all the time forging ahead several knots an hour, there was a prospect of a good long pull for it; but the bait was a tempting one, and the boat's crew were very ready to make the effort. I arranged with Mr. Bayley that if night should overtake us before he could return to the ship, I would lay her to, and would hoist signal lanterns so that we could be seen. He took with him a number of rockets and Coston signals to burn if needed.

With our best wishes for his success, he shoved off, and the rowers pulled lustily toward the schooner. It was not necessary to give the order to keep a sharp lookout on the movements of the boat, for every man in the ship felt a personal interest in her, and all hands were watching her, from the mast head lookouts to the mess cooks, who hung gazing out of the ports whenever they could escape for a moment from their duties.

To pull a heavy man-of-war's cutter six or eight miles at sea is not child's play, and although the men buckled to their oars like heroes, it was slow work. The sun was getting low when the officer of the deck called my attention from the boat I was watching so anxiously through the glass to a heavy bank of black clouds making to the northward.

"I'm afraid we are going to have our wind, now that we don't want it, sir," he said.

A vivid flash of lightning, emphasized by a rattling clap of thunder, followed hard upon this remark.

"Yes, you must get in your studding sails and flying kites at once, Mr. Allen, for it is coming down upon us by the run!"

The boatswain's call sounded shrill, and the light sails came rapidly in. "Furl your topgallant sails, sir!" I cried, and soon after they were in, the wind was howling.

"Stand by topsail halyards fore and aft, clew lines and reef tackles. Let go, clew down and haul out. Aloft topman and put in two reefs!" was the next order. "Mast-head, there; can you see the cutter?"

"No, sir; the cutter and schooner are both shut in entirely," was the reply.

By this time we were tearing through the water under our double-reef topsails and whole canvas, keeping as nearly as possible toward where the boat had last been seen. The squall brought rain with it in torrents, and as the darkness closed in, the desire to overhaul the schooner became second to that of picking up our boat and her crew. So I decided to have the ship to, and let Mr. Bayley find me, as I certainly could not expect to find him. I ordered that lanterns be hoisted at each mast-head and at the end of the topsail yards, and directed that a gun be fired and a Coston signal burned every fifteen minutes. By this time the squall had passed, the rain had ceased, and the moon was struggling out of the ragged-looking clouds. Boom! went our first signal gun, and at the same moment the Coston signal was ignited and flamed up, lighting all about us with its deep crimson glare.

"Sail ho!" yelled the forecastle lookout.

"Where away?"

"Close aboard on the starboard bow, sir!" And there, sure enough, loomed the sails of a schooner on the port tack, standing directly across our bow.

"And it's the Johnnie!" exclaimed Mr. Allen, as he gazed down from the forecastle in astonishment upon the vessel almost under our bowsprit, her decks piled up with cotton bails, and her crew standing thunderstruck at their perilous position.

I sprang upon the forecastle and hailed. "Heave to, or I'll sink you! Ready with Number One gun, Mr. Allen!"

"All ready, sir!"

"Don't fire; we surrender!" came quickly from the schooner, as she flew up in the wind and lay bobbing helplessly on our port bow.

"Send a boat to me at once with your captain, and let him bring his papers, if he has any!" I called out.

"We stove our boat the other day, sir, and she won't float," they replied.

"Very well, I will send my own boat to you. Mr. Allen, clear away the second cutter and go on board that schooner to take charge of her with four of your men. Send her captain and his crew back here in our boat. Take a Master's mate with you, and see that your crew are properly armed."

"Aye, aye, sir," and the boat was called away and prepared.

"By the way, Mr. Allen," I called out as the boat shoved off, "see if you can find out from any of them what has become of Mr. Bayley. In dodging him they have probably run afoul of us."

I had gone aft to see the boat off and give these orders, and as they were executed I looked to see where the schooner lay, but could not find her.

"Forecastle there, where is the schooner?" I hailed.

There was a moment's pause and then the hesitating reply, "She has drifted out of sight, sir; I can't make her out!"

I sprang forward, and sure enough nothing could be seen of her.

"Schooner ahoy!" I hailed, and listened, but no response came.

A signal was burned; but it only served to show our boat pulling aimlessly in the direction in which we had last seen the schooner. It was plain that we were duped. While we had been lowering our boat she had quietly filled away, and had already such a start as to render search for her in the darkness hopeless, more particularly as two of our boats were now away from the ship. Thoroughly vexed at the stupidity of the forecastle lookout, whose carelessness had permitted such a ruse to suc-

ceed, I recalled the second cutter and paced my quarter deck with a mind occupied in most unpleasant reflections. It was evident that I must remain hove to with my ship, or I should probably lose my other boat, if she had not haplessly already gone to the bottom in the squall. It was certainly a bad quarter of an hour that I was having just then.

"Cr-r-r-a-c-k" came the sound of firing to leeward, and up shot a rocket, leaving a trail of fire behind it like a meteor.

"Hurrah, there's Bayley, after all, with his Gatling coffee-mill down there! Fill away, Mr. Allen, and make all sail. Be alive about it or we shall not be in at the death. There he goes again. Well, I don't believe she will get away from us now!"

The yards flew round and we filled, as the topmen sprang aloft to turn out the reefs. The topsail yards were mast-headed, the top-gallant sails sheeted home with lightning speed, and we bore down upon the scene of conflict with all possible despatch. But the firing had already ceased, and we soon saw signal lanterns hoisted from the masts of the schooner that had given us such a chase.

"Well, sir, we have got her at last!" came over the water to us, in Mr. Bayley's voice, as we approached.

"Glad to hear it, Mr. Bayley," I replied; "but what have you got?"

"The schooner Royal Yacht, just out of Galveston, with one hundred and fifty bales of cotton, sir!"

"Give three cheers, men," I said, and our crew sprang into the rigging and gave three as hearty cheers as ever came from the throats of a hundred men!

"I will send Mr. Allen on board the schooner with a prize crew, and you can return in your boat with the schooner's captain and crew."

This exchange was soon made, and Mr. Bayley came on board with his prisoners and gave me the particulars of the capture. When the squall struck he had lost sight of the chase, and for a time had had his hands full in keeping his boat from filling. When the wind lulled he determined to return to the ship, and, hearing our guns and seeing our signals, he was making the best of his way back to us, when the schooner that was escaping from us

almost ran him down. He at once opened fire from his Gatling gun, at short range, and drove the schooner's crew from the deck and wheel by a well-directed fire. Left without a steersman she yawed, the cutter dashed alongside, the crew sprang on board, and the prize was taken.

Upon investigation it proved that the schooner had run out from Galveston two nights before, and skilfully piloted by her captain, who was very familiar with the bay, had passed through our blockading squadron under cover of the darkness. At ten o'clock that night we were again on our course for Galveston, with the Royal Yacht following in our wake, the cynosure of many watchful eyes. There was a good leading breeze, and by the same hour the following night we anchored among the fleet, and I reported my arrival to the Commodore. The next day I put a prize officer and crew on board the schooner and despatched her to Key West, where she was duly libelled, condemned and sold. Of the proceeds of the sale, the government reserved one-half, and the other moiety was divided among my officers and crew. As I had captured her on the high seas, out of sight of any other vessel, I received one-tenth of our half, which made a very agreeable addition to my bank account, and was a pleasant souvenir of my first capture of a blockade-runner.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN BROWN

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

ON October 18th, 1859, John Brown lay on the floor of the engine house of the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., apparently gasping his last from two sabre wounds in breast and groin, and wounds on head and face. In the confusion, he was believed to be dead, but he attracted the attention of the officers in command of the United States Marines, who had taken the fort by assault, and beckoning Major Russell, said—

"You entered first. I could have killed you; but I spared you."

"I thank you," said Major Russell, bowing in recognition of the fact, and then ordered that Brown be removed to one of the rooms and given a shakedown and some humane attention. From outside came the cries of the enraged crowd which blocked the river streets and crowded the hill tops overlooking the scene of conflict:

"Hang them! Bring them out! Thieves and Murderers!"

Governor Wise who had arrived from Richmond in time for the last scene at the arsenal, in speaking of the event, said:

"Our people were incensed beyond expression, but they felt as I do, that it would be disgraceful and cowardly to murder those prisoners after failing to take them for twenty-four hours. And so they were securely guarded, and are now lodged safely in Charlestown jail, to be tried in the Virginia court, under Virginia laws."

And Governor Wise, as brave and courteous an executive as Virginia ever had since the days of the valiant, well-beloved colonial governor—Alexander Spottswood, paid further tribute to Brown's character before the audience of Virginians, who

gathered at Richmond to hear his version of the affair, immediately upon his return from Harper's Ferry:

"Brown is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw, though cut, thrust, bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, courage, fortitude and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected, and indomitable; and it is but just to him to say that he was humane to all his prisoners, as attested to me by Colonel Washington and Mr. Mills, and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity, as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm, truthful and intelligent. He professes to be a Christian, and openly preaches his purpose of universal emancipation, and the negroes themselves to be the agents by means of arms, led by white commanders. And Colonel Washington said that, he was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of the dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other, and commanding his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and sell their lives as dearly as they could."

Everyone who looked upon the old man, as he was brought forth from his fortress, bleeding, grimy, faint unto death, swore that he was as brave as a lion in the vigor of life; that he talked calmly, logically, and that while he did plead for his life—it was not for the sake of life alone, but that he might be given time to have his say before the world; not strung up under Lynch law as though he were a common murderer.

Those who saw him on that memorable day of capture, say that he appeared to be a tough, wiry man, a little above average height, with thick matted hair and grizzly beard, and grayish eyes that seemed fixed in their intensity—a defiant sort of stare that remained in them when they were wide open for some hours after his death. They were the eyes of one whose whole being is centered on some great object; seen clearly, though seemingly far away.

His speech was clear, his language plain, and he never deviated one jot from statements of his actions and their purpose. It was his story from youth; he knew it by heart; and he could no more lie about it than he could relate it in the Latin tongue.

Curious bystanders, newspaper reporters, soldiers and citizens alike might hear what John Brown,—wounded, and believed to be at death's door,—said, in substance:

"My name is John Brown, known as old John Brown, or Ossawatomie Brown, of Kansas. I came, originally from Connecticut, but have lived in different states. Two of my sons were killed here to-day. I am dying, too. I came here to liberate slaves—for no reward. I acted from a sense of duty, and am content to await my fate, but I think that the crowd have treated me badly. I am an old man, and have no desire to kill anybody, and would not have killed a man did they not try to kill me and my men. I could have sacked and burned the town, but I did not. I have treated all the prisoners whom I held as hostage with kindness, and appeal to them as to the truth of what I say. I am nearly sixty years old. This move was first conceived in Kansas, after one of my sons was killed and my property destroyed. I did not receive aid from any man. The pikes were bought with my own money. I am not in any man's employ. If I had succeeded in running off the slaves this time, I could have raised twenty times as many men for similar expeditions. I did not intend to stay here long. I repeat I am under the auspices of no society—I am under the auspices of John Brown. I am an instrument in the hands of Providence—and I implicate no man; no human being in this move of mine."

On the night of the day he was captured, Tuesday, October 18th, John Brown and his four fellow prisoners were conveyed to the jail at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson, about ten miles above Harper's Ferry. Brown stood the journey well and was received with kindness by his jailer—Captain Avis, who was at Harper's Ferry during the insurrection. In speaking of this man, Brown said, shortly before his execution—

"Captain Avis has shown me much kindness during my imprisonment, as he showed much courage in attacking me at Harper's Ferry. That is what to expect of a brave man."

The jailer and his wife and children lived in the jail, and during the weeks of excitement which intervened between the day when John Brown and his men were brought to Charlestown jail until Brown was executed on December 2nd, it was

no uncommon sight to see the rosy faces of the little children peering from the upper stories of the jail windows on the glittering array of soldiers stationed, or cavalry passing up and down the hitherto dignified, quiet streets of the old Virginia town.

It will always be a matter of dispute among military and legal men whether the United States Government did not shirk its responsibility in the trial of John Brown, inasmuch as the crime was committed on a United States reservation; that, in seizing the United States arsenal, Brown had clearly committed an act against the general government, not the State of Virginia, and that it was the duty of the United States Government to bear the cost—and the brunt—of the trial. Virginia did not seek the case—nor did she shirk it when it was left to her. The circuit court met at Charlestown the next week, and on October 25th John Brown and his men were brought before it to be examined.

Martial law had been proclaimed in the town, and when the Court House bell rang that morning, it was accompanied by the deep roll of drums, as a double file of soldiers formed on either side of the walk from the jail to the Court House, and with rifles loaded, bayonets fixed, formed a defiant lane down which came, first the jailer and two guards, then two others supporting a grizzled old man, who made an effort to straighten his lame back and hold erect the head swathed in clotted bandages. There was a sigh of relief, even from the curious crowd, when the pitiful sight of the wounded prisoners was hidden in the old court house. When the prisoners were brought forth again, it was known that they were indicted on three counts—treason, inciting slaves to rebellion, and murder—each crime alone being punishable by death according to the laws of Virginia. Prompt action was taken. Law was not allowed to lag once Virginia took hold; for it feared greatly that its fair name would be fouled by Lynch law if undue dilatoriness was evinced. Within twenty-four hours of his arraignment, John Brown was before a jury of peers, presided over by Judge Richard Parker. When Brown was asked if he had secured counsel, he replied that he had not; that he did not expect a fair trial, despite the assurance of Governor Wise, and that the court might spare itself the mockery of a trial, as he was ready for his fate.

The court assigned Messrs. C. J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel; but the former refused to serve, on the ground that he was prejudiced against Brown, and so Thomas Green was appointed in his place. On the second day of Brown's trial, he was so weak that he had to be placed on a cot before the bench. He pleaded for postponement of trial on account of extreme weakness; a deafness resulting from head wounds, and a general confusion of ideas. His request was denied, and after the lengthy indictment was read, he pleaded "Not Guilty," drew the blanket over his head, and collapsed, barely opening his swollen eyes during the rest of the day.

When Mr. Botts read to the court a telegram received from the North, urging that the plea of insanity he brought on the ground that members of the prisoner's family had been so afflicted, Brown leaped up as though electrified, into a half-sitting posture on his cot, and with eyes blazing indignation repudiated the lawyer, and while admitting there was insanity in his father's family, denied that he was insane, and refused to make any such plea. On the third day of the trial, a young lawyer, George Henry Hoyt, of Boston, offered his services for the defence, and was sworn in as counsel, but it developed after the trial was over that he was scarcely more than a student, and was really at the trial as a spy for some abolitionists, to see what could be done to rescue Brown. Through the indirect intervention of Montgomery Blair, of Washington, Samuel Chilton of that city had also been sent to represent Brown; and some citizens of Ohio sent Mr. Hiram Griswold to appear in his defence.

As the trial progressed, Brown's wounds healed rapidly; and, he frankly stated that he believed his regular abstemious living had much to do with his recovery. On the closing day of the speeches in court, he scarcely spoke, nor stirred from his cot; but when he was declared guilty on three counts, he turned over on his side, adjusted his pillow, fell back, and closed his eyes, like one having done a hard day's work, who gives a sigh of relief that night and rest are before him. There was no demonstration inside the court house, or out, on that day, or the next, when he was brought into court once more to hear the

sentence, which was that he should be hanged on the morning of December 2nd.

With the fatal Friday firmly fixed in his mind, Brown prepared to strike his tent; feeling that the time was very short in which to answer all the letters which he had received; and also make known his purpose to the world at large in language so plain the he could never be mistaken for a lunatic, or a sensational fanatic. The bulk of this manuscript is still preserved; and one finds in it a clarion note against slavery of all kinds —even self-slavery. One cannot help admire John Brown's courage of conviction,—no matter whether the reader is Northern or Southern,—and to say, with truth: "Here was a man who died for a cause, and yet never once uttered the whine that more often than not goes with martyrdom." Brown was religious, but had no patience with pious platitudes, and felt as competent to secure spiritual consolation for himself from a Higher Power as from those ministers of various denominations who came to him in prison and offered their services. To one who came and tried to convince him that the bible upheld slavery, he said:

"You have searched the bible to find reasons for slavery, but you have overlooked the messages of the new testament. You know nothing of Christianity—you have yet to learn its A. B. C. You are entirely ignorant of the meaning of the word."

Brown did his best to keep up strength and nerve, by taking what exercise his mancled ankles would allow, and eating and sleeping regularly. His will power was wonderful, showing, indeed, that he controlled his body through his mind, and that he conserved his nerve force wisely and spent it carefully. He also counseled his wife and children to do the same, and almost forbid his wife coming to see him in prison—telling her, and friends who offered financial aid to bring her from Northern New York to Virginia, that the money had better be devoted to the cause for which he was willing to die. Toward the end, he relented, and on December 1st, the day before his execution, Mrs. Brown who reached Harper's Ferry the night before, came up to Charlestown, and under a formidable guard of infantry, and prancing cavalry, was driven in a closed carriage to the lit-

tle jail. Everyone who came in contact with her at that trying time spoke of her as a fine gentlewoman; one who exercised great restraint, and looked upon even her husband's jailers with no malice, realizing that duty and justice, not viciousness, prompted them in their course, and that they were tempering that duty with mercy of the highest character.

Mrs. Brown is described as a comely woman, about fifty years of age—though, in reality, she was but forty-three at the time. She had borne thirteen children, had passed a life of great anxiety and sorrow during the years of her marriage to Brown; though it was evident that she loved him, and believed in him implicity; as, indeed, did all his family. In this, John Brown, was blessed,—as Christ,—in having all his relatives for him, and with him, not a voice or hand raised in protest; nor did they, for one moment, consider that his mode of death was a disgrace—but, ignominious as it was, the fitting end to a life devoted to the cause of humanity. Mrs. Brown remained in her husband's cell from about 4 to 8 P. M. on that Thursday; the only witness being Captain Avis, the humane jailer. Mrs. Brown, after being searched by Mrs. Avis, (to see that she carried no concealed instrument), was ushered into her husband. She went over to where he stood, and throwing her arms around his neck, rested her head on his bosom, and the two were silent, while the jailer looked out of the window toward the field where the gallows would loom on the morrow. Then he heard the wife say:

"My dear husband—it is a hard fate."

"Well, well—cheer up! We must all bear it in the bravest manner we can. I believe it is all for the best."

"Oh! I know—but our poor children!" she moaned, thinking of her two sons who died at Harper's Ferry, and those alive at the homestead, or in hiding she knew not where.

To this Brown replied—"Those dead are now angels in Heaven. How are those who are living? Tell them that their father died without a single regret, for the course he pursued. That he is satisfied he is right in the eyes of God and all just men."

After they had spoken of home things, he made his will, in

which he provided that his scattered property in the nearby states should be gathered, if possible, and sold for the benefit of his estate. He provided a small sum for the purchase of bibles for his children and grandchildren, and shrewdly stated that they be all bought from the one bookseller for cash down.

When the jailer's wife brought in the supper, Mr. and Mrs. Brown sat down to it, but ate sparingly, and in silence, of their last meal together. It was nearly eight o'clock when they embraced for the last time, and Brown said in a firm voice—

"Goodbye! Goodbye! God bless you!"

She went back to the hotel at Harper's Ferry at once, and remained there until the body of her husband was delivered at the station the next afternoon, and then with it, she proceeded to their home at North Elba, where John Brown's body was buried in the "shadow of a great rock."

Upon his wife's departure, Brown settled down to his writing, working until near midnight, when he turned in, and slept until dawn, and arising dressed and settled down to his writing again, as though it were not his last day; doing evérything calmly and methodically.

It was a beautiful morning,—those who were at old Charlestown tell us—the east aglow with colors, as though a rainbow had been scattered over the skies, and the air was soft, balmy as in a southern March, so that one almost expected to see daffodils blowing and hear robins singing. Though over two thousand troops were quartered in and about the town, a hush seemed to prevail, for the Governor of Virginia, and the military commander, had impressed upon the people of all the country—not of Charlestown alone, that this was a most solemn occasion, and all vulgar curiosity, demonstrations, etc., were not unseemly only, but unlawful, and would be punished as such—that citizens should remain at home and mind their business; pray for peace, rather than try to stir up war.

Before being led out from jail, John Brown said farewell to his fellow prisoners, kindly to Coppie, Copeland, Stephens and Green, to each of whom he gave a quarter of a dollar, with the remark that he had no further use for money, but when he reached Cook, who was one of his chief men,—though not at

the arrest at the time of the excitement, having been captured afterward,—he accused him of having given false testimony. Cook, who as a spy, had a greater load to bear than even Brown, protested at first, then said gently, as he took his last look at the man who persuaded him to do the things which had placed him in this most terrible position,—"We remember differently, Captain Brown."

Shortly before 11 o'clock, Brown, with arms pinioned, came forth from jail, under guard, and was mounted in a furniture wagon drawn up before the door. He calmly took a seat on his own coffin. There was no commotion, and it has been pointed out that, though pathetic and beautiful, the incident of John Brown kissing a black child in the arms of its mother—which was made the subject of a painting now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is wholly without foundation—for no white woman, let alone a slave woman, was allowed out of doors, at least, in the vicinity of the scene of execution, that day.

"This is a beautiful country, you have done here. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before."

"You don't seem to be a bit excited, Mr. Brown," remarked the sheriff.

"There is no cause for excitement," calmly replied Brown.

Dressed in a worn suit of black cashmere, woollen shirt, without collar or neckcloth, white woollen socks and red-figured carpet slippers, John Brown,—grizzled, wiry, taut in every nerve, —mounted the steps of the scaffold, and without protest allowed the cap and rope to be adjusted. But, when the sheriff asked him to move forward over the trap, he said, as though in reproof—

"I cannot see my way—you must guide me."

This being done, there was a delay of some moments as the military was being drawn closer. To the sheriff's explanation of the cause, Brown said—

"I don't care—only—don't keep me waiting unnecessarily."

At 11.15 the spectators, gathered hundreds of yards distant from the scaffold, saw a scarecrow-like thing rise in the air, black coat skirts flutter out,—and then, an inert bundle sink from sight. The surgeons nearby came close to it, felt the pulse, and, though

they looked on the corpse for many minutes, saw no change in the eyes, which, as in life, seemed staring intensely at some great, awful thing in the distance. Then they turned away, knowing that what the Governor of Virginia had characterized as "the greatest bundle of nerves" had finally relaxed—the mind that moved them being forever free from solving great problems of mankind.

tion, Shay's Rebellion and paper money. I believe I am justified in the statement that it exerted a powerful influence upon the public mind.[4]

The writers of this satire were well versed in their art, all having written to some extent during the Revolution, a time and age when harsh methods of censure seemed necessary. Here is an extract that illustrates the sarcasm that was hurled against the Anti-Federal party.

> "The State surrounding with the wall of brass,
> And insurrections claim thy noblest praise,
> O'er Washington exact thy darling Shays,
> With thy contagion embryo mobs inspire,
> And blow to tenfold rage the kindling fire,
> Till the wide realm of discord bow the knee
> And hold true faith in Anarch and in thee."

"The Echo,"[5] which first appeared in newspaper form, and was published[6] later in a volume with other satires of the time, is a typical representative of the Democratic feeling. History tells us that there was a great deal of caustic democratic spirit in Virginia, in spite of the natural aristocratic tendencies which prevailed there. This democratic spirit may have been due to the fact that the descendants of Pocahontas were numerous in Virginia and naturally proud of their lineage. Men of this stamp would naturally take sides with the Republican faction. However this may be, the authors[7] of this satire were not loath to place the scene of parts of "The Echo" in Virginia. For example:

> "Rejoice ye Democrats! I say Rejoice!
> See fix'd secure your privileges choice!
> Columbia's Genius has our cause espous'd;
> Virginia's tutelary Saint[8] is roused.[9]

4. Compare Everett's "Poems of Connecticut."
5. Appeared from 1791 to 1794.
6. By the Porcupine Press, 1807.
7. Alsop, Dwight, Cogswell, Hopkins and Trumbull.
8. St. Tammany.
9. "The Echo," p. 63.

* * * * * * *

And her Electors, with consulting voice,
Have made George Clinton their united choise.[10]
Take every virtue with you as you go,
Leave us our Clinton, Jefferson and Co,
These shall arouse us in the daily papers,
And Jonny Hancock give us Negroe capers.''[11]

In number XII of ''The Echo,'' which appeared May 6, 1793, the true feeling for the French is expressed in a rather flat verse.

''I say, shall these thus impudently dare,
Pour their vile scandals in a patriot ear,
And call the French a pack of cruel dogs,
Murderers, assassins, regicides and rogues;
Merely, because by soft compassion led,
They've taken off their hapless monarch's head;
From all his woes a kind release have given,
And sent him up an extra post to heaven—
To tell their Maker they intend to go
Where all are equal in the world below.''[12]

Genet is lauded in the satire as he was in the newspapers that were pro-French at the time.

''Thus all who Freedom's genuine ardour feel,
Whose souls are warm'd with Jacobinic zeal,
Felt at first sight love's keen electric flame,
And thrill'd with transport at Sieur Genet's name:''[13]

A rather harsh condemnation of the press appeared in the mediocre satire entitled ''Democracy,'' by one Aquiline Nimblechops, in 1794.

''Let the press Perish—loud the patriots cry—
Let the press Perish—echoing walls reply.

10. Ibid. p. 64.
11. Ibid. p. 72.
12. "The Echo," p. 85.
13. Ib., p. 117. This appeared November 11, 1793.

Flourish Democracy—the shout goes round
Flourish Democracy—the walls resound.

Damn all the Friends of Order next they cry
And echo dies along the wearied wall.''[14]

Jay's Treaty was highly condemned in the satire, and the reason for such aggressive action is seen in the following:

''No haughty Senate, by its tyrant laws,
Shall longer lock our democratic jaws.
Perish their secrets--laws were made for fools,
We laugh to scorn the Senate and its rules.
In true Republics secrets ne'er exist,
Knowledge like wind should blow where'er it list.[15]

* * * * * * *

I say that we're determined, one and all,
That Jay's vile treaty to the ground shall fall.
Doubtless the subject will much heat excite,
Blockheads will prate, and demagogues will write,
From Club to Club the uproar will expand.[16]

* * * * * * *

Full well I see how Democrats will meet,
And drink seditious toasts at every treat,
Roar out to liberty to save the land,
And damn a treaty they don't understand.[17]

* * * * * * *

This Treaty cuts us off every chance
Of fighting England and of helping France.''[18]

* * * * * * *

The other side of the treaty question is seen in ''The New Year Verses,'' and in the ''Guillotine.'' Throughout both these

14. Ib., p. 207.
15. ''The Echo,'' p. 129, et seq.
16. Ib., p. 132.
17. Ib., p. 133.
18. Ib., p. 137.

satires there are many clever plays on words, many witty sayings, which make them worthy of reading, aside from their historical significance. A typical verse from the former reads:

"And now, O Muse, Throw Candour's veil,
O'er aged Sam in dotage frail;
And let past services atone,
For recent deeds of folly done;
When late aboard the Gallic ship,
Well frought with democratic flip,
He praying on servile knees,
That France alone might rule the seas;
While Sense and Reason took a nap,
And snor'd in Jaconinic cap."[19]

"The Guillotine" condemns the Democrats throughout the entire satire.

"Some Jacobins as pert as ever,
Tho' much was hop'd from Yellow fever;
One traitor fond to enrole his name,
With Judas on the list of fame;
A host of unhanged Democrats,
And Speculators thick as rats.[20]

* * * * * * *

Ere Jay had reached that pigmy coast,
Where Pitt and Grenville rule the roast,
Where once the lion us'd to war
But late has chang'd to a snare,—
The Anti Treaty noise began.
Club answer'd Club—man echo'd man;
And sentenced Jay sans judge or jury."[21]

About 1798, political affairs were approaching a crisis. At that time appeared "The Political Greenhouse"—a satire strong in the disgust which it shows for the democratic sympathies with France.

19. Ib., p. 216.
20. "The Echo," p. 220.
21. Ib., p. 224.

"Now see each Jaconinic face,
Redden'd with guilt, with fear, disguise,
While through the land, with keenest ire,
Kindles the patriotic fire!
See Jefferson with deep dismay,
Shrink from the piercing eye of day,
Lest from the tottering chang of day
The storm should hurl him to his fate!"[22]

A verse from "The Echo" says that the lack of discretion on the part of the young men of the times is the cause of the hostility toward France.

"Where politicians not yet fledg'd are seen,
With scarce a bit of down to shade their chin:
And like young quails with egg-shell on their back
Run wildly round, and sense and knowledge lack."[23]

"The Porcupiniad,"[24] which describes the attempts to dissolve the charm in which Peter Porcupine[25] has been living, has some few striking lines of a general political nature. In speaking of the necessities for united action against France,[26] Mathew Carey says in terms which seem hardly characteristic of the satirist:

"These projects will demand great care,
Much craft and fraud, with cunning rare;
The strongest party must be thine,
In all their views be sure combine;
Cajole them by each art and fraud,
Their projects all you must applaud;
Of politics what e'er their plan
Be you their brawling partisan:
Revile, defame, abuse their foes,
And all their views be sure oppose.

22. Ib., p. 240. "The Political Greenhouse" was by Alsop, Hopkins and Theodore Dwight.
23. "The Echo," p. 240.
24. Mathew Carey was the author.
25. His real name was William Cobbett. For account of his works see *The American Political Register*. For a good life see that of E. Smith.
26. This was in 1799.

Fer'dalist and Anti be the same
To you, if answer'd be your aim.''[27]

Jonathan Pindar[28] has an interesting bit of verse on the assumption of the national debt. He seems to be a true master of irony.

"The nation's debt's a blessing vast,
Which far and wide its influence sheds,
From whence Pectolian streams descend so fast,
On their—id est the speculators' heads.

* * * * * * *

That to increase their blessing and entail
To future time its influence benign,
New loans from foreign nations cannot fail
While standing armies clinch the grand design.

* * * * * * *

That taxes are no burden to the rich,
That they alone to labor drive the poor—
The lazy rogues would neither plow nor ditch,
Unless to keep the sheriff from the door.''[29]

In other verses,[30] Freneau has brought out his strong democratic sympathies; but even these efforts are not to be compared with his earlier works during the Revolution. In a later satire, in which he attacks President Adams, he is here quoted to have said:

"On Davilla's page[31]
Your Discourses so sage
Democratical numskulls be-puzzle
With arguments tough

27. "The Porcupiniad," pp. 50-51.
28. Philip Freneau in disguise, although Jefferson says that the author of these verses was St. George Tucker.
29. See "Johns Hopkins University Studies," Vol. 20, p. 515.
30. These were: "A Truly Great Man;" "To a Wild Honeysuckle;" "America's Prayer for France;" and "To a Would-be Great Man."
31. Adams' "Discourse of Davilla"—a treatise defending strong government.

As white leather or buff,
(The Republican Bull-dog to muzzle.)''[32]

With the Federalists grew in disfavor the Republican satires naturally predominated. ''The Triumps of Democracy'' is rather an exception to this rule however. It is less Hudibrastic than some of the other satires, and lacks much of the worth that is possessed by the Anarchiad.

''Each Democrat, with hand and heart,
Equips himself to play the part;
Resolved John Adams should go home,
When e'er the 'Ides of March' should come;
That humble in his native state, he
Might odium mix with dingitate;
Whilst, all our losses to repair,
Mazzei's 'Sampson' takes the chair,
Whose mighty asses jaws shall slay
Each Philistine[33] that clogs his way,
'Till at last, as fortune veers,
He pulls an old house round his ears;
The Democrats all mean prepare,
(For Democrats can pray for evil,
Their gods are Frenchmen and the Devil)
While both unions utmost bounds
The Jacobinic Tocsin Sounds.[34]

* * * * * * *

The Monarchists completely cast,
The Anarchists are stripp'd of power,
Storms o'er the British faction low'r.
Soon we Republicans shall see,
Columbia's slaves from bondage free.
Lord! How the Fed'ralists will stare
At Jefferson in Adams' chair.''[35]

32. See "Johns Hopkins University Studies," Vol. 20, pp. 538-540.
33. See Jefferson's letter to Mazzei in this connection.
34. "The Echo," p. 270.
35. Ib., p. 271.

A matter of fact verse from "The Millennium" reads:

> If the Millennium were not here,
> Would Duane[36] bask and batten here?
> Would Dallas, insect of an hour,
> Roll round in splendor, wealth and power?
> Would Jackson's[37] "seeds" so early sown,
> Have to such pods of "greatness" grown?
> Or Gallatin have found a seat
> Just where our cash and credit meet?"[38]

In "The Olio," which appeared after the Democratic victory, the Jacobinic sympathies are in no manner disguised. Little care was taken in stating why there were supporters for the French.

> "These Fed'ralists have a strange plan of their own,
> For when we are so crabbed and factious are grown,
> That neither their threats nor their coaxing can move,
> The scoundrels will have us their measures to love,
> And no Jacobin ever a bribe could resist,
> No, not if 'twere offered by Beelzebub's first."[39]

With the election of Jefferson to the presidency, there was a decided feeling, on the part of the majority, that there would be a popular rule. As a natural result, the political satires diminished in number and the satirical struggle rapidly declined. Perhaps the only satire of this time that deserves mention is one that is truly Federal. "Democracy Unveiled," by Doctor Caustic, LL.D.,[40] is a lengthy satire,[41] depicting the evils and political mismanagements instituted by the Democrats. The satire is divided into six cantos, and reveals, quite exactly, the model upon which American satirists relied from a constructive point of view. The

36. An Irish fugitive who held a position worth about $10,000.
37. General Jackson had been Governor of Georgia, but at the time of these verses was senator. His political appointments are referred to in this connection
38. "The Echo," p. 291.
39. Ib., p. 189.
40. This was T. G. Fessenden.
41. In two volumes, bound in one in 1806. The date of the first edition I have not discovered.

American spirit prevails throughout the work. The Jacobinic sympathies are in no wise disguised through hesitancy as to what to say. The first canto, "Tocsin," starts out by saying:

"Devoid of influence or fear,
I trace Democracy's career,
And paint the vices of the times,
While mad men tremble at my rhymes;
And I'll unmask the Democrats,
You sometimes this thing sometimes that[42]
Whose life is one dishonest shuffle,
Lest he perchance the mob should ruffle;[43]
I'll blow my shrewd satiric horn,
The taunting finger point of scorn
At vice and folly, fools and knaves;
It must be done or we be slaves."[44]

In the second canto, "Illuminium," the deists and the atheisis are made to appear as the originators of the French Revolution.

"So wild a scheme of politics
Seen never was on this side Styx,
As his rude harum scarum plan
Of his new social savage plan
Like other Democratic sages
He spurns the wisdom of all ages."[45]

The humor of the entire satire is keen and piercing but the work as a whole must be considered flat. In the third canto, "Mobocracy," there is little worthy of note. "Jeffersoniad," the fourth canto, satirizes Jefferson with cutting words.

"And if, by example, he goes
To recommend the raising negroes,
The chance is surely in his favor

42. "I refer to the different appearances, which our anti-federalists, alias Democrats, alias Republicans, alias general ditto, have assumed in the evascent stages of their political existence."
43. "DemocracyUnveiled," p. 1.
44. Ib., p. 4.
45. Ib., pp. 39-40.

Of being President forever.
A southern negroe is you see, man
Already three-fifth of a freeman,
And when Virginia gets the staff,
He'll be a freeman and a half.''[46]

In the remaining two cantos, ''Gibbett and Satire,'' and ''Monition,'' various striking proverbs are given, showing the Democrats to advantage. These cantos are comparatively uninteresting and do not throw any further light upon the general impression which one gathers from the satire as a whole.

While the political satires of this period inspired a kind of party patriotism, it was of the kind that appealed to the intelligent class, rather than to the masses of the people. The real significance of these satires, then, can hardly be realized at the present day. They may have excited popular rumor in a way that our newspaper cartoons do at the present time. From a literary standpoint, one can not fail to notice that the Anti-Federalist satires were vastly different from the Federal, or Hartford type. They were more strictly American, more idealistic. There was less of Pope and Butler in them. Their range was broader. They drew from French sources and from French models. Most of the Federal satires were patterned after the eighteenth century English wits. The Hudibrastic tendencies were very striking. Naturally, the satires were lacking in style and finish.

46. "Democracy Unveiled," p. 18.

LITERATURE

Old Boston Days and Ways. By Mary Caroline Crawford. With numerous illustrations. Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1909. Price $2.50.

To write the history of a town, and make it as lifelike as any biography of a personage, demands peculiar qualities in the author. Dramatic power, whimsical humor and the conscience of a chronicler of facts should be united; and apparently they are so joined in Mary Crawford, who gives us the most charming pictures of Boston, under its old township regime, and contrives to weave her facts into a romance of reality. The chapter headings themselves, show the originality of her conceptions; "The Master of the Puppets," who stands for the much misunderstood Samuel Adams; "When Earl Percy Lived Opposite the Common," and "When Faneuil Hall was a Playhouse." Delightful bits of character drawing are scattered through the book, such as the following, which gives us an idea that senseless extravagance is not a thing of the twentieth century only. "One striking character which we must always associate with Hancock's 'reign' was the highly original Madam Haley. Madam Haley was the sister of John Wilkes, and widow of a rich London merchant. She had come to America in 1785 to look after her husband's property and the better to do this she married her steward, Patrick Jeffrey. She lived in great magnificence in what is best known as the Gardiner Greene house, and when Charleston bridge was opened she paid, it is said, five hundred dollars for the privilege of being the first to drive over it. Her carriage was drawn by four white horses." The book is beaufully illustrated, and the cuts so adroitly arranged that they tell the tale of "Old Botolph's Town," almost of themselves.

Mexico; The Wonderland of the South. By W. E. Carson. Illustrated. Price, $3.00, net. The MacMillan Company, New York.

It was Spencer who said that a thing often becomes picturesque in ceasing to be useful. This is verified in that strange country where ancient and modern institutions meet, and of which the author of this interesting book observes; "With a wonderful past and an equally wonderful present, peopled by an ancient race with strange customs and traditions, it is also a land of magnificent scenery, of superb climates and amazing natural resources." And it is upon the extraordinary features that the writer dwells. The book is not a history, but a discursive treatise upon the people, the resources, scenery and institutions, seen from the view point of the intelligent traveller. He starts with Vera Cruz, about which there is some valuable information, especially as to its commercial qualities, and goes on to the capital, Mexico City, and the journey through Orizaba and over the mountain is replete with interest and incident. Constantly we are reminded that Mexico and the Mexican character are full of contrasts. Splendor and squalor, pride and meanness, cruelty and kindness are closely mingled. If it is slightly theatrical at times, the fault is with the conditions. It could scarcely be otherwise where civilization is perpetually striving to thrust back the glittering pageant of the half breed torchlights to substitute its strong electric current, that inevitably shows the way toward progress and change. The story of the country and the people is charmingly told. Interest grows as one gets deeper into the book and comes to appreciate the treasures of experience that enable the writer to handle his theme so easily. The most fascinating chapter in the volume is probably the one entitled "The Life of the People." Not that it contains so much that is strikingly new, as that it retells old things in a pleasant manner. And in "Mexican Women" the author shows sagacity and discrimination, particularly in the following paragraphs: "A great deal of the severity of the old regime is breaking down under foreign invasion. Rich Mexicans send their daughters to France, England or the United States to school, and they gain new ideas of woman sphere. But

the change must be necessarily slow, and to all intents and purposes the average Mexican girl is not educated. When she has learned her alphabet and can write a stilted letter in a fulsome Spanish style, can murder a few pieces on the piano, and mangle a few French phrases, use her needle indifferently, and discover that her country is bordered by two oceans, her education is finished. But her greatest deprivation is that she has no share in the happy outdoor life of athletics which has done so much for the present generation of American women. Still, all this is bound to change. The emancipation of Mexican women is only a matter of time, and the day may yet dawn when the suffragette movement will be cordially taken up in the land of the Aztecs. Young women of the middle class are going into business, taking work in the stores and offices, and moving about freely in the city without chaperones. All this is affecting the prejudiced old Mexican families, who will gradually abandon their Eastern system of seclusion.'' The illustrations are excellent half tones, which add much to the text, without distracting the readers' attention, as is sometimes the case with illustrations.

Army Letters from an Officer's Wife. By Frances M. A. Roe. Illustrated by I. W. Taber. D. Appleton and Company, New York. Price, $2.00 net.

In its freshness, simplicity and naturalness this book comes as a surprise. We had not thought that anything so completely unaffected could be produced in the form of a book made up of correspondence. But the army woman who reveals herself here with charming frankness is a creature one grows to love and admire. She shows herself in an environment completely free from any garnish of footlights; just a natural woman, only more devoted, more heroic and enduring than almost any woman in her circumstances would have been. Through perils, difficulties, little and big discomforts she retains the same bright spirit, the same resource and good humor. There are touches of wit and fine description that does not aim to be description, but merely sketchy bits to introduce a change of action; and of action the book is full. All the incidents that must accompany rapid

changes of location, and forced marches through country beset with perils of Indians on the war-path, and hostile beasts, are related with a directness that is very forcible. She talks in the most interesting way of her troubles in tearing up and getting settled again, in obedience to the mysterious commands of the government at Washington. We become breathless with sympathy when the regiment is ordered from Louisiana to Montana Territory, and echo her remark that "life in the army is full of surprises!" But we doubt our being able to take the matter with her philosophy. It was hard to submit to such inconsiderate orders as a change of climate from the far south to the wild west in autumn, and with no money provided to pay expenses, just because Congress had chosen to break up and go home without passing the army appropriation bill! Then, the things that had to be resigned whenever the little home was broken up—the dear pony and dog that were left behind, and grieved over as if they had been children, the bits of household gods that must be given away or destroyed, because only the superior officers could have room for all their things, and the poor second lieutenant must do as he could with two trunks. But through all she finds plenty of fun and good times, so that when at last the longed for vacation arrives and civilization is again visited, she discovers that "Citizens and army people have so little in common that one feels it after being with them awhile, no matter how dear the relationship may be. Why, one-half of them do not know the uniform and could not distinguish an officer of the army from a policeman!" Naïve and expressive comment which shows how completely the little army woman had become enveloped in the atmosphere of frontier life; how tame and wearisome civilization looks to eyes accustomed to the boundless skies and broad plains of a world where buildings are but temporary makeshifts, torn down or discarded joyfully when the order comes to march forward to new quarters. The book is, in short, as interesting as a good novel; and carries a wealth of information lightly and agreeably.

There She Blows! A Whaling Yarn. By James Cooper Wheeler. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. Price, $1.20 net.

With singular modesty the author disclaims any attempt at literary style in this unvarnished narrative of adventure. But if it is style to picture a thing graphically and vividly, so that we see the ship tossing on the high seas, the men struggling with monsters of the deep, now being swallowed up, and again escaping as by a miracle,—to show without effort, and as it were, playfully, singular circumstances and characters, then Mr. Wheeler's disclaimer is superfluous, for he has an excellent style. In a book of this sort the movement is the chief necessity, and it is never in the least lacking here. From the moment "Long Island Ned" ships with "Uncle Zene," until the time when he lands again in New Bedford, after more strange adventures than one would suppose could be crowded into three years or so, there is no stop or break in the interest of the tale. It is all easy and life-like; there are no mysteries or distortions of everyday perils and mishaps, but it is a case of how exciting real life may become, when a man is thrust face to face with primitive elements. Not only boys, for whom the volume will, however, contain fascination, but girls and grandmothers will find entertainment and enjoyment in the little story. Romance is entirely lacking; there is not an illusion to it in the book. But it is very agreeable reading, just the same; and offers a refreshing change from the stilted efforts of most writers who have entered into this field.

The Book of Christmas; with an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $1.25 net.

This pretty volume supplies a real need, and ought to be in the hands of everybody who has any sentiment in his nature. It covers almost the whole field of literature on the Christmas season, giving extracts from the writings of the most celebrated authors, and made especially valuable by the lucid classification of its matter. Under such headings as "Signs of the Season,"

"Customs and Beliefs," "Christmas Hymns," "Christmas Revels," and many others, it puts before the reader charming bits of description, poems and stories. One of the most suggestive and touching of the chapters is that entitled, "When all the World is Kin," wherein is gathered in a small space a wonderful collection of good things. One is "The Good Night in Spain," translated from the Spanish by Katherine Lee Bates. It is exquisite, full of mystery and yet with strangely graphic touches of description; a real Spanish idyl. A striking bit about "Christmas in Jail" gives one to think and be grateful for his happines of freedom and innocence. New Year is done justice to also, in fine quotations from Lamb, John Addington Symonds, and others. The plates are most artistic and satisfying, and Mr. Mabie's introduction is of itself, delightful reading. It is a volume for old and young, and furnishes a charming souvenir of the Day of Christmas.

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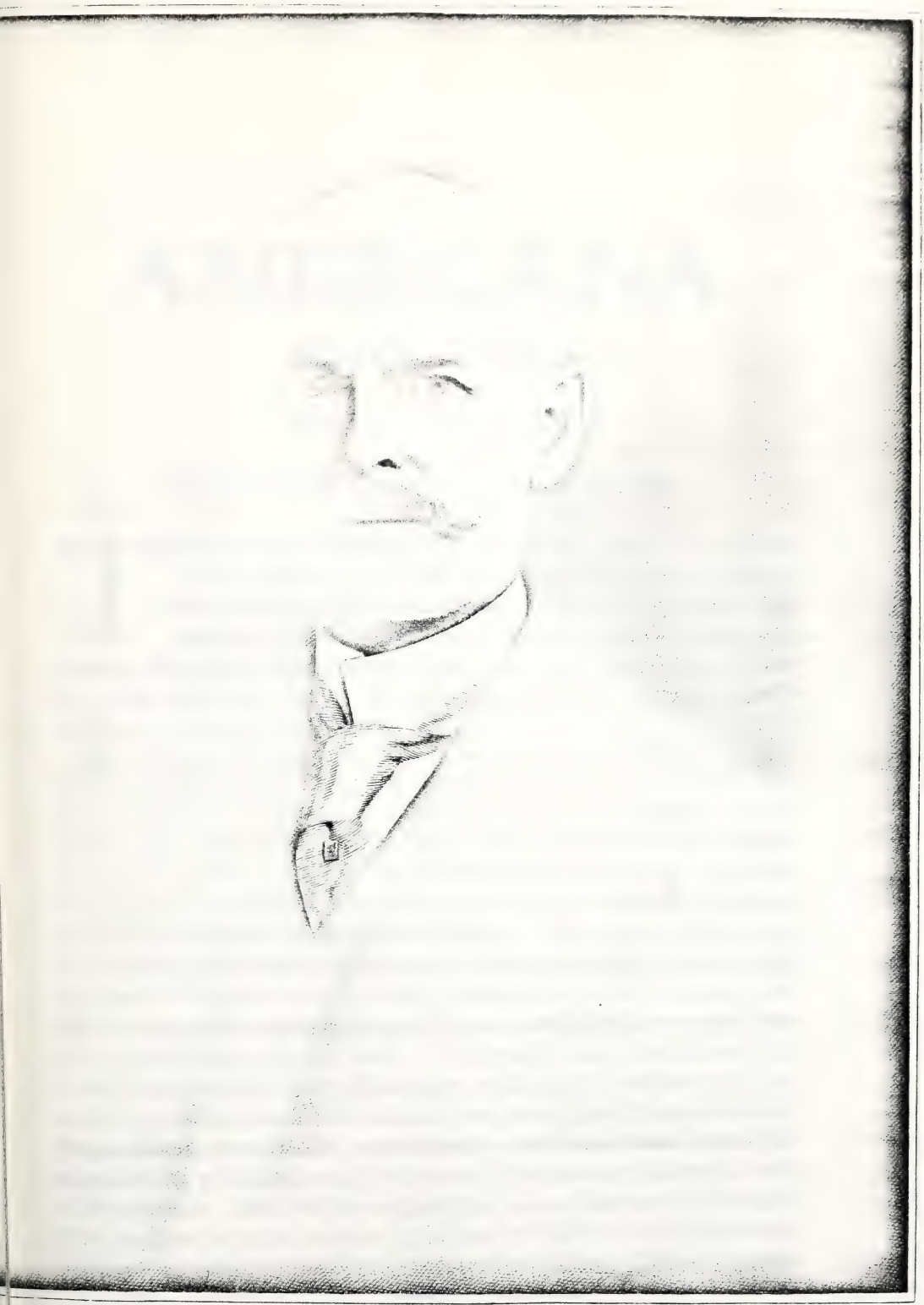
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Edward G. Acheson

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MEN OF EMINENCE

Doctor Edward Goodrich Acheson: Inventor.

THE strong blend of the practical with our creative ability results in biasing toward science the most powerful and original American minds. We have few poets and not many finely poised artistic temperaments; but older civilizations have not produced such a race of virile thinkers, daring investigators and cool, sane experimenters with the forces of nature.

Not so very long ago the man of science was considered a sort of scholastic, isolate from all human interests, absent, dreamy and impractical to a degree; ranked with the antiquarian, and as little understood by society. The chief obstacle to his success was his classical education, for nothing so surely unfits the brain to deal with facts and search into causes as a memory fattened upon the satisfying feast of the classics. Up to nearly the middle of the last century the method of the Greek philosopher still imposed its tyranny upon minds having the scientific cast, but the genius of Carpenter, Paget, Farody and Hooker opened the eyes of educators to the need of reform in the schools, and the result has been the New Education which is so entirely in line with the tendencies of American progress, that it has obtained tremendous strength in our country and has encouraged the specializing of talents until we are at this moment almost a race of specialists. And our strongest trait is our keenness of insight that enables us to fit to some vital need of the hour the invention or discovery that crowns long and patient labor. There is noth-

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ing indefinite about Yankee inventiveness; it comes "pat" and neat in the very nick of time. The vigor of the skilled workman, the confidence of self dependence and the ambition that is a kind of national instinct are the equipment of the American scientist, and his deft hands carry out with precision the ideas his brains conceive. No kid-gloved theorist, directing labor and disdaining to participate in it, has the advantage the Yankee has who from boyhood has "made his own way," beginning in the shop, passing from the engineering field or the factory to the laboratory to verify his beliefs and clinch his prophetic discoveries; not to dream and philosophize for the enrichment of scientific libraries.

In nearly every instance of a man rising to the top in the realm of American invention, he has pushed his own way up by the might of his personal energy. Heritage, of course, plays its part in personality, and the family counts for much in the make-up of a self-made man, but for very little in his career. We propose in the pages of this magazine, to give brief biographies of some of the most notable men and women of our country who have "achieved greatness." And as our most striking achievements have been in the fields of scientific and commercial activities, we give precedence to a name which America has already, and within the lifetime of its owner, written high on her roll of fame.

DR. EDWARD G. ACHESON

of whom one who has been an intimate associate has written, "a man who did not know when he had failed." But the truth is, he never did fail, although being several times upon that dangerous edge of failure from which all but the bravest spirits fall into the pit. He had inherited from a sturdy, able stock, a nature delicately balanced with the fine mental attributes that go to make up the scientific imagination. His grandfather was a successful business man of Washington, Pennsylvania, and his father was first a merchant and afterwards an iron manufacturer, at Monticello. He is spoken of as a man "of all around worth," and was the natural parent of the practical genius that early marked out his son for an exceptional career.

The boyhood of Edward was entirely simple and natural. He

attended the district school and in the vacations amused himself with his comrades, fishing and hunting. But his father's furnace had a keen interest for him, and he spent many busy hours beside it. He early exhibited a strong taste for mathematics, and at the boarding school at Bellefonte, Pa., where he entered into study in earnest, he learned surveying. The first opportunity given him to accomplish some original work in this line was not neglected, and he was about sixteen when he had the triumph of demonstrating to incredulous elders the correctness of measurements he had taken, over a river where a new cable was to be laid. It was well that independence and pluck had early developed in him, for he was suddenly called upon to confront the hardships life commonly offers her great spirits: the crisis of '73 ended his school days, and after *three years* of this training he entered upon the discipline of self education which is known as "earning a living."

Happily, the earliest efforts were made under the eye of an encouraging parent. He became time keeper at the furnace and had leisure to give to experiments, one of which procured him the honor of a United States caveat, at the age of seventeen. It is entitled "Improvements in the Process of Mining Coal, Ore, Clay," etc. We can fancy that this first triumph is still dear to the heart of the great inventor, for our earliest achievements strike deep into us; later ones but gratify our self esteem. Acheson's father had perhaps a prophetic glimpse into the future of his son, but did not live to realize it, dying in the summer of 1873, of heart disease.

It was in that same year that Acheson made his first experiment with electricity. This was the silver plating of some old watches and spoons, and proved very satisfactory. But there was a vein of delicate fancy in the soul of this practical, energetic youth, which led him to delight in reading Shakespeare, and the master who has influenced so many toward high ideals moved this young American to secret resolve that bore rich fruition in after days.

A short experience as clerk in a store was succeeded by the more congenial work of aiding in the construction of a railroad through a newly discovered oil territory. This led to young

Acheson's going to Pittsburg and branching out for himself. It was in a single room furnished with the barest necessaries, that he made his first ventures; but fortune did not smile upon him yet, and he went to the little town of Parker as ticket clerk to Mr. King, of the Alleghaney Valley Railroad. From this he was advanced to the position of Railroad Engineer of a division of a narrow guage railroad. And now he was in his element. In his own words: "Being but twenty-two years of age, with a strong rugged constitution and unbounded enthusiasm, I was ready to meet and enjoy any hardships encountered." Does not this remind one of Tyndall's recital of his youthful experiences? To *enjoy* hardships one must be made of the fibre that is immortal. Original, eager and industrious, the young engineer experimented, calculated and improved upon materials until his employer, preferring duller assistants, less dangerous as competitors, discharged him. But he easily obtained a position in the Civil Engineering Corps, and went with his party to West Virginia. A severe cold, caught from exposure, weakened a constitution on which he had imposed, but he took the field again at the earliest possible minute.

A year full of movement and activity followed, and presently we find the young engineer, with his head bent on electricity now, at Menlo Park. Edison was there prince and ruler and after some difficulty Acheson gained a position in the machine shop. He was taken into favor after he had shown his reliability, and from this time on his progress was rapid. But indeed, there cannot be said to have been a time in his life when it was slow.

A fortunate event for him was that in July, 1881, he was sent to the French exposition, as First Assistant to Edison's representative, Mr. Batchelor. A gay, pleasant summer followed but the American youth recollected to keep on the keen alert for new ideas, and he returned with riper faculties and more self confidence, to enter upon new responsibilities.

After a time he found himself back again in Paris, and thrown upon his own resources. But not meeting with success there, he tried London, fell very ill and returned to America and Mr. Edison. Some differences of opinion ensued, which ended in his leaving to take a position as lamp builder with the Consolidated

Electric Light Company in Brooklyn. Fame and fortune were not to come out of this venture, but to compensate, love and marriage brightened a life that had been hitherto fuller of business than of romance. Acheson was married December 15, 1884, to Miss Margaret Maher, who cast in her fortune with his at a moment when the future was rather more than doubtful: he being almost penniless! Family cares accompanied by desperate struggles with poverty would have discouraged a weaker spirit, but even then the clouds that had overcast the star of the heroic inventor were dispersing, and the sale of his anti-induction telephone wire brought him what seemed a fortune, $7,000 in cash, and $50,000 in stock of the Standard Underground Cable Company. He was also enabled to sign a three years' contract as electrician to the Cable Company, at a salary sufficient to afford him and his family the comforts of life. But in his eagerness to make up for past privations he did what most generous men do, and brought a load of debt upon himself that harassed him for some time.

In the midst of active business Acheson still found time to experiment in his laboratory. It was through the need of a good abrasive by the manufacturing world that he made the important discovery of Carborundum, a substance made from coke and sand, and that, when highly heated in an electric furnace and properly cooled, takes the form of brilliant little crystals. It is superior to all other substances as an abrasive, and its value to manufacture led to the formation of the Carborundum Company, in 1891, with Dr. Acheson, its inventor, as President. Carrying on the business with that acute sense of the value of details that has always distinguished him, Acheson left nothing undone which could attract public notice to carborundum, and after the exhibit at the Chicago Exposition success came on a splendid scale.

And to what a vast number of uses the new substance has been put in our own country! Steps are covered with it, in New York City, where the tread of multitudes is roughest, viz. in the subway stations: hard, non-slippery and enduring, it resists the ravages of constant friction better than any other known substance. And like charcoal, it may be converted from the homely and use-

ful, into the ornamental. The crude crystals have been sold by shrewd western peddlers as Rocky Mountain gems, and are doubtless worn by some lovers of the bright and gaudy in that form. The uses to which the medical profession puts carborundum are singular and interesting. One model is a kind of tool for scraping human bones in dissecting work. Dentists have found it invaluable in their more complicated processes. The crystals are employed as the groundwork of ornamental work, and these are but mere incidents in the primary function of the substance, which is to make abrasive wheels. When ground to powder carborundum is used extensively by steel makers.

But one of the most striking developments arising from its discovery came about *pari passu* with other features.

Early in the history of the manufacture of carborundum, Dr. Acheson discovered that when heated to a very high temperature decomposition occurred, and a beautiful graphite was left as a sort of a skeleton of the original crystal. This discovery started him on a new line of thought. As a result of a long series of experiments, the present methods of the International Acheson Graphite Company, a corporation which he organized to carry on the business, were perfected. The graphite produced is very soft and of a high metallic lustre, and Dr. Acheson believed his first efforts to produce graphite from comparatively pure carbon, to be a failure, owing to the lack of luster, softness and unctuous character. The first commercial graphite products were electrodes for electro-chemical works. It is possible to get practically chemically pure carbon by Dr. Acheson's methods, but it is very costly, and for chemical purposes the purity of 99 5-10 per cent. is adopted for electrodes; while for paint pigment, dry battery filler and kindred uses, 92 per cent. is the standard. When it is remembered that a good quality of natural graphite contains but 85 per cent. carbon, while much of that sold runs as low as 45 per cent. it will be realized that the product produced by Dr. Acheson is unique.

The International Acheson Graphite Company now has a plant equipped with 4,000 electrical horse power, and during 1908 produced over 9,000,000 pounds of Graphite, made principally from anthracite coal.

Having worked out the details in the manufacture of an artificial graphite much purer than the natural product, and being familiar with the fact that there was annually imported into the United States from Ceylon, approximately 1,000,000 worth of graphite to be used in the manufacture of crucibles for the metal industries, it was Dr. Acheson's desire to secure a portion of that trade, and with this object in view he, in 1901, entered into a series of experiments to determine the value of graphite as a crucible body. It was not successful for three reasons, the most important of which was that its very purity was detrimental. Having failed to prepare graphite suitable for the crucible trade, he now sought another field, and knowing that natural graphites were used to some extent in lubrication, and believing that this field might be greatly enlarged with a suitable product, he determined to compound a graphite that could be successfully and economically used as a lubricant. The artificial graphite which he had produced up to that time was not sufficiently soft or unctuous to make a good lubricant. Occasionally, however, small pieces of graphite would be removed from the electrical furnaces of a character approaching that desired, and this led him to believe that it might be possible to find at some place in the world a natural deposition of carbonaceous matter suitable for the manufacture of an unctuous graphite. He made a canvass of both North America and Europe in search of such a deposit, and discovered that the best results were secured from an anthracite coal brought from Ireland, but even this was not sufficiently good.

In 1906, while making an experiment with the electrical furnaces with a view to the production of a product entirely foreign to graphite, he found in the output from the furnace a small amount of very pure, soft, unctuous graphite—the very material which he had been in search of for five years. This discovery resulted in the development of methods for the manufacture of a high grade unctuous graphite from the refuse of the anthracite coal mines—the large Culm piles of Pennsylvania.

During his experiments on crucible making, Dr. Acheson was led into a study of clays, and the result of his investigations was the following curious knowledge. He found, in the first place,

that the American manufacturers of graphite crucibles imported from Germany the clay used by them as a binder of the graphite entering into the crucibles.

Secondly, that the German clays are much more plastic, and have a greater tensile strength than the American clays of very similar chemical composition. Also, that residual clays are not in any way as strong or plastic as the same clays are when found as sediment at a distance from their original habitat. And chemical analysis failed to account for these differences.

Working upon the idea that the greater plasticity and strength found in the sedimentary clays were imparted to them during the period of transportation from their original to their final beds, the patient investigator went on to inquire into the impurities of the water which carried the clays. These would naturally, have consisted of the washings of the forests. Continuing the experiments with extracts of plants, one of which was tannin, he found that when a rather weak clay was treated with a dilute solution of tannic acid, it was increased in plasticity, made stronger, in some instances 300 per cent., and was able to remain suspended in water; also, it was so fine that it would pass through paper.

Struck with these effects, Dr. Acheson wondered if they were known to other clay workers. Research discovered that in the bible the Israelites had employed straw in the making of brick, and when forced to abandon that, they substituted stubble, quite successfully. Straw fibre is weak, and not so valuable as a mechanical bond as other vegetable fibres that must have been available in Egypt, so there must have been some other reason for the use of this. Straw contains no tannin, so that if the effect that our scientist obtained was due to tannin only, it was not likely to be produced by the extract of straw. Dr. Acheson boiled some straw in water, and found that it dissolved to nearly fifty per cent. of its weight, and when clay was treated with this extract, was found to act like tannin. The hypothesis he now projected, that the Egyptians must have been familiar with this fact, led to the publication of a pamphlet upon the subject, under the title, "Egyptianized Clay."

Having now succeeded in manufacturing graphite eminently

suitable for lubrication, the next problem was to make it available for that purpose. Mixed with grease it was easy to apply, but Dr. Acheson wished to make it supercede oil as a lubricant and to affect this it was essential that it remain suspended in the liquid. In his first efforts to suspend it in oil, he met the same troubles encountered by previous experimentors in this line of work. The graphite would settle out of the oil, obeying the laws governing the natural product. In the latter part of 1906, the thought occurred to the inventor that tannin might have the same effect on graphite that he had discovered that it had on clay. He tried it with satisfactory results; the effect being obtainable with the natural graphite as found in the Ticonderoga and Ceylon varieties, and in the artificial products as found in the Acheson graphite. The effect was produced by mixing the graphite in the disintegrated form with a water solution of tannin.

Through his experiments Dr. Acheson has been able to suspend graphite in water although it has a specific gravity 2¼ times that of water, keeping it indefinitely in suspension, without any apparent disposition to seek a lower level. This solution will pass through filter paper designed to arrest any solid matter, leaving thereon no residue or any indication of the original condition of the graphite.

Dr. Acheson has begun the manufacture of this lubricant for commercial purposes, and has succeeded in making his discovery commercially successful. From this graphite, he prepared two distinct lubricants, one being a mixture of oil and graphite consisting of oil with 35-100 of 1 per cent. of the weight of the oil in graphite, and the other the solution of the graphite with water. The former product he named Oildag and the latter Aquadag. The practical use of graphite for lubrication means commercial possibilities almost beyond conception and its economical effects upon our natural products is also one of great importance. The business is being exploited by the Acheson Oildag Co. The Acheson Oildag Co. is of such importance that this detailed explanation is but simple justice to the inventor whose genius wrought such result. We now return to his connection with Carborundum. The Carborundum Company has indeed developed

an extraordinary keenness in developing uses for their waste and it is somewhat owing to this persistant thrift that such great prosperity has become their portion. In a few short years the demand for carborundum has increased from four ounces a day to ten million pounds a year. And this phenomenon in commerce has grown out of the genius and practical common sense of an American boy whose "dreams have become true" because he willed to realize them.

While Europe and America were waking up to the fact that a great benefit had been conferred upon the world when Acheson came into it, society, that conservative and suspicious institution, found its gates swinging open to the music of the new Orpheus of scientific genius.

Now came syndicates, the notice of millionaires, flattering attentions and social favors to the American inventor. "Nothing succeeds like success," but as Bulwer says, "While fortune may be blind, her favorites never are. Ambition has the eye of the eagle, Prudence that of the lynx, she first looks through the air, then along the ground. The man who succeeds above his fellows is the one who, early in life, clearly discerns his object, and toward that object habitually directs his powers."

Strikingly applicable to Acheson is this observation. He had from the beginning, that germ of purpose in him which developed silently and persistently throughout the changes and shocks of his adventurous life. In some respects he is the agent of destiny, rather than the architect of his own fortunes, for his personal rewards have come as the capsheaf of success in work undertaken in a disinterested spirit. Science demands disinterestedness. The mind centered upon itself seeking benefits to the individual, cannot have the clear sight of the seeker after truth. Inspirations are flashes struck out from the friction of self-forgetting energies. He who has had but a single one in a lifetime has known what it was to feel the divinity of life.

We may believe then, that while engaged in the "engrossing, soul wasting cares" of commercial enterprise, our American man of genius is uplifted and sustained in his finer energies by solitary communings with the higher self which dominates all his acts. If character is the real nobility, he needs no framed

"family tree" to establish the dignity of his position. Yet that distinction can be his, too, for his lineage is traceable to a blue blooded ancestry. But he is too true an American to put an undue value upon that factitious circumstance. A deeper pride leads him to prize the honors he has won far above any that he may claim by descent. And of these what a list he has! Among all that he had wrought for science, there are nine points in his work to which he attaches great value. Nine!—when ordinarily, a man is proud to have done one great or useful thing in a life-time.

1. Acheson has the honor of having been the discoverer of Carborundum, an abrasive material whose multiform uses have been of incalculable value to commerce.

2. He found that non-graphitic carbon can be changed into graphitic carbon.

3. That there may be a direct reduction of metallic silicon.

4. That there may be the same of aluminum.

5. He achieved the difficult production of Siloxicon, a refractory material composed of silicon, carbon, and oxygen.

6. The deflocculation of non-fused, non-soluble, non-metallic, inorganic, amorphous bodies.

7. A probable explanation of why the Egyptians used straw in making brick. This is curious and interesting, Acheson asserts and there is no reason to doubt him that straw was used by these ancient architects to increase the plasticity and strength of clay.

8. The production of Aquadag and Oildag, products of high lubricating value, (lubricant.)

9. A probable explanation of the formation of the deltas and bars of rivers where they empty into salt water.

Thus much on the part of the man of science, the public character. But much could be said as to the inventor's individuality, and his happy combination of kindness of heart and capacity for warm attachments, with remarkable keenness of insight into life and human nature. In another environment and with different influences acting upon him, the inventor might have been the writer. He has literary touch in description, a clear, sound method of presenting facts, so that he readily makes his point.

Like Tyndall, he lends to the commonplace a tinge of the picturesque, and attracts sympathy with ideas that are above ordinary comprehension. He has prepared several papers for scientific societies which have been highly praised for their literary quality. Among them are to be noted especially: Carborundum: Its history, manufacture and uses. Read before the Franklin Institute, June 21st, 1893. Discovery and Invention; Read before the Mining Engineers' Club, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, March 9th, 1906. Sibley College, Mechanical Engineering, Cornell University, May 1906; Schenectady Branch of American Institute of Electrical Engineers, October 12th, 1906. Lafayette College, October 18, 1906. This is one of his most popular and appreciated lectures. Seventeen Years of Experimental Research and Development. Read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, April 8th, 1908. In this pamphlet Dr. Acheson describes with admirable succinctness one of those romances of fact that put romance of imagination out of countenance. The temptation to transcribe a paragraph here is irresistible. The author says:

"While the investigations and developments I am about to transcribe covered almost exactly seventeen years, the cause of my having entered into them was the realization of the great value of abrasive materials to the industrial world as the result of a remark made to me in the latter part of the year 1880. In 1886 while making an experiment I passed a quantity of hydrocarbon over highly heated clay articles, and observed that the clay became impregnated with carbon, and I thought it was increased in hardness by the presence of the carbon.

In the month of March, 1891, having at my command an electric generating plant of considerable capacity, and looking about for a line of experiments, I thought to try the impregnating of clay with carbon under the influence of the high heat obtainable with the electric current, and the production of an abrasive material. I mixed together a quantity of clay and powdered coke, placed the mixture in an iron-bowl, such as plumbers use for holding their melted solder. Into this mixture I inserted one end of an electric arc light carbon, the other end being connected to a lead from a dynamo, the other lead being attached to the iron

bowl. A good strong current was sent through the mixture until the central portion of the clay was thoroughly melted and raised to a very high temperature. When cold the mass was removed and examined carefully. Adhering to the end of the carbon rod I noticed a few small, bright specks. With difficulty I secured one and, placing it on the end of a lead pencil, drew it across a pane of glass. It not only scratched, but cut the glass.

Appreciating the possible value of my discovery, and notwithstanding the exceedingly minute quantity of crystals produced, I undertook further experiments, and if I am not mistaken two months had passed before I had enough crystals to fill a small vial measuring about three-eights by one inch. Naturally, I early undertook to prove its value as an abrasive. I mounted an iron disc in a lathe, charged its surface with oil, and my new, then unnamed product, and with this revolving disc cut the polished face of a diamond.

Having filled my little vial I placed it in my vest pocket and went to New York where I had a diamond cutter use some of my material for the re-polishing of the diamond. I had named it while on my way to New York. I called it Carborundum, under the belief that it contained carbon and corundum. The diamond cutter bought what was left of the material at the price of forty cents per carat, and with the proceeds I purchased a microscope to assist me in the future study of the material."

It is pleasant to be able to record that the man who has so steadily and persistently pursued the mysterious course of natural elements and triumphantly demonstrated their use to the world, has not been without "honors in his own country," neither in Europe. In proof: Acheson was one of the One Hundred "Captains of Industry" who breakfasted with His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia, in New York, on February 26, 1902.

He has received a number of medals, as follows: John Scott Medal (Franklin Institute) 1894, for invention of Carborundum. Gold Medal, Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, Omaha, Nebraska, 1898, for Artificial Graphite. Grand Prix, Exposition Universelle Internationale, Paris, France, 1900, for Carborundum and Artificial Graphite. Grand Prize, Louisiana

Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904, for Carborundum and Artificial Graphite. Count Rumford Premium, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, Mass., 1908, for new industrial products of the electric furnace. And the degree of S. C. D., was conferred upon him by the University of Pittsburgh, Pa., February 12, 1909.

BEAUPRE

The Country of la Bonne Sainte Anne

BY ALICE PHEBE ELDRIDGE

ROMANCE is not far to seek; we do not seem to realize that fact in our travels to Europe in search for old world customs, or to secure the sense of charm such ways procure for us. Instead, take a nine o'clock train from New York, the city that embodies all the rush, the fever and tired eagerness of our new life, sleep through the night, and before noon the next day you arrive in Quebec, a city of as infinite charm as any that is beyond the ocean. But, do not stop there; jump into a calash, a carriage of two wheels, with your driver upon the dash-board, cross the city and take a train for Beaupré. Here is the time for a word of warning; do not do as I did. I was traveling North to join artist friends at the little village of Beaupré, which lies two miles beyond the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré. I did not know the distinction, so when a train to Beaupré was pointed out to me, I boarded it unsuspectingly, and without asking further questions. The train once started, I settled back in my seat, secure, as I thought, in the knowledge of waiting friends, and in the fact that Madame, the proprietress of the boarding house, would have a clean room and a well cooked luncheon in readiness for me; both of which requisites it is necessary to enquire carefully about before one consents to engage a room among the Canadian peasants.

It was early afternoon, and bright sunlight lay over the fields, where tall grass rippled in the breeze. Little streams wandered through the meadows, while cows and horses mingled amicably on their banks. We passed grey, weather-beaten houses, the homes of the Seigniors of the Province of Quebec, standing in their unkempt gardens aloof from all lesser dwellings, while

from their flag poles fluttered the French and English flags. It is a land of French people, not of English; on all sides I heard the patois, which was once the language of Jacques Cartier and his men, and from the seat opposite to me, a gentle white haired priest, raising his eyes from his Breviary, reproved, in as perfect French as one may hear in Paris, his charge of young theolo-ical students, whose merry jests and laughter contrasted with their clicking rosaries and sombre cassocks.

The past seized upon me; romance and the scenes of war!—the appeal they make to our imaginations when dressed out in the manners and costumes of a century ago!

Romance and the scenes of war failed to make further appeal to my imagination when the train stopped at the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, and I learned, after much time and difficulty spent in interrogating a station master who spoke poor French and worse English, that no train went on to the village until after six o'clock. Hungry and alone, I started forth to find food, neglectful of church, shrine and trinkets to buy until my physical needs had been satisfied. The hopelessness of that search I shall not soon forget. Hotels in plenty there were, boarding-houses innumerable; but the dining rooms of those hotels and those boarding-houses! Such mild incidents as dirty table cloths, covered with the crumbs left by the former diners, dead flies in the sugar bowl, partially washed dishes, the bread soggy, the meat literally unchewable, met me at every turn. I gave up in despair, hired a springless buckboard to carry me the three miles over the bumpy, dusty road to the village, and while I rode, clinging wildly to the inch high side rails, in a futile attempt to sit upon the slippery, leather seat, the thought uppermost in my mind was that Sainte Anne must have her hands more than full if she succeeded in maintaining the inhabitants and the pilgrims of Sainte Anne de Beaupré in a state of health.

The village of Beaupré has a charm peculiar to itself, as it lies a few straggling houses, on the banks of the Sainte Anne river, low hills encircling it. More than half of its dwellings are given up to boarders, artists, as one may tell by the studios built beside the main houses, who come and paint the long summer through. There is a post-office, the care of which is given to a drunken

post-master, the result a delightful uncertainty in regard to your mail; and there is one lane, called the Habitant Street, which, occupied by the Canadians themselves, is lined with little houses, painted any variety of color from pink to violet or blue. Lazy dogs and dirty babies play together before the doors, while on hot days, the dust raised by the slow moving ox-carts settles on babies, dogs and houses, dimming a trifle the many shades of color.

I wondered at the time, and have often puzzled over it since, why the French Canadian peasant is not a finer looking person. He is one of a homely, awkward race, yet why should he be unattractive, for he abides in a beautiful country. The encircling hills are covered with forests, woods not too impenetrable to wander through, where the ground is slippery with pine needles and the trailing moss makes a soft carpet. Great, magnificent trees stand there in scores, stretching their arms wide, or raising them high toward the sky. Day after day could be spent wandering through the woods, or resting on the warm ground, surrounded by an all but visible peace.

"Here stands the forest primeval,
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,"

While far away is heard the chop and churn of the Sainte Anne flowing over her rapids.

There was, and still is, I hope, one old, wood road that followed the many turns of the river. The path, soft in brown earth and pine needles, lay in dusk of shade and splashes of sunlight; on one side, the forest alive with innumerable noises, the twitter of birds, the crackle of a dried branch, and the scurrying footsteps of some little, furry creature, while on the other, ripples the river, white and angry at the rocks of the rapids, or lying in still pools, a deep amber over the golden sand. The river was beautiful by day, yet it was at night that she confessed her power, when the shores were black, and the churning waters virgin silver under the moon. There was one small island in the centre of this pureness, black, sombre, with but the highest leaves of its trees touched into light; a fairy island, if one might be permitted to think upon fairies in such a holy place. No, without doubt, la bonne Sainte Anne herself visits it at times to refresh her spirit

with the peace and beauty; that must be the meaning of this enchanted isle.

If la bonne Sainte Anne comes there to strengthen her soul for further work, there can be no doubt of her need for rest. One Sunday that I spent at her shrine, three pilgrimages had arrived, including hundreds of people, while during the past week, each day had recorded one or two pilgrimages, which would be equaled through the coming week. In the entrance hall of the Basilica the walls were covered, two or three deep, with discarded crutches, braces, canes, and even a wooden leg or two. Back of the church, in rooms built especially for this use, there were cases filled with eye glasses, spectacles, with more crutches and braces, all left by the faithful to whom Sainte Anne had shown mercy.

To me the church, or Basilica, was not attractive, but bare and barn-like, its walls surrounded by the Stations of the Cross, and side chapels dedicated to numerous saints. The statues were apt to deal with the horrible, while the dead Christ, with bloody brow and side, was ghastly in the extreme. In contrast to these material objects was the indescribable atmosphere of awe; one felt the breath come short and a great quiet fall upon the body. Truly, "the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind" were there from the "streets and the lanes of the city," called in as they were to that feast in the parable. They were there, praying in the aisles, before the stations of the cross, in the pews, upon the very steps of the altar. Long ago a great message was given to the world, and here were to be seen people ordering their lives according to that promise. As one watched the clouds of incense, half hiding the pale, purple flowers upon the altar, and the white hair and calm faces of the administering priests, many phrases could but come to mind, words and sentences heard in other churches, or read as a child in the Bible. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "I preach Christ crucified." Then as I stole out into the bright sunlight of the hot, gravel-covered square before the Basilica, the time old question rose to my lips, "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?"

I was allowed to see but one of the relics of Sainte Anne, her knuckle bone, but I had many souvenirs blessed by it. The other, a piece of her arm-bone, is kept in a golden arm, ending in a golden hand, but is only shown on the Day of Sainte Anne, when it is carried in the procession that is participated in by the priests, the pilgrims and all the faithful and curious from far and near. That I arrived too late in the year to witness it I am most sorry to say.

The articles there are for sale!—the fascinating booths and shops filled to overflowing with these articles! how could one hesitate when such wonderful effects would follow a purchase? There were trinkets painted with pictures of the Saints; there was Sainte Anne herself, who would give you continued good health, if possessed of it already, or, if in illness, would speedily cure any ailment; Saint Joseph was in prominence, as he would bring the owner an excellent husband; but Saint Anthony was not to be despised, as no matter how much you may have been annoyed with the loss of your belongings, all trouble in that regard would cease once you had a picture of the saint. There were rosaries, from huge, carved, wooden ones the length of a man, to tiny silver and glass beads. Some of the crucifixs were beautiful, carved in mother of pearl, I remember one silver pendant with a medallion of Christ on one side, and of Mary the Mother upon the other, that was as artistic as ever I have seen elsewhere. But, above all else in interest, since so typical of the place, were the little brass, circular cases, the outer covering of which pushed aside, disclosing under glass an enclosure which held a minute figure of Sainte Anne, the Virgin Mary as a child, in her arms.

From my past experience in Beaupré's facilities in eating accommodations, I should not have planned to spend the entire day there, but that I had been informed of the Franciscan convent, where the nuns served a plain, but clean and wholesome luncheon to all who asked. The nunnery lay at the crest of the hill, off the main road, a cool, grey building reached by a broad flight of wooden stairs, overshadowed by tall, whispering trees. A merry-faced, young Mother, robed in the white of her order and wearing upon her hand the silver wedding ring symbolic of

her mystic marriage with the Church, greeted me at the door. I learned later that she was but twenty years of age; she informed me with pride in her voice, that she had been in the convent since she was fifteen years, not old, but young, The rosy cheeks and bright eyes, set in an unlined face, spoke of perfect health and youth; as I watched her and listened to her voice, I could but think of the great, bustling world, with its pains and sorrows, but with its compensating loves and joys, that she would never realize.

The dining room was a long, low hall, the plastered walls hung with a few pictures of the Saints, where we of the outer world sat at wooden tables, and were served by quiet-faced lay sisters. After the meal was finished, another Mother took me in charge; she led me through long, bare corridors, and up stairs, until, at last, we entered a sunny, upper room, lined on all four sides by the handiwork of the nuns; such beautiful work as it was, costly altar pieces, priestly vestments heavy with gold embroideries, exquisite lace as delicate as a spider's web, all of which was to be sent far and near to make beautiful the churches of God. As my eyes dwelt on the lace and fine linen, I remembered it was the nuns of this order who had laid aside the work from their practised fingers and had gone out to the leper islands, to give their lives to the outcast and those called unclean.

Later, I went into the convent chapel, divided in half by a wrought steel screen that reached from floor to ceiling. Before the altar a white robed Mother knelt. The Franciscan order do not leave their chapel unattended; day and night a nun kneels before a crucifix, bowed in adoration. A door at the back of the church opened, and quietly, two by two, their long, gauze veils over their faces, the nuns entered. Not until they passed the altar did they raise their veils, then, their clear, sweet voices filled the air; as they chanted one could but think of a cool, clear mountain stream. Their voices were sexless, reflecting but the light and love of heaven. Green branches tapped at the windows; outside the door white doves preened themselves, their cooing mingled with the service, and an enveloping peace descended to enfold the world.

As I stepped out of the chapel door, the sun was setting; the

valley lay steeped in a golden haze. I thought to myself that it was good to know of a vale of rest like this; most good to know of it, to be able to travel back in thought to this grey convent, and to the river, bordered by the forests; the river with the amber pools and angry rapids, the river of la bonne Sainte Anne.

MOUNTAIN LIFE IN THE VIRGINIAS

BY LITTELL MC CLUNG

HE stands six feet four, not including the half-inch soles on his cowhide boots. His form is colossal in proportion and his hat is a number eight, with enough shaggy hair protruding from under it to cover his face like a ragged mat. He walks with the tread of a baby elephant, and he speaks in an indistinct rumble that will awake echoes in a hill a mile off when sent vibrating at full force. As you look at him you wonder how long it will take the telephone, rural free delivery and the motor-car to affect his mode of existence.

While he cannot be classed as a typical inhabitant of the Eastern mountains, still he is to be found in many a dark hollow and under many a jagged peak in the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge. Here his life, with its picturesque remoteness, is a field as yet only lightly tilled by the novelist.

It is true that "education and invention" have greatly influenced some sections, but not the darker recesses and the more remote heights across mountain forests twenty-five and fifty miles from railroads or even smooth highways. Here, with few villages and no factories to draw the boys and girls from the small, stumpy farms, life has changed but little in the last century.

The same names are found in the localities that knew them generations ago. Many a son of toil is plowing and sowing the slopes from which great-grandfather got salt-peter to send to the armies of Napoleon. Dickerson's Mountain is still inhabited by the Dickersons and the Harman Hills by the Harmans, while Arbogast's Knob is still the stronghold of the Arbogasts.

A stranger, riding through one of the most rugged parts of West Virginia, stopped a man he met in the road.

"Whose house is that up there on that peak?" he inquired.

"Probst's," mumbled the man.

"Well, who lives way down yonder in that canyon?" he continued.

"Probst," muttered the man again.

"Whose house is that over there in the hollow?"

"Probst's."

"What's your name?"

"Probst."

"What place is this anyway?"

"Probst's Gap!"

Enmity sometimes exists between these clans, but the feuds and "battles with revenue officers," which have been multiplied and magnified beyond all reason by the newspapers and novelette writers, are confined to the Kentucky mountains and parts of the Blue Ridge in northern Virginia. The larger side of the everyday existence of these folk of the far hills is the happier side.

The pioneers were largely sturdy Scotch-Irish and peaceable Germans, with a touch of French blood here and there. About the time of the Revolution not a few settlers came in straight from Erin. In the descendants of these every community has at least one or two characters bristling with originality.

Pat McGinness was one of these. While he never had any children of his own, Pat was a specialist on the ailments and habits of babies. A visit from the stork was sure to be followed by one from Pat. One day he stopped at the house of a neighbor of ours that had just been blessed with a new boy. Proudly the mother showed Pat the baby sleeping in the cradle and asked him to remain till the prodigy awoke. By and by the baby stirred and puckered up his little face with a peculiar, significant twist.

"Look, Pat he's smiling," whispered the mother. "That's because the angels are whispering to him."

"Hump," grunted Pat. "Faith and it's th' divil a-pinchin' his little stumick with th' colic!"

In point of lacking children of his own Pat's case is an exception, for race annihilation finds its most formidable foes in these

"spider" the long musket in the corner keeps supplied with venison, bear meat and smaller game. For a long time our family relied on one Nimrod of the hills as surely as the city resident does on his butcher. It was said of him that he never fired unless he cut off the head of the bird or animal aimed at. I cannot vouch for this, but I do know that we could say to him, "Louis, bring us up a couple of wild turkeys," or "Louis, shoot us a pheasant for Sunday," and on these days he would appear with the game ordered.

The cooking of the average mountain wife, if crude, is most satisfying. You might not think so if you happened to see dough kneaded in the same bowl in which the family had washed its face! But this rarely occurs. Bacon is the chief stand-by and coffee the favorite drink, with tea a close second.

"Will you have tea or store tea?" is a question that puzzles the stranger.

It means: "Will you have tea made from herbs or real (store) tea?"

Food always goes by the word "victuals." This was impressed on us forcibly one night at the base of one of the highest peaks in West Virginia. In answer to repeated "Hellos" a man came out of a little shanty. He greeted us pleasantly but said that he could not keep us for the night because he hadn't a strip of bacon for breakfast.

"We have our own provisions," we explained.

Yet the man insisted that he didn't have any bacon and could not keep us.

"But we've got our victuals," spoke up one of the children, sizing up the situation.

"Vittuls?" repeated the mountaineer, his frown clearing. "Then all right, I'll keep you."

Berries, died fruit, nuts, maple-sugar and honey not only constitute "vittuls," but can be used as currency at some of the more isolated crossroads stores. Another product that passes for money is ginseng, called by the mountaineers "Sang." The "Sang diggers" who go out into the deep hollows to get out the valuable roots make up a large part of some of the more remote communities.

At the stores ginseng and the other products are exchanged for coffee, calico, woollen goods and shoes. These are the chief articles the real mountaineer buys, his industry and ingenuity supplying many of the utensils and much of the furniture of his home. Wooden trays and bowls take the place largely of tin and stoneware. Small cedar tubs that are used extensively are called piggins, and bucket-shaped vessels with handles are noggins. Benches, chairs and shelves are almost always of home manufacture. In the absence of a coffee mill the berries are tied up in a rag and beaten to powder on the hearth.

Exceedingly heavy dressing seems peculiar to these residents of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge. Their clothing is about the same in summer as in winter, with the exception of the coon-skin cap and bear-skin overcoat. Of all the heavily-garbed figures in my mind that of one Martha Dahmer stands out most distinctly.

Martha came to us one sweltering day to take up the scepter in the kitchen. Both her ears were filled with wool, a bandana handkerchief was tied firmly around her head, and over this was a quilted sunbonnet. She explained that she was "a little deaf" and "couldn't hear well." The wonder was she could hear at all. She wore thick, home-dyed, woolen stockings and then thought the witches had a grudge against her feet. Homely as the side of a hay-rick, big-boned and stout, she was the unhappy victim of more than the ordinary number of ills that afflict the mountain woman. She would put her feet into scalding water and then into the woolen stockings and blame the unseen powers because she could hardly walk. "The rheumatiz" was a ready stand-by, and she wouldn't get ice from the cellar for fear of getting the "cornsumption" with it.

But doubtless she is still on this powerful star, for many of the mountain inhabitants, women especially, attain astonishing ages. Whether the absence of "modern conditions" or hospitals is the cause I am unable to say; probably both to a degree.

One ancient citizen we knew died not long ago at considerably over a hundred. The last time any of our family saw him he was out plowing on a steep mountain-side. He stopped his horse, mopped the perspiration from his brow, and in answer to a question said that he was ninety-eight!

Another of the ever-lasting species was "Aunt" Sydney Payne. Her roof often sheltered me, for she kept a "Half-way" house at the foot of a towering mountain near the Virginia-West Virginia line. So far as anybody knew, she had gone barefooted all her life, and was the proud mother of a full dozen children. A traveler, marveling at her alertness, asked her how old she was.

"Ninety-seven," she retorted, "and spry as a rabbit, but I can't hop so far!"

Superstition is as deep-rooted in these mountains as among the negroes in the high-hills of North Carolina. The signs of the Zodiac and the phases of the moon govern the planting of crops, hog killings, shingle making and the laying of rail fences. Few women will make soap or set a hen unless the moon is "just right." When a death occurs in a house all the mirrors are covered and the clocks stopped. Some ancient dames profess to cure undergrowth by measuring the child with a string, which is afterward put between the door hinges to wear away. The child is supposed to increase in size as the string decreases. Warts are removed by somewhat similar methods.

One woman who worked for us for years lived out religiously all the queer beliefs she was heir to. She was a representative type of the energetic mountain woman. We penetrated a little further than usual into the forests after her and brought her from a rough but prosperous hill-side farm. When she arrived she wore thick, cowhide shoes; a hat that easily could have been mistaken for an old-fashioned bee-hive, and a dress of home spun of such an original design that, if white, would have passed for a nightie. Her hair followed the fashion into an egg-like knot on top of her head.

"Good evening, fellers!" was her greeting. She called all assemblies of two or more persons "fellers." With her first names were a specialty from the preacher down to the workmen on the place. The use of "Mr. and Mrs." she had been taught, as are many of the mountain folk, was "putting on airs." She brought with her the inevitable chest, called "chist," that contained among other things a feather "kiver"—the like of which is found on hundreds of mountain beds.

One day shortly after her arrival my mother stepped out on the back porch to discover her at the wood-pile brandishing an axe over her head and splitting pine knots like a lumberman.

"Sara Bet," she exclaimed disapprovingly, "why on earth are you doing that? You don't have to split the wood here."

"I got to split wood," replied Sara Bet, still swinging the axe. "If I don't my liver'll grow fast!"

The superstitution is that if left to lie too long on one side, a child's liver will "grow fast." So the mother often shakes the infant vigorously by the heels to prevent this catastrophe. Sara Bet evidently had concluded that splitting wood was a good substitute for being swung around by the heels.

Another time my mother went into the kitchen to find a generous heap of sweepings and a scuttle full of ashes in the middle of the floor.

"Why don't you sweep out the dirt?" she inquired.

Sara Bet looked at her in astonishment. "It's nearly night," she affirmed.

"Well, what of that?" asked my mother.

"Laws, a-mercy!" ejaculated Sara Bet. "It's awful luck to sweep out dirt after the sun's done down!"

My mother assured her that she would be responsible for the vengeance of the witches if Sara Bet would only wield the broom toward the door. After much coaxing and some ridicule she did so. But for several months she shook in her shoes every time she had to sweep out after sun-down.

An aunt of mine also foiled some witches in their schemes. She was stopping for a few days at a house near a mountain stream that flowed into a branch of the Potomac. There was a two-year-old in the family who required a cup of milk about daybreak. The milk was put in the window to keep cool. But one morning the cup was found empty, and every morning after that it was empty. Witches were visiting the house without doubt. A watch was kept part of the night but still the milk mysteriously disappeared.

But one night my aunt was aroused by a slight noise near her. She peered hard through the darkness, and saw the baby roll out of bed, toddle over to the window, drink the milk and then toddle

back under the covers again. The agitated family was keenly disappointed in having its belief in witches given such a jolt.

Nearly every settlement boasts its ghost or haunted house. A particularly brazen spook in shirt sleeves agitated a certain community in the Alleghanies by appearing repeatedly in the middle of a naturally ghost-like road. One night my father was riding along this road, and as he came around a turn, sure enough, not fifty yards in front of him stood the ghost in its shirt-sleeves!

The horse shied but the rider spurred him on. Coming close to the apparition it vanished. My father whirled his horse and rode back to the turn. He looked, and there was the ghost again. Then he dismounted, hitched his horse to a tree and approached on foot. When he got near the figure it faded again. He stepped back and it reappeared.

Then he had the explanation. The moonlight, streaming through the dead limbs of a tree that had been struck by lightning, threw patches of white and black that at a distance made a striking figure of a man with his coat off. It is probable that other mountain ghosts can be explained away by observing the queer pranks the moonlight plays in wild regions.

But while superstition has full sway in these mountains, religious life does not. There is a wide-spread impression that the people are deeply religious. But excepting the Dunkards and some Lutheran settlements, neither piety nor reverence have obtained a strong foothold.

A minister, stopping one night at the home of my ancient hostess, "Aunt" Sydney Payne, asked for a bible, wishing to read a chapter aloud before retiring. The old woman, searching through some musty papers and almanacs, finally produced the book wanted. The minister opened it and began to read. About the time he was half through the chapter "Aunt" Sydney interrupted with, "Say, parson, wait a minute."

"What is it, my good woman?" the astonished man inquired.

"I just wanter know if you saw airy fine-tooth comb in thar?"

"Why no," was the dumbfounded reply. "I did not."

"Well, just read on," directed "Aunt" Sydney. "I hain't seen it for some time and I thought it might be in that 'ar bible!"

The preaching sometimes is a rare interpretation of beliefs.

An energetic exhorter once supervised a river baptizing near our home. His conclusion was that the community must have been black in sin for the water below the spiritual cleansing was "turrible dirty!"

Another enthusiast out in the Alleghanies predicted that this old sphere would go to smash on a certain day and all the inhabitants with it. A band of hoping-to-be-saved ones gathered around him, and the night before the end there was an amazing lot of "watching and praying."

Before morning dawned the prophet led out his flock and all climbed trees—to get a good start skyward, it was surmised. As the sun came peeping up over the hollow below the prophet spread out his hands and shouted, "I'm a-going to the angels!" He waved his arms triumphantly, supposing they had suddenly become wings. But he might have used an aeroplane to advantage, for his flight was in the wrong direction and he hit the earth with a sickening thud. He thought the end had come sure enough, and so did the others. But an examination showed that only an arm and a leg had been broken.

Yet while religious life is at a low ebb, so is crime, despite all the exaggerated tales of feuds. When a murder does occur in a settlement it is remembered and talked about for two and even three and four generations. But no genuine mountain community could well get along without one or two sneak thieves.

Bill Wyrick, our official but not efficient carpenter, was one of these and splendidly represented the type. Bill's fingers were as light as air, and his ingenuity and mother wit should have had a larger sphere for operation. He would have been a prince in the card-room of a trans-Atlantic liner.

One day Bill was jogging along the road when his horse stepped into a brood of lively goslings sponsored by a big old goose. Bill, obeying instincts, promptly reached down Indian fashion and seized one of the luckless goslings. He threw it into his saddlebags, leaving its head stick out so that it could get air. Now Bill knew that goslings have a provoking habit of giving vent to their woes on trying occasions. So whenever he passed anybody he veered to the "off side," slid one hand down to the gosling, and held it firmly by the neck to choke off its pro-

testation against being carried off. This worked successfully till a man came up in the same direction Bill was going. He started a conversation and Bill had to hold the poor gosling so long that it gave a last gasp and passed away to less restricted realms.

Prohibition, when it came, never affected Bill any more than the rest of the mountain folk. He never bought any "licker" anyway, but always worked for it at the stills, begged it or just simply acquired it. Yet on one memorable occasion he ran "clean out" and his source of supply was temporarily stopped. The most exasperating part of his predicament was that his brother and enemy, Jim, had a whole keg full "somewhere over on the ridge."

Day in and day out Bill, sick with envy, watched Jim depart to tap that whiskey. Then for hours he would wander over the ridge searching in vain for the liquid treasure. But one day, just before Jim's time for going over, Bill lit out armed with a jug. He went straight to the top of the ridge and climbed the highest tree he could find. Soon Jim came up the path and struck out into the underbrush. He stopped, and diving into a hollow log, came up with a full bottle. When he departed Bill slid down from his airy perch, and next day Jim found his precious keg empty.

On one bitter morning, with the snow a foot deep and drifting, Bill's thirst drove him stillward with two jugs. At the joy dispensary he filled both jugs and himself up to the neck. The jugs were heavy but he solved the problem of transporting them by tying them together with a strap and swinging them across his shoulders. There they served as a sort of balance.

But on his way home Bill stumbled, and the jugs carried him head first into a heavy drift. There they held him powerless to move or even shout for help. But his luck was with him, for a man coming along happened to see him. The passerby dug Bill out just as the jugs were about to carry him far away from such things as snowdrifts.

The amusements of these far-off mountain folk are often combined with work, or rather, work often takes the form of play,

demonstrating a philosophic truth. When a man makes a clearing and chops the trees up into logs he invites all the neighbors to a log rolling. At the same time his wife will probably give a quilting for the women. So while the men are sending the logs scooting down the mountain-side to the road below, the women quilt the vari-hued pieces of cloth they have brought with them. House raisings and barn liftings, while not so frequent as log rollings, offer fine opportunities for disguising work as play. The sugar camps in the early spring bring enjoyment as well as hard work.

But with the young people the apple-butter boilings in the fall are the great events. When the kettle is huge and the paddles plentiful, the stirrers pair off, each swain and his best girl stirring together. If your rival has your girl, a paddle wet with apple-butter carefully maneuvered will send him from the scene, temporarily at least.

The weakness of the mountaineer for the merry-go-round, when he is far from native haunts on picnics or excursions, seems inherent. Several summers ago a carousel was set up at the foot of the Blue Ridge not far from Elkton, Va. A few days later a grandma from way back in the mountains came down in a rickety buggy with horse to match. After she had disposed of a few dollars worth of produce, some evil genius steered her into the merry-go-round. On she got and she rode till every cent was gone. Then she got off, sold her turnout to the first purchaser, came back and rode up both buggy and horse!

Until recently schools were few and far apart and little thought was given to education, books and papers. But endowed with a fair degree of natural intelligence; thinking their own thoughts, crude yet sometimes truly poetic, and unfettered by conventionalities, these mountain folk of the Virginias are neither dull nor uninteresting. Hospitable, save to progress; industrious, frugal, and generally peaceful, they live their allotted time little vexed by the distractions of the great world beyond their sheltering peaks.

But despite innate prejudice and the natural fortifications against them, changes are bound to come and soon. To those

HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

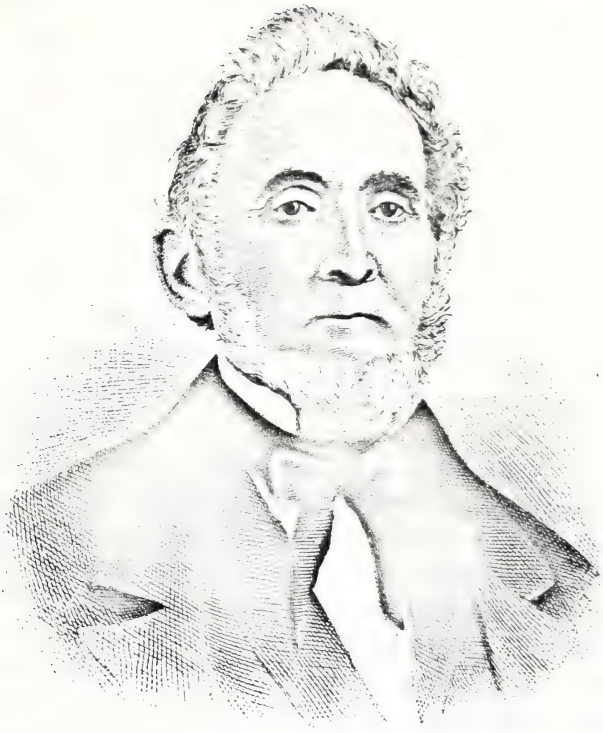
BY BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, ASSISTANT HISTORIAN OF THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COMING OF SIDNEY RIGDON

THE first tribe of Indians visited by the mission to the Lamanites was the Catteraugus tribe located near the city of Buffalo. The visit was brief, occupying but one day, but the Missionaries proclaimed their message and left two Books of Mormon with members of the tribe who could read, and resumed their journey, "preaching by the way."

The westward journey of these brethren led them through northeastern Ohio, the scene of Sidney Rigdon's active ministry as a preacher in the church of the "Disciples" (Campbellites). He was then living at Mentor, Geauga county, but his field of labor extended into surrounding counties where he had a large following. It was but to be expected that Parley P. Pratt would seek out his former pastor and, subsequently, his associates in the "Disciple" ministry, for the purpose of making him acquainted with the new dispensation of the gospel which he himself had found, and present to him the Book of Mormon, with which Sidney Rigdon now for the first time became acquainted. The reception of Elder Pratt and his associates by Mr. Rigdon was cordial; but Pratt's account of the Book of Mormon was listened to somewhat guardedly, and the manner of its coming forth closely questioned. However, he granted the missionaries the use of his chapel at Mentor and they presented their message to his congregation. At the close of their remarks he briefly addressed the congregation chiefly by way of caution against hasty judgement, admonishing them in the language of Paul to "Prove



Yours as ever
Sidney Rigdon

all things, and to hold fast to that which is good." In this Spirit Mr. Rigdon himself began an investigation of the book and of the message which came with it.

Meantime the missionaries of the new dispensation found an opening for preaching at Kirtland, some four miles south-east from Mentor. Here a number of Christian families of Mr. Rigdon's faith, but under the immediate leadership of a Mr. Lyman Wight, were undertaking to follow the example of the very early Christians by "having all things in common." "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own;"[1] but all lived as one family. Here great success attended the missionaries, for in a short time the whole "common stock family," for so were they called, accepted the message and were baptized—seventeen souls in all.[2]

In about two weeks,[3] having finished his investigation of the Book of Mormon and the message which had so strangely come to him, Sidney Rigdon announced himself as ready for baptism. The circumstances attendant upon this event were impressive. When he had satisfied himself of the truth of the new message, according to Elder Pratt, Mr. Rigdon "called together a large congregation of his friends, neighbors and brethren, and then addressed them very affectionately for nearly two hours during most of which time, both himself and nearly all the congregation were melted into tears. He asked forgiveness of everybody who might have had occasion to be offended with any part of his former life; he forgave all who had persecuted or injured him in any manner, and the next morning, himself and wife were baptized by Elder Oliver Cowdery." "I was present," says Pratt, "it was a solemn scene, most of the people were greatly affected, they came out of the water overwhelmed in tears."[4]

As in the case of Parley P. Pratt, so with Sidney Rigdon, his introduction into the work requires more than a passing notice. Rigdon was of English and Scotch-Irish extraction, although his

1. Acts Chs. iii, iv, v.
2. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 124. Also Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt. Ch. vii.
3. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 124-5. Pratt's Autobiography, Ch. vii, and see note 1 end of chapter.
4. Pratt's Reply to Sunderland (1842) Saints Herald, Vol. 45, page 61; also Reynolds Myth of the Manuscript Found, p. 32 *et seq.*

progenitors for several generations were Americans, living in Maryland, Massachusetts and New Jersey.[5] He was born in Saint Clair township, Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of February, 1793, and was the youngest son of William and Nancy Rigdon. The early days of Sidney Rigdon's life were uneventful. His youth and the early years of his manhood were spent at his father's farm in St. Clair township, Alleghany county, Pennsylvania. When Sidney was seventeen years old his father died, but he continued on the farm with his mother until he was twenty-six. In his twenty-fifth year he joined the "Regular Baptist" society or church. The pastor in charge was the Rev. David Phillips, a clergyman from Wales. In March, 1819, Mr. Rigdon left the farm and made his home with the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Beaver County, Pennsylvania,[6] also a Baptist minister. While residing with Mr. Clark he took out a license and began from that time his career as a minister. In May, 1819, he removed from Pennsylvania to Trumbull county, Ohio. In July of the same year he made his home with Adamson Bentley, a minister of the same faith. While residing at Bentley's he met Phebe Brook, to whom he was married on the 12th day of June, 1820. She was a native of the state of New Jersey, Bridgetown, Cumberland county, but previous to her marriage had removed to Trumbull county, Ohio.

Sidney Rigdon continued to preach throughout Trumbull county until November, 1821. Passing through Pittsburg about that time, for the purpose of visiting his relatives at the old homestead in St. Clair township, he was invited to preach to the Baptist society of Pittsburg, which he did the following and several succeeding Sundays. As the congregation had no regular pastor they invited him to take charge and become their regular minister; a "call" which he accepted and removed from Warren in Trumbull county, Ohio, to Pittsburg, in February,

5. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 120, foot note.

6. This on the authority of a statement of Peter Boyer quoted by Mr. Patterson in "Who wrote the Book of Mormon," p. 8. In our Documentary "History of the Church" Rev. Clark s home is said to be Pittsburg; this is an error. The question is discussed at length in the "American Historical Magazine" (predecessor of *"Americana"*) Vol. 1; January, 1909, pp. 30-33, and the fact of Clark's residence in Beaver county, joining Allegheny county—in which Pittsburg is located—on the northwest, is clearly established.

1822. Meantime misgivings arose in his mind with reference to some of the doctrines of the church with which he was connected, especially with reference to the fate of unbaptized infants. Finally, after serving his congregation about two years and six months, he gave up his charge in August, 1824, and retired from the ministry. After taking this step he joined his wife's brother, Richard Brook, in the tanning business. Together they started a small tannery in which Mr. Rigdon worked as a journeyman for some two years. Meantime he had formed the acquaintance of Mr. Alexander Campbell, generally regarded as the founder of the sect of the "Disciples," or "Campbellites," and Mr. Walter Scott, a Scotchman by birth, but at this time a resident of Pittsburg and a dissenter from a Scandinavian church with which he had formerly been associated. These three gentlemen often met and discussed the subject of religion, the necessity for a universal reformation among the churches, the abandonment of their creeds, etc. The consultations they held led ultimately to the establishment of the church or sect of the "Disciples."

Mr. Rigdon left Pittsburg in 1826, and went to Bainbridge, Geauga county, Ohio, where the people urged him to preach for them. He did so, following in his teachings that line of doctrine which in his consultations with Messrs. Campbell and Scott they had considered essential to Christian spiritual life, viz., faith in God, repentence of sins, baptism by immersion in water for the remission of sins, and holiness of life—a godly walk and conversation. Mr. Rigdon continued to labor in Bainbridge for about one year, when the people of Mentor, in the same county, but some thirty miles distant from Bainbridge, invited him to reside among them and preach. This he consented to do, and notwithstanding he at first met with some opposition, he prevailed against it and extended his labors into surrounding townships and counties until he had in a number of places a large following. Such were his circumstances and such his labor when the message of "Mormonism" found him—when Parley P. Pratt, his former friend and associate in the ministry, presented him with the Book of Mormon and its attendant message.

This biographical sketch carefully considered will readily establish two things: (1) that Sidney Rigdon was not a resident of Pittsburg at any time when the Spaulding Manuscript is said to have been there in the hands of a printer pending its intended publication, during which time—1812-1814, but by some, who assume a revision of the "first Spalding Manuscript," extended to 1816—Sidney Rigdon "stole it," or "borrowed" and "copyed it," and thence conveyed it by some means into Joseph Smith's hands to be put forth as the Book of Mormon; (2) that Rigdon's movements, so connected with public events in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and so easily traced, admit of no probability of collaboration with Joseph Smith in producing the Book of Mormon.[7] In relation to the first item, the residence of Rigdon at Pittsburg, previous to 1821-1822, at which time he went there as the pastor of the first Baptist Church, and also as to his connection with Patterson's printing office, where, it is alleged, he had opportunty to "steal" or to "borrow and copy" the Spaulding Manuscript, Mr. Robert Patterson, son of the printer Patterson, and author of "Who Wrote the Book of Mormon," after presenting a very unsatisfactory list of witnesses to these matters, says:

"These witnesses are all whom we can find, after inquiries extending through some three years, who can testify at all to Rigdon's residence in Pittsburg before 1816, and to his possible employment in Patterson's printing-office or bindery. Of this employment none of them speak from personal knowledge. In making inquiries among two or three score of the oldest residents of Pittsburg and vicinity, those who had any opinion on the subject invariably, so far as now remembered, repeated the story of Rigdon's employment in Patterson's office, as if it were a well-known and admitted fact; they 'could tell all about it,' but when pressed as to their personal knowledge of it or their authority for the conviction, they had none."

The search for evidence on this point was prolonged and thor-

7. The contention that Rigdon was the author of the Book of Mormon runs all through the several chapters of Linn dealing with the Book of Mormon in his "Story of the Mormons." See Book I, and especially Ch. viii. The matter is considered at length in New Witnesses for God, Vol. III, Part IV, Ch. xliv (Roberts), and the subject is discussed *pro et con* exhaustively in the "American Historical Magazine" (predecessor to "Americana") in Vols. I to IV, by Theodore Schroeder and B. H. Roberts, respectively.



The Johnson Home at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, where Joseph Smith lived 1831-2



ough; evidently, at the outset, the confidence was great; but the results were a disappointment. That becomes more apparent when one reads the foot note of the publishers on Mr. Patterson's passage above—

"The candid reader will doubtless suspend his judgment on this hitherto accepted theory of Rigdon's printership, or set it down as, at the most, only probable, but certainly not yet proved."[8]

As to the second item, *viz,* the collaboration of Sidney Rigdon and Joseph Smith in producing the Book of Mormon, in addition to what may be gathered from the foregoing biographical sketch, the following concerning Sidney Rigdon is summarized from Hayden's "History of the Campbellites":

"The Disciple (Campbellite) history sets forth, that Rigdon was their standing minister for the year 1825, at Bainbridge, Ohio; for the year 1826 at Mentor and Bainbridge; for the year 1827 at Mantua; for the year 1828, at Mentor. * * * The next year 1829, Rigdon continued the work in Mentor, and at Euclid, and founded the church in Perry, Ohio, Aug. 7th. The next year, 1830, he continued as their minister, at Mentor, Euclid, Kirtland and occasionally at Hiram, Perry, Mantua, and Plainsville."[9]

Joseph Smith's movements during the years named are between Manchester, New York; Harmony, Pennsylvania; and Fayette township (Where the Whitmer's lived), New York; a distance from Ohio points, where Sidney Rigdon was operating, by the nearest roads traveled, of from 250 to 300 miles. It is utterly impossible under such circumstances that the alleged collaboration could have taken place.[10]

During the two or three weeks the Lamanite Mission remained in Kirtland and vicinity they baptized one hundred and twenty-

8. "Who Wrote the Book of Mormon," by R. Patterson, (p. 11) published in the "History of Washington County, Pa." The work is valuable as a collection of testimonies from original scources, as to Sidney Rigdon's early life and alleged connection with the Patterson printing establishment; which, however, is not very satisfactory either to the author or the publisher, as may be judged from the quotation from each in the text above.

9. "American Historical Magazine," Vol. IV, p. 175.

10. See note 2 end of chapter.

seven souls;[11] also they ordained to the ministry, Sidney Rigdon, Isaac Morley, John Murdock, Lyman Wght, and others; they also reported their success to the Prophet by letter, and he sent John Whitmer to preside at Kirtland. On the arrival of Elder Whitmer the Lamanite mission, adding Dr. Frederick G. Williams[12] to their number, continued its journey westward.

NOTE 1. THE TIME OF SIDNEY RIGDON'S CONVERSION AND BAPTISM: It is denied that two weeks elapsed between the first appearance of the Lamanite Mission at Mentor and the baptism of Sidney Rigdon. Those who claim that Sidney Rigdon was in collusion with Joseph Smith in the production of the Book of Mormon insist that his conversion was mere pretense; that he knew of the coming of Cowdery and Pratt, and was anxiously awaiting it, and that he was baptized almost immediately on their arrival—at least within two days. So says Howe, "Mormonism Unveiled?" p. 104—first edition; so Clarke, who follows Howe, "Gleanings by the Way," p. 312; Schroeder, "American Historical Magazine"—predecessor of "Americana"—Vol. II, pp. 68, 69. It is held by the last named writer that "the two weeks" require too much haste in the matter of Rigdon's conversion which period was an after thought by those who wrote our annals, because it suggests too apparently the collusion between himself and Joseph Smith in the matter of producing the Book of Mormon. Hence there was recorded in our annals a seeming hesitancy on the part of Rigdon to accept the book, and the delay of two weeks was invented between the coming of Cowdery and his associates and the baptism of Mr. Rigdon. Mr. Schroeder in the "American Historical Magazine" argues the question at great length. Seizing upon the statement of Pratt that the missionary party started from the State of New York on foot "late in October,"—"preaching by the way," "even to Indians," and holding that the distance they traveled before reaching Mentor was three hundred and seventy miles, he insists that the party could not

11. Parley P. Pratt's Autobiography, p. 50.

12. Frederick Granger Williams was born in Suffield, Hartford county, Connecticut, October 28th, 1787. He was therefore a man of forty-three years of age when the Gospel was brought to him at Kirtland by Oliver Cowdery and associates. He was a man of considerable influence in the community where he resided. He owned a farm near Kirtland, but at the time the Gospel found him he was practicing medicine, and was widely known. He abandoned the practice of his profession, however, for the work of the ministry, and accompanied the Lamanite Mission to Missouri.

possibly have reached the vicinity of Kirtland earlier than the middle of November. He then cites the Journal of Lyman Wight to the effect that Wight and wife were baptized on the 14th day of November 1830, and the recollection of Mrs. Wight—given many years afterwards—that the Rigdons were baptized on the same day. (See also History of the Church—(Josephite) —Vol. 1, pp. 153-4.) This, with the statement of Howe that Rigdon's baptism occurred "two days" after the arrival of Cowdery *et al*, and reference to a letter published, if at all, no one knows where, of one H. H. Clapp, to the effect that Rigdon was baptized exactly thirty-six hours after the arrival of Cowdery and party—this makes up Mr. Schroeder's case.

Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled," however, fixes the date of the arrival of the Lamanite missionary party in the vicinity of Kirtland "In the latter part of October" (Mormonism Unveiled, p. 102); Clark, "the last of October" (Gleanings by the way p. 312); Lyman Wight's journal fixes the date of the Mission's arrival at Kirtland and their first interview with him "about the first of November," and as that interview took place two or three days after their arrival at Mentor and their first interview with Sidney Rigdon, it must have been "in the latter part of October," as stated by both Howe and Clark. Then if Rigdon's baptism took place at the same time as the Wight's, *viz*, "on the 14th of November 1830," it makes up the "two weeks" of our Church annals.

It is true that Elder Pratt in his Autobiography (page 49) states that the Mission started "late in October;" also that the distance traveled, about three hundred and fifty miles,—not three hundred and seventy miles as erroneously stated by Schroeder, since the Mission started from the Smith home near Palmyra instead of from Fayette, the home of the Whitmers—would require about two weeks; but evidently the indefinite "late in October" of Pratt's Autobiography, conveys a wrong impression. Elsewhere he writes the date of departure as "About the 15th of October, 1830," (See Pratt's reply to Sunderland 1842, Saints' Herald, Vol. 45, p. 61). Before starting on this Lamanite Mission the parties to it drew up and signed a covenant to mutually sustain each other, and seek each others' welfare; this document was signed in the presence of Joseph Smith, Jun., and David Whitmer, who witness it by their signatures. It bears the date of, "Manchester, October 17, 1830."

It would doubtless be drawn up and signed on the very day of the mission's departure, and hence unquestionably fixes the date on which the four brethren left Manchester township (the Smith

home) upon their mission. (The document is published in Howe's Mormonism, first edition, pp. 212, 213). If this be accepted as the date of the Mission's departure, and the fact of it is a moral certainty, then there is the necessary two weeks in which to make the journey to Mentor, Ohio, arriving the last day of October; and thence to the baptism of Wight and Rigdon on the 14th day of November, gives the "two weeks" of our annals from the arrival of the Mission at Mentor, Ohio, to the baptism of Sidney Rigdon.

Note 2. The Difficulties Involved in the Assumption of the Collaboration of Sidney Rigdon and Joseph Smith in Producing the Book of Mormon: "Has it entered into the thoughts of our opponents that if Sidney Rigdon was the author or adapter of the Book of Mormon, how vast and wide spread must have been the conspiracy that foisted it upon the world? Whole families must have been engaged in it. Men of all ages and various conditions in life, and living in widely separate portions of the country must have been connected with it. First we must include in the catalogue of conspirators the whole of the Smith family, then the Whitmers, Martin Harris and Oliver Cowdery; further, to carry out this absurd idea, Sidney Rigdon and Parley P. Pratt must have been their active fellow conspirators in arranging, carrying out and consummating their iniquitous fraud. To do this they must have traveled thousands of miles and spent months, perhaps years, to accomplish—what? That is the unsolved problem. Was it for the purpose of duping the world? They, at any rate the great majority of them, were of all men most unlikely to be engaged in such a folly. Their habits, surroundings, station in life, youth and inexperience all forbid such a thought. What could they gain, in any light that could be then presented to their minds, by palming [off] such a deception upon the world? This is another unanswerable question. Then comes the staggering fact, if the Book be a falsity, that all these families, all these diverse characters, in all the trouble, perplexity, persecution and suffering through which they passed, never wavered in their testimony, never changed their statements, never 'went back' on their original declarations, but continued unto death (and they have all passed away) proclaiming that the Book of Mormon was a divine revelation, and that its record was true. Was there ever such an exhibition in the history of the world of such continued, such unabating, such undeviating falsehood, if falsehood it was? We cannot find a place in the annals of their lives where they wavered; and what makes the matter more remark-

able is that it can be said of most of them, as is elsewhere said of the three witnesses, they became offended with the Prophet Joseph, and a number of them openly rebelled against him; but they never retracted one word with regard to the genuineness of Mormon's inspired record. Whether they were friends or foes to Joseph, whether they regarded him as God's continued mouth piece or as a fallen Prophet, they still persisted in their statements with regard to the book and the veracity of their earlier testimonies. How can we possibly with our knowledge of human nature, make this undeviating, unchanging, unwavering course, continuing over fifty years, consistent with a deliberate, premeditated and cunningly-devised and executed fraud? (Elder George Reynolds in "Myth of Manuscript Found," (1883) pp. 35-6).

Note 3. The Testimony of Rigdon to His Son on the Integrity of His Original Account of Becoming Acquainted With the Book of Mormon. In a manuscript History of his father's life, filed in the Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, John W. Rigdon, near the close of that history makes final reference to the coming of Cowdery, Pratt *et al* to his father's home in Mentor with the Book of Mormon. He relates how he himself visited the then territory of Utah in 1863, where he spent the winter among the Mormon people. He was not favorably impressed with their religious life, and came to the conclusion that the Book of Mormon itself was a fraud. He determined in his own heart that if ever he returned home and found his father, Sidney Rigdon, alive, he would try and find out what he knew of the origin of the Book of Mormon. "Although," he adds, "he had never told but one story about it, and that was that Parley P. Pratt and Oliver Cowdery presented him with a bound volume of that book in the year 1830, while he (Sidney Rigdon) was preaching Campbellism at Mentor, Ohio." What John W. Rigdon claims to have seen in Utah, however, together with the fact that Sidney Rigdon had been charged with writing the Book of Mormon, made him suspicious; "and," he remarks, "I concluded I would make an investigation for my own satisfaction and find out if I could if he had all these years been deceiving his family and the world, by telling that which was not true, and I was in earnest about it. If Sidney Rigdon, my father, had thrown his life away by telling a falsehood and bringing sorrow and disgrace upon his family, I wanted to know it and was determined to find out the facts, no matter what the consequences might be. I reached home in the fall of 1865, found my father in good health and (he) was very much pleased to see

me. As he had not heard anything from me for some time, he was afraid that I had been killed by the Indians. Shortly after I had arrived home, I went to my father's room; he was there and alone, and now was the time for me to commence my inquiries in regard to the origin of the Book of Mormon, and as to the truth of the Mormon religion. I told him what I had seen at Salt Lake City, and I said to him that what I had seen at Salt Lake had not impressed me very favorably toward the Mormon Church, and as to the origin of the Book of Mormon I had some doubts. You have been charged with writing that book and giving it to Joseph Smith to introduce to the world. You have always told me one story; that you never saw the book until it was presented to you by Parley P. Pratt and Oliver Cowdery; and all you ever knew of the origin of that book was what they told you and what Joseph Smith and the witnesses who claimed to have seen the plates had told you. Is this true? If so, all right; if it is not, you owe it to me and to your family to tell it. You are an old man and you will soon pass away, and I wish to know if Joseph Smith, in your intimacy with him for fourteen years, has not said something to you that led you to believe he obtained that book in some other way than what he had told you. Give me all you know about it, that I may know the truth. My father, after I had finished saying what I have repeated above, looked at me a moment, raised his hand above his head and slowly said, with tears glistening in his eyes: "My son, I can swear before high heaven that what I have told you about the origin of that book is true. Your mother and sister, Mrs. Athalia Robinson, were present when that book was handed to me in Mentor, Ohio, and all I ever knew about the origin of that book was what Parley P. Pratt, Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith and the witnesses who claimed they saw the plates have told me, and in all of my intimacy with Joseph Smith he never told me but one story, and that was that he found it engraved upon gold plates in a hill near Palmyra, New York, and that an angel had appeared to him and directed him where to find it; and I have never, to you or to any one else, told but the one story, and that I now repeat to you." I believed Him, and now believe he told me the truth. He also said to me after that that Mormonism was true; that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, and this world would find it out some day.

After my father's death, my mother, who survived him several years was in the enjoyment of good health up to the time of her last sickness she being eighty-six years old. A short time before her death I had a conversation with her about the origin of the Book of Mormon and wanted to know what she remembered about its being presented to my father. She said to me in that

conversation that what my father had told me about the book being presented to him was true, for she was present at the time and knew that was the first time he ever saw it, and that the stories told about my father writing the Book of Mormon were not true. This she said to me in her old age and when the shadows of the grave were gathering around her; and I believe her." (Life of Sidney Rigdon, by his son, John W. Rigdon, Ms. pp. 188-195. Also History of the Church-Documentary—Vol. I, pp. 122-3).

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EXODUS FROM THE STATE OF NEW YORK TO OHIO

THE movement of events shifts now to Fayette, where the Prophet was residing. Here, early in November, came Orson Pratt,[1] Brother of Parley P. Pratt, not yet twenty years of age, to enquire of the Lord what his duty was with reference to the then unfolding work. The revelation given to the Prophet concerning him reflects the spirit in which the New Dispensation had its inception:

"My son Orson, hearken and hear and behold what I, the Lord God, shall say unto you, even Jesus Christ your Redeemer; the light and the life of the world; a light which shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not; Who so loved the world that he gave His own life, that as many as would believe might become the sons of God; wherefore you are my son, and blessed are you because you have believed; and more blessed are you because you are called of me to preach my gospel, to lift up your voice as with the sound of a trump, both long and loud, and cry repentance unto a crooked and perverse generation, preparing the way of the Lord for His second coming."

1. Orson Pratt, who for well nigh half a century was the great advocate and expounder of Mormon theology, was born September 19, 1811, in Hartford, Washington county, New York. His ancestors of course are the same as Parley P. Pratt's—(See chapter xvi). The humble circumstances of his parents compelled him to seek employment where he could obtain it in various places, mainly at farming, during which time, however, he managed to get some schooling, paying especial attention to arithmetic, and gaining an acquaintance also with book keeping, grammar, geography and surveying. The early lessons of morality and religion taught at his father's home made deep impressions on his youthful mind, and led him in the autumn of 1829 to particularly seek the Lord. For this purpose he frequently retired to the lonely fields or the woods for prayer. This continued till September, 1830, when his brother Parley came into the neighborhood where he resided, and, as already related, converted him to the new dispensation of the gospel.

Early in December Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge,[2] two of the new Converts from Kirtland, Ohio, though Partridge as yet was not baptized—came to Fayette, on the same errand that brought Orson Pratt there; viz to enquire of the Lord through the Prophet. It was the first meeting between these gentlemen. The Prophet was favorably impressed with them, especially by Edward Partridge whom he speaks of as "a pattern of piety, and one of the Lord's great men." Subsequently, in a revelation, Partridge is spoken of as being a man whose heart is pure before the Lord—"for he is like Nathaniel of old, in whom there is no guile." Shortly after his arrival at Fayette—the next day according to Lucy Smith—he was baptized by the Prophet.[3]

The Prophet inquired of the Lord for these brethren according to their desire and received the divine word concerning them. Edward Partridge was called to the work of the ministry by revelation and was promised the Holy Ghost as his Instructor in the

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2. Edward Partridge was born in Pittsfield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 27th of August, 1793, of William and Jemima Partridge. His father's immediate ancestor emigrated from Berwick, Scotland, during the seventeenth century, and settled at Hadley, Massachusetts, on the Connecticut river. At the age of seventeen he went to learn the hatter's trade, and continued as an apprentice for about four years. The doctrines of Christianity as presented in the current teachings of the Churches did not appeal to him; but on hearing a Universal Restorationer preach upon the love of God—(The Restorationists believed that all men will ultimately become holy and happy; that God created only to bless—"Book of Religions," Howard, 1842)—he accepted that faith, continuing in it until 1828 when, having made his home at Painsville, Ohio, he came under the preaching of Sidney Rigdon, and joined the Church of the Disciples.

3. The incident of Edward Partridge's baptism is enriched in interest by some particulars related by Lucy Smith; and the fact that a man of the intelligence and character of Edward Partridge accepted baptism after making the inquiries she alludes to, is an evidence that he was satisfied with his investigation as to the standing of the Smiths. And now Lucy Smith's narrative: "In December of the same year, Joseph appointed a meeting at our house. They were then living at Fayette. While he was preaching, Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge came in and seated themselves in the congregation. When Joseph had finished his discourse, he gave all who had any remarks to make, the privilege of speaking. Upon this, Mr. Partridge arose, and stated that he had been to Manchester, with the view of obtaining further information respecting the doctrine which we preached, but not finding us, he had made some inquiry of our neighbors concerning our characters, which they stated had been unimpeachable, until Joseph 'deceived' us relative to the Book of Mormon. He also said that he had walked over our farm, and observed the good order and industry which it exhibited; and, having seen what we had sacrificed for the sake of our faith, and having heard that our veracity was not questioned upon any other point than that of our religion, he believed our testimony, and was ready to be baptized, 'if,' said he, 'Brother Joseph will baptize me.' 'You are now,' replied Joseph, 'much fatigued, brother Partridge, and you had better rest to-day, and be baptized to-morrow.' 'Just as Brother Joseph thinks best,' replied Mr. Partridge, 'I am ready at any time,' He was accordingly baptized the next day. (History of the Prophet Joseph-Lucy Smith, p. 171).

things of God. Sidney Rigdon was approved and commended. Unconsciously in his previous labors in the ministry he had been sent forth even as John the Baptist, to prepare the way before the Lord; he had baptized with water unto repentance, but his converts received not the Holy Ghost; now he received a commandment that he should baptize by water and they should receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, "even as the Apostles of old; and it shall come to pass that there shall be a great work in the land, even among the Gentiles." Sidney Rigdon was also appointed to be the Prophet's companion in the ministry and his scribe,[4] "and the Scripture shall be given," said the revelation, "even as they are in mine own bosom to the salvation of mine own elect."

Sometime before the coming of Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge the Prophet had begun a revision of the Bible under the Spirit of revelation, sometimes called "an inspired translation"; with the coming of Sidney Rigdon and his appointment to be the Prophet's scribe this work was resumed with great earnestness. What is really the prelude to this inspired revision of the Bible was given in outline in chapter XVI of this History, dealing with what is there called the first chapter of the "Book of Moses." This revelation, as already remarked, gives the source and ground work of the knowledge of Moses concerning divine

4. An interesting question arises at this point. It is assumed by those who accept the Spaulding Manuscript theory for the origin of the Book of Mormon, through Rigdon, that to conceive and launch the book and the religious system developed in connection with it, required a superior intelligence, wider knowledge, and better education than Joseph Smith possessed, hence Sidney Rigdon is put forth as the man behind the scenes whose brain and hand conceived and developed Mormonism. But will some one explain, as I have else where suggested—("American Historical Magazine," Vol. iv, p. 180) how it is that Sidney Rigdon, as soon as the Book of Mormon is published and the Church organized, though having been up to this point the "Master Spirit" of Mormonism, the real Mephistopheles of the blasphemous drama—now suddenly falls into second place in the development of Mormonism; nay, to third place, or even farther down the line, since Oliver Cowdery has been accepted and ordained as the second presiding Elder in the Church, while Rigdon is made merely the Prophet's scribe? It should be remembered that in 1827, the year in which they are usually supposed to have been brought together for the work of collaboration, Rigdon was thirty-four years old, Joseph Smith but twenty-two; and when the Church was organized, Joseph was but twenty-five and Rigdon thirty-seven. With Rigdon's better education (which is granted), how comes it that this man, superior in education and knowledge of the world, and of greater age, consents to occupy this subordinate place to Joseph Smith? If Rigdon was the great moving spirit of Mormonism during its incubation, why did he not continue so after the Book of Mormon was printed and the Church organized?

things, and from which point the Prophet Joseph proceeds with his revision of the English Bible.[5]

The reason assigned by the Prophet for undertaking this work of revision is that the Book of Mormon revealed the fact that many plain and precious truths respecting the gospel, as also many covenants of the Lord, had been taken away from the Scriptures;[6] and in some cases whole books referred to in the Scriptures are missing from the collection in the Old and the New Testament, and are "lost books,"[7] so far as our knowledge of them is concerned.

The fragment of this work published by the church,[8] makes it clear that not only was the mission of the Christ made known to the ancient patriarchs of the Bible, but that the complete scheme of Christian redemption through the Atonement of the Christ was revealed and a dispensation of that gospel committed to Adam and succeeding patriarchs; notably to Enoch and to Noah. Thus in the earliest ages the gospel was known—and known as the plan of "Eternal life which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began;"[9] but of which men, in subsequent ages, and because of transgression, lost the clear vision. Unto Moses a dispensation of that same gospel was given; and he sought to establish it in ancient Israel; but could not, for that his people were not able in their fallen condition—but recently escaped from Egyptian bondage—to rightly apprehend the lofty theme of salvation by vicarious atonement, nor understand the triumph of love and mercy over the claims of inexorable law, on the conditions of acceptance, through faith, of God's proffered grace, and repentance of sin. Therefore the "law of carnal commandments" was given in place of the gospel, to act as "a schoolmaster" to bring them to Christ.[10]

This view of the antiquity of the gospel of Christ is in har-

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5. See note 1 end of Chapter.
6. Nephi xiii: 20-30.
7. See note 1 end of the chapter; but for a more extended consideration of this whole subject see the Writer's New Witnesses for God, Vol. III, p. 266-275.
8. See note 1 at the end of the chapter.
9. Titus 1; 2.
10. Galatians iii, and note 1, Ch. xvi this writing.

mony with the knowledge revealed in the Book of Mormon; for that book represents that its peoples, ages before the coming of Christ in the flesh, had knowledge through revelation both of the coming, and of the mission of the Christ, and knowledge also of the efficacy of the atonement. To them it was the "plan of redemption which was prepared from the foundation of the world, through Christ, for all who would believe on his name."[11] They were taught that looking forward to the atonement, in faith, and accepting it in their hearts would be as effective for salvation as looking back upon it, in the same faith and acceptance, when it became an accomplised fact.[12] That a knowledge of the gospel was had from the earliest ages, seems to have been clearly understood by Paul, as we have seen;[13] but that was not the view either of medieval or modern Christendom; and hence when it came to the modern world through Joseph Smith, it came with the force of a new revelation.

Late in December the work of inspired revision of the Bible was interrupted by a commandment to the Prophet and his associates to go to Ohio; "and this because of the enemy and for your sakes." Also a commandment was given that the whole Church in the state of New York should remove to Ohio.

The year 1831 opened propitiously for the Church. The first nine months of her existence had been fruitful of experience and had witnessed an expansion seldom attending upon religious movements in the first months of their existence. In New York centered chiefly at Colesville, Fayette township, and the Smith home near Palmyra, the little flock numbered about seventy souls.[14] A few more lived about Canaan in Columbia county, the fruits of Parley P. Pratt's ministry; and by this time the deciples in Ohio had increased to several hundred.

On the second of January a conference of the Saints in New York state was held at Fayette, and here the commandment to the Church to gather to Ohio was repeated; and the purpose of

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11. Alma xxii; 13.
12. See II Nephi, Ch. ii, Book of Jarom, Ch. i; I. Alma xiii and lii.
13. Note I, Ch. xvi, this writing.
14. Statement of Joseph Smith Documentary Hist. of the Church, Vol. I, p. 133.

God in dealing with his people was further disclosed by the declaration that it was his purpose to grant unto his saints "a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, upon which there shall be no curse when the Lord cometh. And I will give it unto you for the land of your inheritance, if you seek it with all your hearts; and this shall be my covenant with you, ye shall have it for the land of your inheritance, and for the inheritance of your children forever, while the earth shall stand, and ye shall possess it again in eternity, no more to pass away."[15]

This land of course was to be their "Zion," but its location at this time was not revealed. They must seek their promised inheritance by faith, even as Abraham of old, who by faith "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."[16]

For the present, however, the saints were commanded to go to Ohio "and there," the Lord is represented as saying, "I will give you my law; and there you shall be endowed with power from on high; and from thence, whomsoever I will, shall go forth among all nations, and it shall be told them what they shall do; for I have a great work laid up in store, for Israel shall be saved, and I will lead them whithersoever I will, and no power shall stay my hand."[17] Certain men were to be appointed by the voice of the Church, "and they shall look to the poor and the needy, and administer to their relief, that they shall not suffer; and send them forth to the place which I have commanded them. And this shall be their work, to govern the affairs of the property of this Church." Such farms as could be sold were to be sold; the others rented or left unrented if necessary; but the commandment to go in search of "Zion" was imperative, and all were to labor with their might to carry out the commandment.

By the latter part of January the Prophet with his wife were ready to start for Ohio, and in company with Elders Rigdon and Partridge they arrived at Kirtland about the first of February.

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15. Doc. & Cov., Sec. 38; 18-20.
16. Heb. xi, 8-10.
17. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 38; 32, 33.

The Prophet and his wife were received into the home of Newel K. Whitney,[18] a young merchant of Kirtland, and a member of the Church, where they remained several weeks, "and received every kindness and attention," writes the Prophet, "that could be expected."[19]

There was plenty of work for the Prophet in Kirtland. Here the membership was about one hundred; with several hundred more in the surrounding country. By Spring the membership was increased to more than one thousand in the several counties forming northeastern Ohio.[20]

In Kirtland the experiment of holding all property in common and living as one family—an experiment already existing before the gospel was preached to that people by Elders Cowdery, Pratt *et al*—had been continued up to the arrival of the Prophet. It might have been expected that this system of life, having some color of justification both upon New Testament and Book

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18. Newel Kimball Whitney was descended from the Whitneys of Watertown, Mass., who emigrated from England in 1635. His mother was a native of the "Bay State," and his father of the State of Vermont. There, also, Newel was born, in Marlborough, Windham county, February 5, 1795. A natural business man, he made his own way in the world, and after figuring as a sutler during the war of 1812, and taking part in the battle of Plattsburg, near Lake Champlain, he established himself as an Indian trader at Green Bay, Lake Chaplain. He next settled in Ohio, where he made the acquaintance of Algernon Sidney Gilbert, a merchant of Painesville, whose partner he became in the successful firm of Gilbert and Whitney at Kirtland. In October, 1822, he married Elizabeth Ann Smith, a young lady from Connecticut, who is known in our Church history as "Mother Whitney." When Oliver Cowdery and his fellow-missionaries came to Kirtland, en route to Missouri, the Whitneys were Campbellites, members of Sidney Rigdon's flock, but upon hearing the fullness of the Gospel as preached by the Elders of the new dispensation they embraced it.

19. It throws a side light on the character of the Prophet, and will also give an insight into the secret of that influence which he always exercised among his people, to give the account of the Prophet's arrival in Kirtland as it stands in the tradition of the Whitney family: "About the first of February, 1831, a sleigh containing four persons drove through the streets of Kirtland and drew up in front of the store of Gilbert and Whitney. One of the men, a young and stalwart personage, alighted, and springing up the steps walked into the store and to where the junior partner was standing. 'Newel K. Whitney! Thou art the man!' he exclaimed, extending his hand cordially, as if to an old and familiar acquaintance. 'You have the advantage of me,' replied the merchant, as he mechanically took the proffered hand, 'I could not call you by name as you have me.' 'I am Joseph the Prophet,' said the stranger, smiling. 'You've prayed me here, now what do you want of me?' The prophet, it is said, while in the East, had seen the Whitneys in vision praying for his coming to Kirtland." (Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 146).

20. Parley P. Pratt's Autobiography, p. 50.

of Mormon authority,[21] would have appealed to him. On the contrary however he advised against continuance of the experiment, and tactfully brought about the disorganization of "The Family."[22]

It appears that following the proclamation of the gospel in Kirtland and vicinity, attended as it was by the declaration that the spiritual gifts of that gospel were to be enjoyed, as among the primative christians, led to some extravagances of religious frenzy and disorderly conduct; and while there went out exaggerated and highly colored reports of this exhibition of wild enthusiasm, yet there was enough of fact to bring reproach upon the Church. The Prophet at once reproved this tendency to over zeal, and immediately corrected the abuses that arose under it.[23]

Early in February there occurred an unlooked for development in the Church organization: Edward Partridge was called by revelation to forsake his business, merchandizing, and accept the office of "Bishop" in the Church, to which office he was required to devote all his time and energies.[24] This appointment of Edward Partridge to be a Bishop is called an unlooked for development in organization, because there was nothing in preceding revelations that intimated that Bishops would constitute any part of the Church organization and government.

Shortly after this the Lord fulfilled the promise made before the Prophet and his associates left New York for Ohio, viz, "And there will I give unto you my law." This came in the form of an elaborate revelation in the month of February.

A digest of it will be of interest; for if not accepted as a revelation, it will at least be a setting forth of the aspirations, the aims and purposes of Joseph Smith and his associates. If it be true that as a man thinketh so is he; and that out of the abund-

21. Acts ii; 41-47; also Acts iv; 32-37; Acts v; 1-7. Nephi, Ch. 26; 19, 20. IV Nephi 1, 1-3.

22. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 146-7.

23. Even Anti-Mormon writers admit that Joseph Smith was astonished at the alleged spiritual manifestations among his following at Kirtland, proving that his religious ideas and the system he was developing contemplated no such religious frenzy and unseemly conduct as had broken out in that place. Also these same writers admit "He told them (his disciples) that he had inquired of the Lord concerning the matter, and had been informed that it was all the work of the devil; * * * the distrubances therefore ceased." Howe's Mormonism—first Edition—pp. 104, 116.

24. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 41.



Edward Partridge

The First Bishop of the Church in the New Dispensation.

ance of the heart the mouth speaketh; then sure it must be that those who essay to set forth the "law of the Lord" must reveal both their conceptions of the character of God, and their own ideals of his righteousness. In this "law" one many find the spring and source of Mormon ideals for personal and community life. It is important to contemplate it. The revelation was given in the presence of twelve elders of the Church who had assembled under commandment for the express purpose of receiving it, and agreeing upon it. Following is the proposed digest.

Prelude to the Law: "Hearken, O, ye Elders of my church, who have assembled yourselves together in my name, even Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, the Savior of the world, in as much as they believe on my name, and keep my commandments. * * * Hearken and hear and obey the law which I shall give unto you."

The Moral Law: "And now, behold, I speak unto the Church: Thou shalt not kill; and he that kills shall not have forgiveness in this world, nor in the world to come. And again I say, thou shalt not kill; but he that killeth shall die. * * * If any person among you shall kill, he shall be delivered up and dealt with according to the laws of the land; for remember that he hath no forgiveness, and it shall be proven according to the laws of the land.

"Thou shalt not steal; and he that stealeth and will not repent shall be cast out. * * * And if a man or woman shall rob, he or she shall be delivered up unto the law of the land. And if he or she shall steal, he or she shall be delivered up unto the law of the land.

"Thou shalt not lie; he that lieth and will not repent, shall be cast out. * * * And if he or she shall lie, he or she shall be delivered up unto the law of the land. And if he or she do any manner of iniquity, he or she shall be delivered up unto the law, even that of God.

Simplicity in Apparel: "Thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty, the beauty of the work of thine own hands."

Cleanliness: "Let all things be done in cleanliness before me."

Industry: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer."

Evil Speaking: "Thou shalt not speak evil of thy neighbor nor do him any harm. Thou knowest my laws concerning these things are given in my scriptures; he that sinneth and repenteth not, shall be cast out."

Chastity: "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else; And he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, shall deny the faith, and shall not have the Spirit, and if he repents not he shall be cast out. Thou shalt not commit adultery; and he that commiteth adultery and repenteth not, shall be cast out; but he that has committed adultery and repents with all his heart, and forsaketh it; and doeth it no more, thou shalt forgive; But he that doeth it again, he shall not be forgiven, but shall be cast out.

Offenses—Personal and Public: "And if thy brother or sister offend thee, thou shalt take him or her between him or her and thee alone; and if he or she confess, thou shalt be reconciled. And if he or she confess not, thou shalt deliver him or her up unto the church, not to the members, but to the elders. And it shall be done in a meeting, and that not before the world.

"And if thy brother or sister offend many, he or she shall be chastened before many. And if any one offend openly, he or she shall be rebuked openly, that he or she may be ashamed. And if he or she confess not, he or she shall be delivered up unto the law of God. If any shall offend in secret, he or she shall be rebuked in secret, that he or she may have opportunity to confess in secret to him or her whom he or she has offended, and to God, that the Church may not speak reproachfully of him or her."

Care for the Poor: "Behold thou wilt remember the poor and consecrate of thy properties for their support." That which a man had to impart unto them was to be given with "a covenant and a deed" which could not be broken: "And in as much as ye impart of your substance to the poor, ye do it unto me," said the Lord.

Stewardships: Every man is made accountable unto the Lord a "Steward over his own property, or that which he has received by consecration, as much as is sufficient for himself and family."

But no community of goods is contemplated: "Thou shalt not take thy brother's garment: thou shalt pay for that which thou shalt receive of thy brother"; and if more is obtained in the management of the stewardship than was necessary for his support, the surplus is to be given into the Lord's store house.

Community Sympathy: "And whosover among you are sick, and have not faith to be healed, but believe, shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild food, and that not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of the church, two or more, shall be called, and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me. Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die, and more especially for those that have not hope of a glorious resurrection."

"And it shall come to pass that those that die in me, shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them; And they that die not in me, wo unto them, for their death is bitter.

"And again, it shall come to pass, that he that hath faith in me to be healed, and is not appointed unto death, shall be healed; He who hath faith to see shall see; He who hath faith to hear shall hear; The lame who have faith to leap shall leap; And they who have not faith to do these things, but believe in me, have power to become my sons; and inasmuch as they break not my laws, thou shalt bear their infirmities."

Such was the law given to the Church. Of its excellence as constituting or recognizing both personal and community moral obligations, comment is unnecessary. The statement of it is its own vindication. One thing should be remarked, however, in respect of the law of consecration mentioned above. It was this law which doubtless led many to suppose that the Latter-day Saints sought to establish community of goods, and malice at different times has charged also community of wives. But community of goods is not involved in the principles of consecration and stewardship as above set forth, or subsequently developed either in doctrine or practice. The principle underlying this doctrine of the Church is recognition of the Lord as Creator, Proprietor and Owner of the earth and the fullness thereof, and

man as but a steward in his possessions. The earth is the Lord's by proprietary right. His because He created it, and sustains it from age to age by His power, and makes it fruitful by His bounty. By the act of consecration according to the above law, and as afterwards developed, a man visibly and actually recognized God as proprietor of the earth; and by receiving back from such consecration a stewardship from God's visible agency, the Church, he acknowledged himself but a steward over that which he possesses, but he is accountable to God only for his management of that stewardship. If from that management there arose beyond what was needful for his personal use and that of his family, that surplus could again be consecrated to the Lord's store house to be used in the granting of other stewardships or developing enterprises involving community interests. In other words the surplus product of the community's industry was to be made available for community interests.

NOTE 1. JOSEPH SMITH'S INSPIRED REVISION OF THE BIBLE: This was a work that occupied the Prophet for a number of years, but it was never published in his life time, excepting some fragments of it, and it is doubtful if he ever really completed, to his entire satisfaction, the stupendous work of revision. The evidences that might be quoted in favor of his having completed the work are, first, an entry made in his Journal History—"I completed the translation and review of the New Testament, on the 2nd of February, 1833; and sealed it up, no more to be opened till it arrived in Zion"—Independence Missouri (Documentary History of the Church Vol. 1, p. 324). It was the intention to have this revised version of the New Testament printed at Independence in connection with the Book of Mormon, hence the revision of the New Testament was completed before the Old; but before the work of printing could even be commenced, the persecutions arose which made it impossible. Second: In a letter from Kirtland to "The Brethren in Zion," under date of July 2nd, 1833, the Prophet writes: "We this day finished the translation of the scripture, for which we return our gratitude to our heavenly Father" (Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 368). This must have reference to the Old Testament since the New Testament had been "completed" on the 2nd of February preceding. Yet when questioned through letter by the brethren at Independence as to printing the revised New Testament, the Prophet answered "It cannot be done until

we can attend to it ourselves, and this we will do as soon as the Lord permits" (Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 365); a sense of incompletion and a desire to review the work again may have been the motive for having it printed under his own immediate supervision. In a "memorial" of the Prophet's to the High Council at Nauvoo, under date of 13th of June, 1840, he asks the Church to erect an office in which he might more immediately pursue his spiritual callings, among other things "commence the work of translating the Egyptian records [some records from Egypt which came into his possession in Kirtland, 1835] *the Bible,* and wait upon the Lord for such revelations as may be suited to the conditions and circumstances of the Church." Including "the Bible" in the work of translations yet to be done clearly indicates, not withstanding previous expressions about "completing" it, "finishing" it, etc., that he did not at this date—June 18th, 1840—regard it as a work wholly ended. On this subject George Q. Cannon in his "Life of Joseph Smith," (page 142) says: "We have heard President Brigham Young state that the Prophet, before his death, had spoken to him about going through the translation of the scriptures again and perfecting it upon points of doctrine which the Lord had restrained him from giving in plainness and fullness at the time of which we write"—(Feb. 2nd, 1833).

Of this revised version of the Jewish Scriptures the Church has published several chapters under the title, "The Book of Moses," and also the 24th Chapter of Mathew, including in it the last verse of the 23d chapter. These extracts are found in a collection of sacred writings called "The Pearl of Great Price: A Selection from the Revelations, Translations and Narrations of Joseph Smith," first published by Franklin D. Richards in England, 1851. The parts of the Inspired Revision published include the chapters referred to and analyzed in chapter XVI of this writing, and thence the revision extends to the commandment to Noah to build the ark.

Some of the Sons of Joseph Smith through what is known as the "Reorganized Church" have published the entire translation of the Old and New Testament from the Manuscript that was left with the Prophet's family, but lacking that final revision discussed above, which the Prophet intended to give it.

NOTE 2. SOME OF THE "LOST BOOKS" OF SCRIPTURES: The following are some books of the Old Testament that are missing.

The scriptures that existed in the days of Abraham, older than the five books of Moses, for Abraham was before Moses. These scriptures are referred to by Paul as follows: "And the scriptures foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through

faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham." (Gal. iii: 8).

The book of the covenant, through which Moses instructed Israel. (Exo. xxiv: 7).

The book of the Wars of the Lord. (Num. xxi: 14).

The book of Jasher. (Josh. x: 13, and Sam. i: 18).

The book of the manner of the kingdom. (Sam. x: 25).

Books containing three thousand proverbs, a thousand and five songs, a treatise on natural history by Solomon. (I. Kings iv: 32, 33).

The acts of Solomon. (I. Kings xi: 41).

The book of Nathan the prophet. (I. Chron. xxix: 29).

The book of Gad the Seer. (I. Chron. xxix: 29).

The book of Nathan the prophet. (I. Chron. xxix: 29 and II. Chron. ix: 29).

The prophecy of Ahijah, the Shilonite. (II. Chron. ix: 29).

The Visions of Iddo the Seer. (II. Chron. ix: 29).

The book of Shemaiah the prophet. (II. Chron. xii:15).

The Story of the prophet Iddo. (II. Chron. xiii: 22).

The book of Jehu. (Chron. xx: 34).

Prophecy of Enoch: Speaking of characters who are like "raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame," Jude says, "And Enoch the seventh from Adam prophesied of these, saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, etc," (Judge 15, 16). From this it appears that Enoch had a revelation concerning the glorious coming of the Son of God to judgment. May not the prophecy of Enoch have been among the scripture with which Abraham was acquainted?

Books That Are Missing From the New Testament

Another Epistle of Jude. "When I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the Saints. (Jude 3). We have but one epistle of Jude. Would not the epistle on the "common salvation" be as important as the one and the only one we have from Jude's pen?

Another Epistle to the Ephesians: In Ephesians iii. and 3d, Paul alludes to another epistle which he had written to that people, but of which the world has no knowledge except this reference to it, which is made by its author. This epistle contained a revelation from God.

Another Epistle to the Laodiceans: "When this epistle (Collosians) is read among you, cause that it be read also in the

church of the Laodiceans, and that ye likewise read the epistle from Laodicea'' (Col. iv. 16). The epistle to the Laodiceans is among the scriptures that are lost.

Another Epistle to the Corinthians: In the first letter to the Corinthians is this statement: ''I wrote unto you in an epistle not to keep company with fornicators'' (I Cor. v., 9). From this it would appear that our so-called first epistle to the Corinthians is really not the first, since Paul in it speaks of a former letter he had written, and which was doubtless as good scripture as the two which have been preserved.

CAPTAIN PETER HOG

1703-1782

BY DELIA A. MC CULLOCH

ONE of the most distinguished, and noted men of the French and Indian war was Peter Hog, who was born in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1703, and emigrated to America in 1745, along with his two brothers, Thomas and James, and settled in Augusta county, then a vast wilderness.

Here he found many of his own countrymen, who like himself had been born in that beautiful city, and had been educated at the grand old University of Edinburg, and were accomplished scholars.

He came to America at a time when his military and his legal services were both needed, and by his great ability he attracted the attention of Governor Dinwiddie of the Colony of Virginia, who soon saw in him a man for the times.

Being a "Brother Scot" Governor Dinwiddie honored and often favored, Peter Hog, and placed him in many responsible positions, although he came in for his full share of criticism, along with the other prominent officers of the Colony; Major Washington even, not escaping the wrath of the old "war Governor."

In an "indenture," probated in the Orange Court, in 1745, from Thomas Walker, Peter Hog placed his signature, and spelled the name "Hog" but his descendants have changed the spelling of it, some adding another "g," as those of Mason county, W. Va., while others have applied to the legislature of their State, and have been made "Hoge," instead of "Hog."

Soon after he came to Augusta county he was married to Elizabeth Taylor of that county, and to them were born three sons,—the eldest James, Peter, and Thomas, and two daughters,—Nan-

cy and Elizabeth. By some of the contemporaries of Peter Hog it has been stated that he was a branch of the "family tree" of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd."

His brother Thomas, who came to America with him was a surveyor, and met a sad fate about Oct. 6th, 1774, near the mouth of the Great Kanawha river, a short time before the memorable battle fought there between the Whites and Indians, Oct. 10th, 1774.

The soldiers of Andrew Lewis' army found sufficient evidence that he had been devoured by wild beasts, instead of being as his friends had supposed, carried off into captivity by the Indians, or meeting a worse fate at their hands.

"About six miles above the mouth of the river they found several clevesses, a plowshere, and an old fine shirt which they judge might have cost 2 sterlg per yard, likewise a jaw-bone, judged to be Tom Hog's" (Dunmore War Book).

Thomas Hog had been employed on Coal river, a tributary of the Great Kanawha, in company with John Floyd, and Spottswood Dandridge to survey 2000 acres of land for George Washington. He had been sent back with the "plat" to Col. Preston, and was never again seen by the surveyors, and his friends thought he had gone to see about his own land,—which was located farther down the river,—before going back over the mountains.

Peter Hog was commissioned Captain in 1754, and served continuously in the French and Indian war, often as a leader of a company of Rangers, protecting the frontier, often exposed to great dangers, and having many narrow escapes from the blood thirsty foe.

In July 21st, 1756, he was delegated, agreeable to instruction from Governor Dinwiddie, by a Council of War held at Fort Cumberland to construct a line of forts, which had been ordered by the Assembly of Virginia, to protect the frontier.

Captain Hog was in the famous Sandy Creek Expedition that same year, along with Andrew Lewis, and other prominent military men of the Colony, and the army rendezvoused at what is now known as Salem, Virginia.

This force consisted of one company of Regulars, from fort

Dinwiddie, (or known sometimes as fort Hog) on Jackson's river, one company of minute men, from Botetourt county, and two companies from Augusta, one of these companies was commanded by Captain Hog.

Captain Hog was delayed in joining the expedition, and did not overtake the army until within ten miles of the Ohio river, just as a messenger arrived in camp ordering them to return, and disband.

The only enemy encountered was at the mouth of Big Sandy, by a party of Captain Hog's men who went out for a hunt on the hills, and came up with a roving band of Indians, who gave them battle, which resulted in two of Captain Hog's men being killed, and a Shawnee warrior wounded, and taken prisoner. On their march homeward they suffered from cold and hunger, the snows having fallen, making the mountain trail almost impassable; and not having supplies they had to subsist on Beech nuts, and were forced to eat their pack-horses, and when they reached Burning Spring they roasted their Buffalo hides before the flames of the spring, cut in "tugs." This has been said to have been the origin of the name of the North Fork of the Big Sandy,—"Tug river;" the towns on the Scioto were not reached, and the expedition proved a most disastrous one.

Captain Hog was one of the Virginia Captains with General Braddock, and shared the honors accorded to them, of saving the remnant of the army, that succeeded in escaping in the dreadful panic, and stampede through the wilderness—after the great slaughter.

James Smith a captive at fort Du Quesne, wrote a narrative of the return to the fort of the victorious French and Indians, and gave a pathetic picture of the sufferings of the poor prisoners they brought back with them.

The war being ended Captain Hog applied himself to his profession, and was licensed to practice, May the 14th, 1759; his certificate being signed by Peyton Randolph, Robert Carter, and Nicholas and George Wythe, Examiners appointed by Lord Dunmore. He was commissioned Prosecutor of the Colony, by King George April 10th, 1772, in the 12th year of his Majesty's reign. Both of these Commissions are still preserved in the family of James, the eldest son.

By the "will" of Captain Hog, the old homestead near Staunton Virginia, became the property of the eldest son, also his watch, his spectacles, bible, and Commissions, the "will" reading, that they were to descend from "eldest son to eldest son," and these valuable bequests are now possessed by the family of James W. Hogue of Winfield, W. Va. Captain Hog had made his brother, Walter, of Edinburgh, administrator, but he lived a long life, and his son, James, settled up his large estate.

Captain Hog had received large land grants for his military services, one for 8,000 on the Ohio river, and the deed to this was from King George, and the old parchment is the valued property of W. H. Hogg, of Mason county, W. Va. After the Revolution his two sons, and two daughters with their husbands, settled upon this land.

In the Archives of the West Virginia Historical Society, there are papers dated August 2d, 1781, and Aug. the 10th, 1781, prepared by Captain Hog, sent as Official letters to Governor Nelson of Virginia, relating to the "insurgents" of Hampshire county, and are appeals for "pardon" for those engaged in the rebellion. These papers are said to be remarkable for their argument for clemency, and were instrumental in bringing about peace in the county. Those standing accused of treason, and disturbing the peace of the Commonwealth accepted the generous pardon extended to them by Governor Nelson, who had been moved by this appeal of Captain Hog.

He had passed through the French and Indian war, and now the Revolution was at its close, and with an unsullied name he laid down his sword, and sought quiet again on his estate, in agricultural pusuits, and in the practice of Law, and there remained to him but the remembrance of those stormy days "that tried men's souls."

Captain Hog died on his farm in Augusta county Virginia, April 20th, 1782, aged 73 years, after a long life spent in the service of his adopted country, being the recipient of many richly deserved honors from his King, the Governors of the Colony, and from his commander and friend, General George Washington, from whom a letter expressing his regard, and high esteem has been preserved.

LAS CRUCES

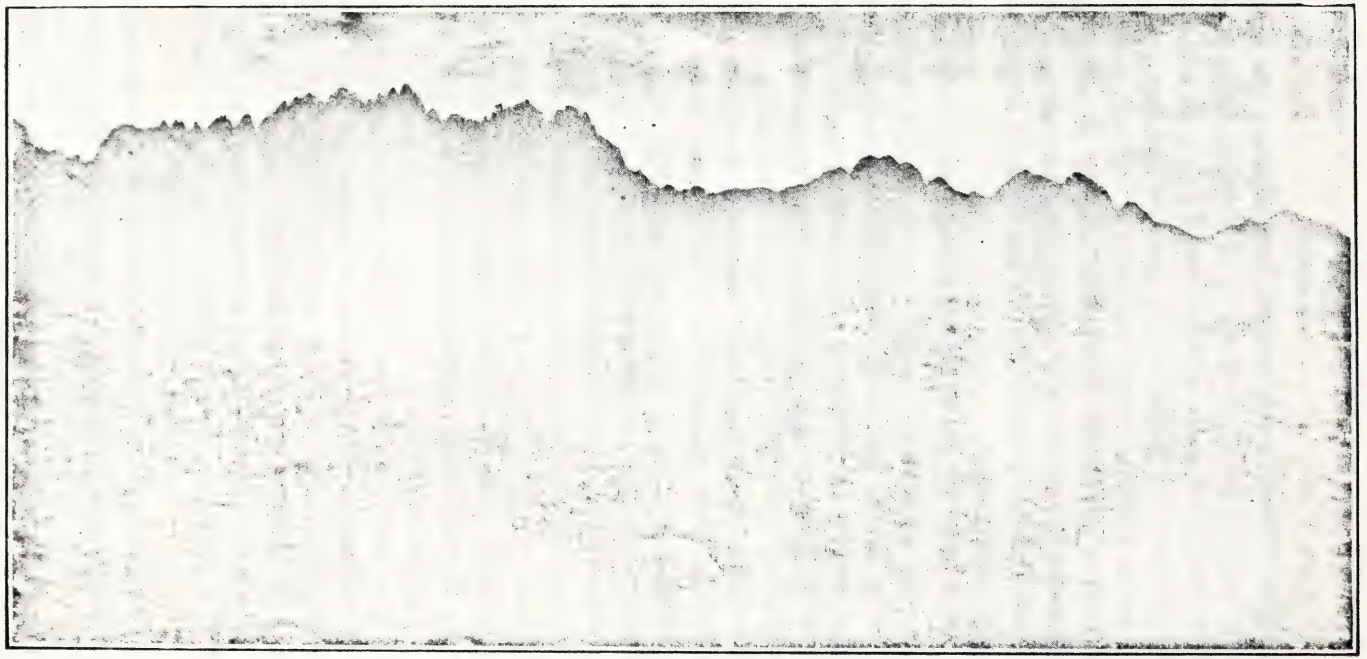
The Crosses

P. E. MC CLENAHAN, M. A.

DOWN in Southern New Mexico where the sun shines three hundred and sixty-five days each year and the silvery Rio Grande winds its devious and uncertain course about, over and through a bed that varies from one-half to three miles in width, is a little valley hemmed in by mountain ranges and mesas, that has a prehistoric and a historic record that is worthy the attention of historians who have given their life to the study.

The Mesilla Valley is a narrow strip about eight to fifteen miles wide and bounded on the east by the beautiful treeless Organ mountains which raise their magnificent granite peaks to 9000 feet and in the evening they catch the gorgeous golden sunbeams and separate them into special colors with such rapidity that one can hardly realize he is only looking at rocks and not at a real moving picture rainbow with its harmony and profusion of colors. These mountains are said by some to be named Organ because the rocks resembled the pipes of an organ, but better authority states that they were named for a tribe of Indians that once inhabited them. Yet, with all their glory of the present, they have a dark and gloomy past which antedates authentic records.

Near upon the mesa many a cowboy has bit the dust and other good citizens have lost their lives in attempting to cross the pass while "Low" the poor Indian has gone to the happy hunting grounds in the plural number. On the west of the valley is the Rio Grande which in legend and song is "The Silvery," but in reality the Missouri is a bubbling spring when compared as to clearness. This is often called the Nile of America and it carries



Organ Mountains east of Las Cruces

a silt that is valuable in producing crops; in fact, the nourishment left on the soil when it is flooded for irrigation is more than that removed by growing a crop of alfalfa and as the Egyptian measured his crop by the height of the water which overflowed his land, so to-day the resident of the Mesilla Valley counts his profits by the amount of water that he can procure for irrigation.

To the north is a bunch of peaks that extend in the distance and appear to form a barrier to close the north from any cold or chilly winds, but in reality there are no chilly winds and the Dona Ana grouse hunter who is agile enough to scale the rocks and keen enough to shoot slightly around a curve can hit a fleet footed black tail deer as he meanders, at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, over the rocks.

Little is known of the early history of this valley, but much evidence, which cannot here be given, points a visit from Don Senior Alvar Nunez Cabeza De Vaca, the first white man who ever crossed the sunny south-west and left any authentic records to verify his deeds. It is quite probable that early Spaniards who were seeking for the famous legendary cities of Cibola, were in this territory and explored its lands, but they left only traces of their wanderings and no authentic records of their work. Yet here to-day after nearly four hundred years, the indelible mark of Spain is fixed upon the inhabitants of this territory. About three hundred years after the first Spanish visit to this territory, we have the first record of people who visited this valley and from that time until to-day its fertile soil and mild semitropical climate has attracted citizens who wish to bask in the perpetual sunshine and live in ease off the crops of alfalfa and fruit which grow in wonderful profusion.

In 1835 the first American made a trip across this valley and found some evidences of occupation, but did not see anyone and in 1840 a pack train of forty-five Mexicans went on a trip to the south, but they never reached their destination. They were attacked by a hostile band of Indians and like the famous Custer band, they fought until they were exterminated but here not even a scout escaped to tell the horrible story or to bring friends to the scene of the conflict. Later, a wandering padre found the multi-

lated bodies lying and drying and as if Indian mutilation was not enough, the ravenous coyote had added his lacerations until the bodies presented a grusome sight, but the kind padre gathered the remains and dug a grave for each. Then, after uttering a prayer, he filled the graves and placed a small wooden cross upon each mound to mark it and protect each grave from desecration, for all inhabitants in this section reverence the cross and treat as holy ground the spot where it is erected. This spot became known far and near as "Las Cruces" which is only Spanish for "The Crosses" and it was near this spot where the forty Mexicans sacrificed their lives for the sake of commerce that the present city of Las Cruces was located. After many years, these wooden crosses decayed and fell, so that the record of these early graves was fast disappearing when a second time a good padre made a huge cross, painted it black and left it as a symbol instead of all the ones which had previously been erected, and to-day this black cross stands near the Church of St. Genevieve and is the only thing to recall to the memory the early massacre, but the Church with its records and its unique history now stands in the midst of a hustling, lively southern city of 5000 or more inhabitants.

Here you can see the Mexican in all his glory. The broad brimmed high crowned hat and large jingling spurs are omnipresent articles of apparel. He rides a busted bronco up the dusty street upon the run, hops lightly to the ground, pulls the rein over the horse's head and lets it fall to the ground and whether he is gone one hour or five, the faithful Cayuse will be waiting his return. Here on the streets the little brown native with wrinkles so deep that the creases seem to extend to the bone, leans nonchalantly against the brown adobe walls and offers to sell fruit to the citizen as he passes.

To-day this place with its modern bank, its live, up-to-date drygoods and grocery stores, gives little evidence of the early history and stirring times of pioneer days before the railroad came and when the "Wild and Woolly" men had it as a rendezvous and when men settled their differences by the use of a gun.

For many years after its founding, Las Cruces had no special history that would distinguish it from many other southern vil-



Natives ready for the Guadaloupe Dance in front of Church of St. Genevieve

lages. The Mexican built his house of mud or as he calls it "Adobe," bricks with flat roofs and square with an open court in the middle, where they planted fig trees and grew flowers in profusion. It was in this court that the wealthy man took his afternoon "Siesta" and entertained his friends.

In 1848 an army officer named "Chapman" surveyed the present city of Las Cruces and the same year a number of inhabitants came and started the settlements, but the visit of Don Nester Armijo in the following year is the only evidence of this early settlement and even then there was a great mesquite jungle near where the city now stands and which extends north along the Almeda road to Fletchers' old ranch.

The first settlers here were a band of Pueblo Indians who came from Cuidad Juarez across the river from El Paso, Texas, and made this place their home. They erected some adobe huts, established dances and cultivated their superstitions and gradually came under the domination of the white settlers who came.

In the Church of St. Genevieve, which now stands in the most conspicuous place on Main Street and lifts its two crosses above the surrounding flat roofs as sentinels, the records show that on May 16, 1859, Manual Chaves was baptized. There is probably some earlier baptisms, but the early records were lost.

At this time, Las Cruces was a very primitive settlement and had little intercourse with the outside world. Then it took two months of time, a lot of nerve and a considerable amount of gunpowder to bring a team from Kansas City to Santa Fe and the trip from Santa Fe to Las Cruces was very tedious, as they drove ox teams tied by the horns while the drivers prodded them with steel pointed gads.

The houses at that time were not the comfortable ones of today; they had no wood floors and the windows had no glass, but were simply "Holes in the Wall" and closed at night with bars and shutters, but finally a glass window came but it cost the owner $60.00 and few were bought for many years to come.

Gradually mule teams crept down the Rio Grande bearing settlers, and houses became more plentiful and various commercial enterprises began to thrive. The angel of commerce sailed over this section and inspired the "Monana" (to-morrow) inhabitants. Pedro Diaz built a grist mill,—crude it is true, but still it

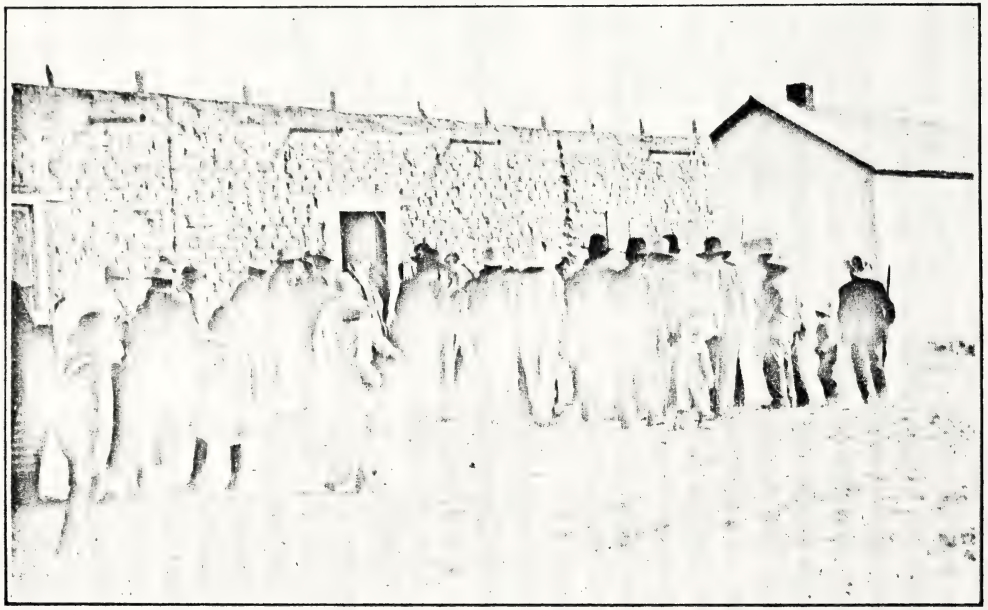
was a great improvement over the earlier methods of pounding corn in a mortar.

In 1860 the "Mesilla Valley News" was established and for two years it kept the inhabitants posted upon the price of eggs and copper while it breathed out a spirit of southern democracy that blasted the hope of opposing politicians, but later it perished and to-day two English and three Spanish papers supply the citizens with the latest local news and disseminate political opinions for the edification of the residents of the valley.

At an early date a fort was established several miles to the south of Las Cruces and it was christened Filmore in honor of Millard Filmore who was then president of the United States. At this fort, large "adobe" structures were erected and barracks built for the protection of the soldiers who were sent to this fort about the time that the brave patriotic Douphin was in command of New Mexico. At first cavalry dragoons were the only ones but later a company of infantry was sent here in charge of Captain Shepard. This fort was occupied from the time it was built until 1891, except for a short period during the civil war, January, 1863, to May, 1865, when it was in the hands of the confederate troops. This fort was one of the sources of revenue for Las Cruces and the inhabitants here took special delight in furnishing Enchiladas and Chili Con Carne for the boys in blue.

This fort was a non-revenue producer and cost the government a large sum of money to build and maintain. They first secured one square mile of ground from the Bracito grant in 1851 and were to pay $200,000.00 for a twenty years' lease. But even though supplies were high, this was a strategic point and the soldiers were necessary for a great many reasons. Indians were troublesome, it was near the border land, there was trouble between the cattle companies and the independent cowboys, then wild and wooly things, and renegades from various parts of the continent passed this country on their way to Mexico or overland to California; hence, if order was to be maintained, Uncle Sam must do it and troops were a necessity.

Then, a few miles above Las Cruces, another fort was established in 1865, which had for its purpose the same as Fort Filmore. This was named after Colonel Henry Selden of the First



An adobe house and natives going to a dance. Sacks on roof are filled with sand and candles are placed in them and lighted at night

New Mexico volunteers and who died in 1865. This fort was also abandoned later and now only the ruined "adobe" walls stand as a reminder of the grim days when men did not live by meat alone. Now the walls are only a skeleton of buildings, once useful, but now only form a refuge for bats and are haunted by the Kyole, reflecting back the wailing, sighing winds as they whistle across the peak of the old mount, Picacho.

But while troops and Indians have had many stirring times in this locality, Las Cruces was not without its gentler influences and "padre" and sisters cast their benign influence over this Happy Valley (Mesilla means Happy) and spread the teaching of the lowly Nazarene abroad in the land. Here, as in New England, the pioneers felt it their duty to provide for education, and in 1870 the Academy of Visitation was established by Sisters of Loretto and it has gradually increased in power and efficiency until to-day it is one of the best equipped and most influential schools in the Mesilla valley. Here to-day its magnificent structure stands as a monument to education and as a reward to the faithful sisters who have given their service without hope of earthly reward. Here they have toiled and taught more than a third of a century and to-day this institution schools a large number of girls who are making their service valuable and dedicating their life to education.

But to-day the ancient glory and pictures of Las Cruces is doomed. Modern business houses have been erected, modern methods have taken the place of the ancient ways. The ox team and burrows are gradually giving way to the horse and automobile. The adobe structure is being replaced by a modern brick one and gradually the native and his habits and customs are being changed by the advent of modern business men and methods. Yet, there is still enough of the old picturesque buildings and men, who are too old to change, to give the tourist a faint glimpse of this interesting but fast disappearing civilization.

Here near the Rio Bravo Del Norte (Spanish for Rio Grande) phoenix like from the ruins of a past civilization rises the super structure of a modern city, with paved streets, electric lights and modern equipments. "Las Cruces" points with pride to her records of a patriotic heroic past and looks with pleasure to a useful future.

AN INDIAN PAYMENT

BY CROCKET MC ELROY

IN August 1855, about three thousand Chippewa Indians gathered at the village of Lapointe, on Lapointe Island, Lake Superior, for an Indian Payment and also to hold a council with the commissioner of Indian affairs, who at that time was George W. Monypenny of Ohio. The Indians selected for their orator a chief named Blackbird, and the choice was a good one, as Blackbird held his own well in a long discussion with the commissioner. Blackbird was not one of the haughty style of Indians, but modest in his bearing, with a good command of language and a clear head. In his speeches he showed much ingenuity and ably pleaded the cause of his people. He spoke in Chippewa stopping frequently to give the interpreter time to translate what he said into English. In beginning his address he spoke substantially as follows:

"My great white father, we are pleased to meet you and have a talk with you. We are friends and we want to remain friends. We expect to do what you want us to do, and we hope that you will deal kindly with us. We wish to remind you that we are the source from which you have derived all your riches. Our furs, our timber, our lands, everything that we have goes to you; even the gold out of which that chain was forged (pointing to a heavy watch chain that the commissioner carried) came from us, and now we hope that you will not use that chain to bind us."

The commissioner was an amiable man and got along pleasantly with his savage friends, besides managing the council skilfully.

Among the prominent chiefs attending the payment was Buffalo, then called "Old Buffalo," as he had a son called "Young Buffalo" who was also an old man. Old Buffalo was said to be over one hundred years old. He died during the council and

the writer witnessed the funeral. He was buried in the Indian grave yard near the Indian church in Lapointe village. The body was laid on a stretcher formed of two poles laid lengthwise and several poles laid crosswise. The stretcher was carried on the shoulders of four Indians. Following the corpse was a long procession of Indians in irregular order. It was claimed for Buffalo, that he maintained a camp many years before at the mouth of Buffalo Creek on the Niagara River, and that the creek and the present large and flourishing city of Buffalo were named after him.

Another prominent chief attending the conference was Ne-gon-up, head chief of the Fond-du-lac Indians. Negonup's camp was on the south side of the St. Louis River in Wisconsin, about where the city of Superior now stands. Negonup was a shrewd, practical Indian and had considerable influence. The writer saw him going to the Indian church one Sunday, there was a squaw on each side of him and one behind, they were said to be his wives. A good and zealous Methodist minister named Wheeler desired to talk to Negonup and his tribe about the Great Spirit. Negonup it is said, expressed himself in regard to Mr. Wheeler in this manner:

"Mr. Wheeler comes to us and says he wants to do us good. He looks like a good man and we think he is and we believe his intentions are good, but he does not bring us any proof. Now, if Mr. Wheeler will bring to me a good supply of barrels of flour and barrels of pork, for distribution among my people, then I shall be convinced that he is a good man."

The sessions of the council began on August 30th and were held in the open air on a grass common. On the second day the special police acting under directions from the Indian agent H. Gilbert, seized two barrels of whisky that was being secretly sold to the half-breeds and Indians. The proceedings of the council were suspended and the two barrels of whisky were rolled into the center of the common. Mr. Gilbert then took a hatchet, chopped a hole into each barrel and poured the whiskey out on the ground. A few half-breeds and Indians in the outer edge of the crowd dropped on their knees and sucked some of the whisky out of the grass.

In accordance with the stipulations of a treaty, the government was distributing among the Indians a large quantity of blankets, cotton cloth, calico and other kinds of cloth to be used for clothing or bedding. Also provisions, farming implements, cooking utensils and other articles supposed to be useful to the Indians. The Indians were entitled to a certain value per head in goods and also in cash. The cash payment was, I think, two dollars and fifty cents per head. The goods were distributed first, to the heads of families. After the goods were disposed of the money was paid in gold and silver.

Notwithstanding the care exercised by the Indian agent to prevent the sale of liquor to Indians they were still able to find it, and occasionally some would be found drunk. One who was acting badly was arrested and confined in a log lockup, and while there created a great disturbance. He pounded his head against the logs and yelled so loud and continuously as to excite the other Indians and some of them became very angry. It was feared they would make trouble and a rumor spread through the village that the Indians would rise that night, break into the jail, release the prisoner and then murder all the white people on the island. As the Indians outnumbered the whites ten to one the excitement became painfully intense and a meeting of whites and half-breeds was called to take action. A company of volunteers was organized to assist the Indian agent in searching for and destroying liquors. A systematic and thorough search was made of nearly every building in the village, from attic to cellar. A good deal of liquor was found and promptly destroyed. After two days of this kind of work the danger of murders being committed by drunken Indians was supposed to be past and quiet was restored. Either the laws of the United States give the Indian agent in such cases arbitrary power, or the agent assumed it, at any rate it was courageously exercised.

A good many of the Indians were warriors, who were frequently, in fact, almost constantly at war with the Sioux. They were pure savages, totally uncivilized, and the faces of some of them had an expression as utterly destitute of human kindness as I have ever seen in wild beasts. A small portion of them were partially civilized and a very few could talk a little English.

Nearly all the Indians came to the island in their own canoes bringing along the entire family.

The agent completed his work in about twenty-five days.

There is hardly anything that a savage Indian has less use for than money and when it comes into his hands he hastens to spend it. It goes quickly into the hands of traders, half-breeds and the partially civilized Indians.

A few days previous to the opening of the council, the Indians gave a war dance which was attended by a large crowd of Indians and whites. A ring about twenty feet in diameter was formed by male Indians and squaws sitting crosslegged around it, a number of whom had small unmusical drums. The ceremony commenced with the Indians in the circle singing: "Hi yi yi, i e, i o." This was the whole song and it was repeated over and over with tiresome monotony, and the drums were beaten to keep time with the singing. After the singing had been going on for some minutes a warrior bounced into the ring and began to talk. Instantly the singing stopped. The orator showed great agitation, no doubt for the purpose of convincing his hearers that he was a brave warrior. He hopped and jumped about the ring, swung his arms violently and pointed toward his enemies in the west. He was apparently telling how badly the Sioux had been beaten in the last fight, or how they would be whipped in the next one, and perhaps also how many scalps he had taken. So soon as the talking stopped the singing would begin again and after a little more of the ridiculous music, another warrior would bounce into the ring and begin his speech.

For this occasion some of the Indians were painted with different colored paints, made out of clay and other coarse materials daubed on without much regard to order or taste. A good many males were entirely naked except that they wore breech clouts. One Indian had one leg painted black and the other red, and his face was daubed with various colored paints, so that except in the form of his body, he looked like anything but a human being. When a few speeches had been made the war dance ended.

During the council a begging party of Indians went the rounds of the camps to solicit donations for a squaw widow with four

children, whose husband had been killed by the Sioux. At every tent something was given and the articles were carried along by the party. One of the presents was a dead dog, a rope was tied to the dog's legs and an Indian put the rope over his head and let the dog hang on his back. The widow marched in the procession, she was a large, strong woman with long hair in a single braid hanging down her back. To the end of the braid was tied two scalps which dangled about one foot below. It was said she had killed two Sioux in revenge for their killing her husband and had taken their scalps.

Among the notable persons in attendance at the council, was a lady distinguished as a writer of fiction under the pen name of Grace Greenwood. She had been recently married to a Mr. Lippincott and was accompanied by her husband. Mrs. Lippincott did not look like a healthy woman, but she lived to be forty-nine years older and to be highly respected and honored before she died in the year 1904.

THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG

An Incident of the Civil War

BY ELIZABETH MC CLENNAN

IN the summer of 1864 while the War of the Rebellion was still distracting and destroying our unhappy country, I had my first, and I hope my last, experience of the horrors of warfare. Many an hour I had spent during the preceding winter in company with other little girls in Philadelphia making lint and rolling bandages under my mother's directions and listening as we worked, to war stories past and present.

Among the latter the account of the two raids upon Chambersburg by the rebels, who carried away with them all available provisions, many horses and negroes, filled us with excitement. We delighted in the story of an old household darkey who covered her face with flour and asked her mistress if the "rebs" would not think she was "sho' 'nough white." These and other stories of the same nature were more amusing than terrifying, and when my brother and I were invited to spend a month in Chambersburg with the family of Dr. S— we looked forward to a possible encounter with the rebels in the course of our holiday with a pleasurable thrill of anticipation.

At that time Chambersburg was a flourishing town in the heart of the fertile valley of the Cumberland, and when we arrived on the evening of July 28th, the wheat harvest had begun and the farmers were very busy, for it was rumored that the Confederates under McCausland were preparing for another invasion.

On the morning of the 29th the report spread rapidly that squads of Southern cavalry were crossing the Potomac. Scouts brought in fresh news of their rapid advance from hour to hour.

The citizens assembled on their door-steps, after the fashion of country towns, in the early evening, and discussed the latest tidings. Our hosts lived in a house with a large garden near the hospital in which many Union and about a dozen Rebel soldiers were being cared for.

A long straggling cavalcade of refugees with their families in carts and hay wagons laden with hastily packed household treasures passed through the principal streets until late into the night, calling to the watching crowds, "The Rebels are coming, you had better come with us."

A baggage train intended for General Hunter's army happened to be in Chambersburg that night in charge of General Couch and one company of Federal soldiers quite inadequate for the protection of the town. After a consultation with the chief citizens General Couch decided to move on with his train of supplies toward Shippensburg, and the heavy army wagons went clattering through the streets almost at the heels of the refugees.

Dr. S—— then suggested hiding the family silver and other valuables and while the women of the household packed, the men dug a hole in the garden in which a large box was safely concealed. We children were sent off to bed, but I remember being too excited to sleep that night, although not a suspicion of the horrors of warfare I was so soon to witness crossed my mind.

Very early the next morning (Saturday, July 30th), about four o'clock, three shells were thrown over the town by the enemy. The noise they made was strange and awesome, and was followed soon after by the more familiar sound of bugles. By that time the Confederates had completely surrounded the town and squads of gray soldiers began to defile through the streets. In an incredibly short time they massed about the Court House and rang the great bell to summon the citizens to a parley. Feeling that they could not gain anything by negotiation, very few of the townspeople obeyed the summons. To the few assembled Captain Fitzhugh, one of McCausland's staff officers, read a written order signed by General Early, demanding a tribute of one hundred thousand dollars in gold or five hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks. If this was not given, the town would

be immediately set on fire in retaliation for six or eight houses burnt in Virginia by General Hunter.

It was impossible to comply with this demand and the citizens remonstrated in vain against the monstrous crime of burning a whole town of six thousand inhabitants. Captain Fitzhugh ordered his command to set to work at once, and detachments of five or six men armed with torches and bundles of tow saturated with kerosene entered house after house and began the work of destruction. I shall never forget the ruthless, cold-blooded rapidity of their proceedings. In a few minutes fires had broken out in a dozen places. Time to secure clothing or family valuables was sternly refused. It was with great difficulty that sick and aged people were rescued at all. In one house very near my host's residence, an old lady had died during the night, and the son-in-law begged that the house might be spared, as his wife and young child were not in a condition to be removed at once, but no mercy was shown by the marauders.

I am glad to say, however, that one officer in gray uniform came to the assistance of the afflicted family, and helped to carry the body of the old lady into the garden where, wrapped in a blanket, it was guarded by the mourners the rest of the day. Dr. S——'s house, where we children were staying, was entered three different times by squads of incendiaries. Once they got as far as the front bed-room in the second story and proceeded without delay to turn up the mattresses of the bed with the intention of placing the oil-soaked balls of tow between them, but owing to the fact that the wounded Rebel soldiers were under the Doctor's charge, an officer had given him a written order to the effect that the houses adjoining the hospital should be spared, and with many oaths they took their departure. Mrs. S—— was obliged, however, to give the men all the food she had in the house, and they carried from her hospitable store-room a batch of home-made pastry which was certainly not intended for their use. With the exception of this block very few houses in the best part of the town withstood the flames.

The Court House, Bank, Town Hall, printing office, every store and hotel, and two churches were burned to the ground. Between three and four hundred dwelling houses were destroyed

leaving more than three thousand people homeless. The inhabitants, men, women and children, worked hard throughout the dreadful conflagration. Bucket brigades were formed, in which we all took part, but the town possessed but one wretched little engine and our efforts were so ineffectual that they merely amused the enemy.

The weather was hot and sultry, the roar of the flames, the dense smoke and crash of falling walls filled the day with horror. The men who did not belong to the firing parties diverted themselves by pillaging the shops and gathering in all the plunder they could lay their hands on.

For two hours the work of destruction continued, and then at last the command was given to march out of the town. It was about one o'clock when the troops left Chambersburg, and three hours later a company of Union soldiers under General Averil passed through the smouldering ruins in pursuit of McCausland's men. Loud and heartfelt were the cheers which greeted the first sight of the flag they carried.

I remember accompanying Mrs. S—— later in the afternoon through the ruined streets. Never can I forget the sights, nor the sound of the crashing walls and chimneys as we slowly made our way in search of friends to succor. By nightfall the house was crowded with homeless people only too thankful to find a sleeping place on the floor, but we one and all went supperless to bed, for even the apples on the trees in the garden had been carried off by the foe.

My brother still possesses a trophy of that momentous day in our visit to Chambersburg. A Rebel insisted upon exchanging hats with him in the street, and a very forlorn gray hat with an interesting bullet hole through the crown, is kept as a souvenir of the encounter.

One of the Rebel officers fastened his horse in front of the house, and spent the morning flirting with Dr. S——'s pretty daughter, and before he left begged for a long gray feather she wore in her hat as a souvenir of a pleasant meeting, but the Northern girl retorted that he should have no favors from her, that she had only talked to him to keep him out of mischief.

There was a valuable colt in the stable, too young to be sent

off with the horses and yet it was feared the rebels would seize it if possible. After some cogitation on the subject, the colt was put into a wash-house adjoining the kitchen, and the doors and windows nailed up. In the midst of the excitement of that dreadful morning, we heard a great noise back of the house and found that the colt had managed to break down the boards at the window and had put his head out to see what was going on. Fortunately, he did not fall a prey to the enemy.

Even in the midst of the destruction and wanton cruelty, it was explained to us children that the work was being done by the very rabble of the Southern army, and that the lawlessness of McCausland's troop was notorious. More than one anecdote was afterward told of the aversion some of the officers showed to the peremptory orders given them, and it was even remembered that in some cases individuals in Confederate uniforms joined the bucket brigades and did all they could to stop the progress of the flames.

The next morning (Sunday) some of the most prominent citizens managed to get up a special train to Harrisburg, fifty-two miles from Chambersburg. A distraught and weary-looking crowd of passengers took their places in the cars. After we were seated, we heard a great commotion in the station, and men armed with guns and pistols went chasing through the train and overhead on the roofs of the cars in hot pursuit of six or seven of the incendiaries who had been captured by the angry citizens and shut up over night in the round house at the depot. A rumor that they had escaped and were hiding in the train, caused the excitement, but the report was unfounded, and at last the train got under way, passing a number of cattle cars which the refugees had secured as temporary homes, and reaching Harrisburg about seven o'clock that evening.

HERALDIC VISITATION OF THE PROVINCES OF THE EMPIRE IN AMERICA

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC, HERALD-MARSHALL *

WHEN one proceeds to form a science of any subject it is by research, comparison and classification. No one would classify the donkey and the mule with the horse, though one may see clearly that they have a certain animal resemblance. The horse is discovered everywhere at the present time, but by research it is found that he is a native of Arabia; he was introduced into Europe by the Phoenicians, and into America by the Spaniards.

With nobility it is the same as with the horse; it is everywhere discovered in greater or less purity. Everywhere it has the same laws the same code of honor, and similar manners and customs. Research teaches that nobility is all of one race distributed into different parts of the Earth by chance, by adventure, by good fortune and by disaster, until absorbed by the different peoples among whom its members had first dominated, it has lost here and there its primary purity of type, then its position of superiority, finally its definiteness of character, until through amalgamation, it has disappeared as a distinct race among the races of its localities. Its qualities, type and superiority reappear at times as "survivals" in certain families whose line of descent has preserved more of the original purity of race and blood. This nobility was originally the Aryan or noble race, that gave a civilization to all other races wherever it has moved, and a standard to character in honor, magnanimity and hospitality.

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These qualities were peculiarly its own, being the functions of its mind and structure. They were illustrated in every station of command, its members have occupied.

In the confusion and convulsion of human living, the members of a people who inherit its blood are drawn towards each other by natural affinity, and constitute the Aristocracy.

Aristocracy, to use a Spencerian phrase, is the result of a specialization among peoples of the units of noblesse. The science of Anthorpology has described its origin and gives the laws governing its rise, its fall and decay. Its appearance was manifested in the assemblying in a body of the bravest, noblest and most honorable, able and loyal of these purer blooded inhabitants at the call of some chieftain among them for sympathy and defense. They retained their qualities with their physical excellence. But so soon as intermarriage is had between those of its offspring and other classes, who from the necessity of their different fibre and character esteem money and rank to be first, employing craft and fraud to succeed therein, it must appear that the attributes of nobility are weakened. With these attributes assuming a less prominence in practice owing to inability in the adulterated blood, noblesse de race is already on a decline and falls with the extinction of those attributes that have built it up. [See Gobineau'' Essai sur I'Inegalité des Races Humaines''; La Pouge, Les Selections Sociales; Fouillée, ''Psychologie des Peuples Europeens.''

Aristocracy being the effect of organic difference, isolated by the ambition of its spirit to command and rule, existed in the Dolichocephale Aryan of Europe, purest of whom were the Francs and Visigoths, conquering the World and giving to the nations of all Europe their Royalites and Nobilities, Feudalism and Heraldry. The prologue of the Salic Law of the Francs—of those 5,000 heroic Warriors under their chief Clovis, who conquered the Roman Empire without disturbing its civilization—says: ''the illustrious nation of the Francs, formed by the hand of God, strong in War, profound in council, noble in stature of beauty in form and purity of blood, having courage, readiness and energy, searching knowledge through inspiration of God de-

siring justice, and guarding sacred honor according to its customs, dictates the Salic Law by means of the assembly of its chieftains. Beaune "Introduction du Droit Coutumier Français" p. 136.

In this manner, nobility shows itself more ancient than the constitution of a state, since it is the first order of men to discover the translation of the laws of nature governing human action and becomes itself the chief factor and defense of that constitution which it proclaims.

"Above all the institution of ancient Germany, Tacitus describes a warlike aristocracy that conducts the nation to battle and judges it during peace. Royalty is but an emanation of this aristocracy, essentially mobile, according to the primative social condition having no lands (at this early epoch) and no privilege, possessing in property only its glory and its personal renown which it transmits to descendants. These warriors govern and administer concurrently with the King. They receive from the state Lands in compensation and in title of feudal sovereignty and they never admit that the sovereign power is exclusively the King's prerogative" (Beaune, Ibid Vol. I, pp. 145-6. But it must be remembered throughout that race-qualities, Honor and Loyalty, were deemed superior to the greatest feudal tenure and political office. "At Rome at least under the Empire, the aristocracy was above all, a *Caste*. It was a state within the state. The noble had numerous privileges, he possessed often large domains, but it was not exclusively by the possession of his vast domain or his privileges that he held his rank; it was above all from his family, from the souvenir of his illustrious ancestors" [Beaune "le Deoit Coutumier Feançais," p. 280-1].

In regard to the King, no nobility has ever permitted the King to assume a superiority. "No Carolingian prince has mounted the throne without having been formally recognized; the aristocracy considered the prince but as its "senior" the crown is neither purely and simply hereditary, nor elective; in the beginning it was hereditary with the consent of the nobles. ["Glasson: Hist. du Droit et des Inst. de La France"] "Charlemagne was not only Emperor of the West; he preserved all the attribute of

King of the Francs and took that of King of the Lombards—he was above all and ever chief of the Austrasian [Frankish] aristocracy ["Glasson" Hist. du Droit et des Inst. de la France," Vol. II, p. 409.

In the administration the sovereignty of the state was represented by the King, the honor of the nation by the nobles, the industry and wealth by those prominent therein. These three concurrent forms of representation in government have been transmitted throughout Europe and America; the first, the King, President, or Governor; the second, Council of Nobles, Sovereign Council, house of Lords, Senate; the third, popular assembly, Parliament, house of Deputies and Representatives. When they cease to fulfill their intent; when the Senate ceases to be patrician and the house of Lords, noble; when the King, ceases to be King, then the state declines. But the decline has been prepared for by the admixture of classes, the adulteration of blood, the confusion of functions and of principles. It happens then, that the whole political economy and social science, as well as the promulgation and stability of the constitution depends on the Aristocracy. In his ten books on the "Republic" Plato, 600 years before Christ, gives his solemn sufferage to the aristocracy. These are the facts from history.

Now the law of states comes to explain them, confirm them, and extenuate their meaning. The law points out that all the inhabitants of a country who possess its soil, joined together form the estates of the realm; their prerogative is sovereign—they are the sovereign people; that is, when united, but separately, each one is such a part of the sovereignty as his possession in land and influence represents. The chief executive ruler is the actual sovereign, the landholders are the potential sovereign, he their representative, the ruler, King or President, is the state personified. But from the beginning the aristocratic orders with a primative pre-constitutional, pre-scriptive right have a precedence next after the sovereign whose council they form.

In the ancient state, the king being trustee of the public lands, was obliged by the logic of affairs to admit the aristocracy to the land and acknowledge its prerogative, which, as before, seen, constitute the two legal features of Sovereignty. But this land

tenure and office were deemed by the nobility to be inferior to their Honor and Loyalty. The combining of these, honor and loyalty with land and rank created feudal tenure. In other words, it was conceived that the King personifying the State, held all the land from the Divine source of Nationality; the nobles held their land of the King only in the sense of his being the visible state, and not in any way connected with his personality, or superiority, and the manner of holding this land was by a promise to administer justice and give protection to the people who might dwell on it, and to aid the King in council when he in turn was obliged to administer the State, or to appear in arms and fight the battles of the Commonwealth under his—the State's —Standard. It must be borne in mind that neither rank nor land make nobility, but nobility creates rank and is itself the result of race-culture. The sovereign cannot "make" a noble; he can create an "anobli"—a titled person one who passes as "ennobled." "We attribute, said the deputies of the nobility in 1626, the decadence of the noblesse to an admixture with ignoble races, to the insolent and unrestrained ambition of some of the great nobles in the past century, which has caused the mistrust of the Kings leading them to believe that it is necessary to curtail the power of the nobility by the elevation of others to their places" [Caillet "L' Administration en France Sous Richelieu, p. 123.] "After having spoken separately of the diverse orders of which the state is composed, there remains nothing for me to say in general, except that they all subsist but by the union of the parts in their natural order, otherwise this great kingdom will not flourish if Your Majesty cannot cause to subsist these bodies of which it is composed in their order; the Church, (religion) holding the first place; the Nobility the second, and those officers who represent the people in the third. I proclaim boldly this fact, because it is as important as just to stay the course of certain representatives, who filled with pride because of the great riches which they possess and with authority which rank in certain employments give them are presumptuous to such a point as to wish to be first, when they belong only third. This is so contrary to reason and the good of your Majesty that it is absolutely needful to bring it to a halt, otherwise France will not

be able to be what it has been, or what it ought to be, but a monstruous body without endurance or vitality." [Fifth chapter of the Political Testament of Richelieu]. "In putting the rank of noble within the grasp of the first comer, no matter who, the Sovereign degrades the rank, and in degrading it, whether by carelessness or calculation, he does prejudice against himself, since this order was instituted to occupy the first place" [D'Avenel "La Noblesse Française Sous Richelieu," p. 305.]

Titles and Arms are the hereditary insignia of aristocracy. Aristocracy existed before rank or arms were known, and all the "patents of nobility" and "grants of arms" from all the Kings in the world cannot create an aristocracy—a nobility—any more than all their efforts can change rats into lions. But a nobility creates States, makes and unmakes kings, builds up a civilization and is buried in the grave with that civilization, which no other can sustain but its godlike creators and their pure-blooded progeny; for a country stripped of its "eugeniques" can never recover—no process of "education" or evolution can continue in lines which have been rooted up. The first type once gone, it is only the lower, more mixed type, that remains, and the standard of a differently organized community imposes "Enthusiasm for the beautiful, love of glory [for example, says Renan] have disappeared with the noble classes that incarnated the soul of France. Public opinion and the government of affairs have been transported to the masses, heavy of spirit and gross, whose soul is excited by appetites purely material, and is filled with disdain for poetical ideals and love of glory." It is for this reason as Andre Lebey, declares in his "le Connetable de Bourbon, p. 4, That "merit has divine right to set aside sottishness and to crush mediocrity that bars its route." "In truth," exclaims Lapouge in "Les Selections Sociales," p. 498;"the veritable symbol of democracy is the banishment of Aristides." "The etiquette of whose government," continues Fouillée in the "Pyschologie du Peuple Français," "covers the most hideous tyranny of all—the irresponsible despotism of multitudes." And Prof. Treitschke taught in the Aula of the University of Berlin 19th July, 1895, in his celebrated address that; "a democratic society in no wise seeks for chiefs men of talent, as imagine

the dreamers, for talent ever remains an aristocratic factor; it searches on the contrary men of money or demagogues or both together."

Heraldic titles and arms—the visible symbols of aristocracy—were invented by the Aryan, Gothic Franks as a means of mutual race-recognition after they had conquered and subdued the mongrel, degenerate Empire of the Romans.

With their influence in the state, laws were made that these, their rights of recognition, their property in race-identity, should not be infringed on by the presumptuous and ignoble.

In ancient times the nobility put to death those servants of the King whom the king had dared to decorate with emblems of nobility. Gaveston was hung by the Norman nobles on a gallows fifty feet high in England for daring to receive such from the king of England, and the Scottish nobles, hung from the Bridge of Dee the mechanics who were thus favored by the king of Scotland. Indeed, it was declared by the Norman nobles who signed the Magna Charter that they deposed the King himself for his favor to ignoble personages and for the same reason Edward II was deposed in 1327.

Any Frankish noble whose courage and ability in military command, in the early days when the Franks came down on the dying empire of Rome and saved the fragments from dissolution in civil strife by sheer force of arms, was entitled to hold the land as a fief, hereditary to his family, on which he and his followers had settled. The banner which he chose for his men to march under became the arms and ensign of his family, transmitted to all his offspring. This was the beginning in Europe of family arms. It was the prerogative of this noblesse to assume their ensignia, convenience early suggesting to each one not to assume the same badges, ensigns and arms which their neighbors had assumed to avoid confusion in battle.

The first endeavor to make a regular and orderly registration of arms in France dates from June 17, 1487, when by letters-patent it was ordered that; "several princes, sires, dukes, counts, barons and other nobles in order to transmit their memory to posterity and to cause to be known through the titles which they have merited by their viril deeds and magnanimity, have taken

arms and ensigns which correspond to what they consider their due; these they have transmitted to their descendants, so that by the representation of their worthy deeds their heirs and successors might be more attentive to follow the path of duty; that this usage known to all the world has been particularly attached to the Frankish nation that the names and arms of the Franks might be in perpetual honor and, as the intention of the Sovereign is to preserve this custom, he orders that a catalogue be made in which shall be inscribed the arms of dukes, princes, counts, barons, seigneurs, chatelains and other nobles in all the provinces, bailiwicks, prevoties and other jurisdictions of the kingdom, Dauphiny, Provence and other places belonging; and, as through lack of knowledge of the science of blasonry, several arms are false, His Majesty gives authority to the King of Arms to inspect them by visitation in the catalogue, each according to its degree so that hereafter, those to whom they belong may use them without dispute or constraint."

When the feudal lords ceased to be independent military commanders and administrators, by the growth of the central authority under the King that reduced one after the other to subordinate position, and by the aid of multitudes in the great cities patronized by the King, took away the local administration of the feudal lords, their banners became merely their symbols of race-purity; of the Gothic, Frankish, Norman or Germanic Chivalry.

All the legends of antiquity, the founding of states, the initiating of progress, the glorifying of dominion were in the tradition of this nobility, and the halo of their grandeur which these arms and insignia represent, were sought for eagerly by the upstart minions of royal favor; by tricky merchants of ill-gained wealth; by crafty lawyers who had cheated orphans of their patrimony to enrich themselves; by money lenders and usurers who had farmed the revenue in the royal name and oppressed the people with excessive demands to fill their own coffers. This ignoble crew wished to hide their mean origin beneath the ensigns of nobility. These ensigns with money they purchased of the King. But the King by law had no right to grant nobility, since nobility he could not make. He could not grant the ensigns and arms of

nobility, since these were the exclusive property of the aristocracy. Yet the King did grant arms and give parchments of "nobility," contrary to the constitution of his state. In France, however great royal authority arose, it never arose so high that it could rub this truth from its engraved place in the annals of the State. "On diverse remonstrances made by the nobility, presented to the king by their delegates in the States General held at Paris 1614, it was demanded that there must be appointed a Judge of Arms who should keep the universal registers of the noble families of the kingdom. His majesty created therefore, in title of office by edict of June 1615—a Judge-General of Arms to be in the future provided for by some gentleman of ancient race. This charge was given first to Francis de Chevriéres de St. Maurice, who in 1633, indicated his own successor to the king as Pierre d'Hozier. Since that time this charge has been transmitted hereditarily in the family of Hozier." [De Miville; "Armorial Historique de la Noblesse de France," p. 127.]

Because the land, created into a feudal fief or lordship by the occupation of some noble family, was deemed noble, wealthy parvenus, acquiring by purchase or gift of the King, such estate deemed themselves noble, took arms, assumed rank and demanded precedence as nobility. But the real aristocracy awoke them with a rude shock in spite of kings and parliaments. The following ordonnance made by the nobility in States General 26th March, 1555, obliged the King to sign it as law: "To avoid illegal changes of names and taking of arms—all persons are prohibited to change names or take arms without first receiving letters-patent and permission on pain of 1000 livres fine, to be punished as forgers and degraded from rank." "The Ordinance of Orleans 1759, Article 258, declares: "Roturiers and ignobles purchasing noble fiefs shall not by this fact be deemed noble, no matter what be the value of the property acquired by them." It was further declared later that letters-patent of nobility from the King to one not noble could not create nobility. For this reason there were formed two classes among people of rank, I the Noblesse and II the Anobli. The latter derived that rank, not from nobility of race, but by means of a bit of parchment

with the King's seal on it, which could no more give the quality of nobility, than the King's touch could cure the scrofula.

Yet another "ordonnance" declared that "ignobles acquiring noble fiefs cannot take the title thereof, nor oblige gentlemen-tenants of the same to render them personal homage." Besides, the kind of "nobility" created by letters-patent of the King, and mostly for money was revocable. Henry IV revoked 1500 of these titles.

Even the genuine nobility of race and arms could be lost—not by act of the King, but solely through defects and faults in itself. The following rules were established so that the bounds of nobility might be known, telling when its qualities were lost and its rights and privileges forfeited by derogation:

I By generations of servile employment.

II By ignoble marriages.

A. A gentleman did not derogate by maritime commerce: during the reign of Henry IV, it was so declared. In provinces where the nobility were of ancient Frankish or Norman origin, and were much impoverished it was declared officially that no commerce caused derogation, only that for the time being, nobility was in abeyance.

B. The learned professionss were peculiarly adapted to the nobility on account of their talent and in Dauphiny those doctors even, who were not noble were exempt from the payment of subsidies.

C. A gentleman cultivating his own lands did not derogate; but he could not be a farm-laborer for others without losing quality and being deemed servile.

Most of these precedents referred to have been taken from French sources, but it is because the ancient Gothic Francs, the people that became the nobility of Europe, in France fixed the model for all states, which, since the days of Charlemagne, were followed throughout Europe and in Scotland, but not in England. A special view of the English, or rather Anglo-Saxon, manner of esteeming aristocracy is needed.

The Saxon race in Europe, like most confederations, was formed for self-interest. While the Franks and Goths, their

antheses, were established on the feud, or word of honor, and for the "glory of War and bravery;" while the Germans had their faith and chivalry and the Normans approved and adopted that of the Franks, the Saxons banded themselves together for plunder, and to protect that plunder and themselves from the enterprises of others. Some have seen in the word "Saxon" a derivative of Saca, a sac, a plunder-sack, which was one of the indispensable articles with which the Saxon warrior provided himself. With such a foundation, riches became the greatest good in their eyes rather than honor and loyalty. In consequence, the entire World has united to attribute to them a faithlessness that seems naturally theirs. After their establishment in Britain their condition was marked by a distinguished lack of integrity." Their reign was the most odious, the most tyrannical that could be imagined. Servitude covered that part of the island become Anglo-saxon, and I am not better able to describe the degradation, the annihilation of the indigenous race but in saying that the laws of that epoch make no illusion to the vanquished." ["Beaune, Introduction du Droit Coutumier Français," p. 166.] "The English held no communication with theContinent but to conquer territory or to make trade. Charlemagne was obliged to reprimand the bad faith of their merchants they imported into Frankish territory linen of mediocre quality and short measure and essayed to defraud the revenue. In the V century, in the Debates of the Heralds of Arms, it was claimed for England, that she was the Mistress of the North Sea, but instead of using this royalty for the transport of merchandise, she caused it to serve as a means of pillaging the merchant ships of other nations." [Fouillée "Esquisse Psychologique des Peuples Europeens," p. 194.]

Charlemagne was obliged to break up the Saxon nations on the Continent, because after being conquered in war and making a treaty to keep the peace and not to plunder neighboring tribes, no sooner were the Frankish armies withdrawn than they violated their plighted faith. Charlemagne finally destroyed their confederacy, chased some of its members across into Britain and dispersed the remainder as prisoners and settled them in different parts of his dominion.

It was only when William, Duke of Normandy and his companions from different parts of the old Frankish monarchy conquered England, and established feudal tenure with his followers as the aristocracy of Britain, that civilization was introduced. From that time down to the "Wars of the Roses," the understanding that nobility was above wealth prevailed, and that the barons were the chiefs of state: "I had rather be chief of the Barons than King of England" said Earl Warwick the "Kingmaker," when offered the crown. "By what right do you hold your lands?" demanded the court commissioner of Earl de Warrenne in the reign of the Second Henry. Throwing a rusty sword on the Commissioner's table, he replied "by the sword my ancestors won this land under the Conqueror, and by the sword I hold it," which illustrates the actual independence of the nobility from the king and its superiority to all kingly creations.

But this was changed gradually as one by one the ancient Franco-Norman families became extinct or lost their holdings, or became mongrelized and infeebled by admixture with the Saxon race. The majority, which was Saxon, began to prevail at court, and in the hundreds—not from ability but from sheer weight of numbers. Many of the nobles who bear Franco-Norman names have these only to remind them of an origin that is no longer theirs, whether by inherited blood, or quality of race. Of such mongrel elements were the "new men" of the reign of Henry VIII, increasing with the infamy of selling their loyalty and the kingdom to a foreign prince [William of Orange] in 1688. And they form the neucleus of England's modern nobility.

Recent days in Britain sees the ancient feudal aristocracy "stifled under a new one created solely on a money-basis. Each ministry in quitting power leaves a lot of *nouveaux riches* elevated to the dignity of Lords"—[Fouillée—"Esquisse Psychol ogique des Peuples Europeens," p. 238.]

Unlike in France and Europe, where nobility of race was first and those ennobled by letters-patent of the King inferior, in Eng land nobility of race was abolished altogether by letters-patent. No one is a lord of England, no one is "noble" unless he holds a parchment giving him a title from the king, or from the premier,

in the name of the king. Even the children of such a "peer" are not noble, and have no rights, except the elder, to succeed to these honors—a proof of non-nobility of race. It must be allowed, however, in a sense that neither conferred-title nor conferred-arms can create an aristocracy, for aristocracy is a race attribute. "I can give your son a title of nobility, said good King James VI of Scotland to an importunate petitioner in London on one occasion, but the devil himself cannot make him a gentleman."

On the continent, on the contrary, the feudal aristocracy of pre-historic origin, not only chose their own blazonry, but, when in Sovereign-lordship on their own estates, entitled that Sovereignty, as they pleased, using the designation of count, marquis, duke and prince. It was the same with coronets of rank. A coronet of any shape denoted territorial Sovereignty whether of a simple estate, a city, a district, a principality, or a kingdom. At one time in Europe the coronets were borne of a pattern according with the taste of the family. Finally, the court of the Sovereign bred retainers and officers mostly those not of noble race who desired titles and blazonry. Then and not until then were different degrees given to titles and coronets were shaped to conform to the rank conferred. Precedence was invented so that a person of one title gave place to one bearing another of a higher degree. This was especially the case in England, while on the continent and in old monarchical France nobility of race [regardless of title] held the first place—for with nobility the title is nothing; with the ignoble, titles give precedence. It was this as was seen that in France produced at one time a hostility between the nobles and the court, when the court insisted in endowing those who had not the race with the insignia of race-attributes, and pretended that mere titled-non-entities, should take precedence over purity of race and generations of meritorious achievement and independent local sovereignty, dating back to the founders of the state itself. In this light, without aristocracy, titles, arms and rank have no value—since their value is solely symbolic and not intrinsic. But it is just the reverse in England. The British "Peerage" is the greatest "white-washing machine" of the parliamentary government of England, to be

used in favor of many whose tricks of finance and of politics have gained the prize of titled rank—in spite of base and mongrel origin. In its policy of biographies, it goes further, and by keeping hidden the vulgar antecedents of many of the "English Lords" causes the uninitiated to believe that they may have had cultured and thorough-bred forbears. Witness the great brewers "ennobled" for the beer they have brewed. Witness the cotton brokers made "lords." Witness the money-lenders and userers: the Canadian vulgarians, ascending from heaps of gold derived from tricky finance and "the Canadian Pacific Railway Scandal" to "titled" eminence. It reminds one of what Plato had written "Honor and wealth are in opposite scales of the balance, the one cannot rise but the other must fall."

Now when America was discovered by Columbus in 1492 the Aryan Gothic and Seigneurial chivalry, at least in the majority of States, was in command. The Moors were encroaching on the South of Spain. Men rode about in armor and joisted in the tourneys for the favor of a lady's glance. Troubadours wandered from castle to castle and chanted of Charlemagne and his Palladins; of Roland and the battle of the Roncevalles. The honor of a pledge was deemed sacred and above the price of gold. Race-distinctions were considered of divine origin and the very laws of some countries were made to protect their purity.

In the next century, America, passing to Charles V. of Hapsburg, Grand Duke of Austria and Germanic Emperor of the Romans, was erected into a feudal fief of the Empire and the first Aryan and Seigneurial title of the nobility to be established there, was granted the grand-son of Christopher Columbus, descended from Colombo, the Norman who came to Italy with Tancred. Land in central America was erected into this fief as a duchy under the name of Duchy of Veragua.

From that date down to the Revolution in Britain of 1688, feudal fiefs were granted in America by the Stuart Kings of Scotland, etc., who gave feudal charters to 13 provinces; by the Bourbon Kings of France down to 1763, whose concessions were in Canada, Acadia and Louisiana; by the Kings of Spain, in Flori-

da and Texas to 1763, and by the States of Holland to 1680 in New Netherland, New York.

It is universally conceded that the early settlers of America, except those shipped as convicts, paupers, laborers, indentured apprentices, etc., were of the better classes of Europe. They had means to pay their passage, influence and money to secure grants of land, education in letters sufficient to draw up documents, make transfers and testaments. Not only this, but the portraits of members of the Colonial Aristocracy which are in existence at the present time, show by their physiognometical outlines that the possessors belonged to respectable rank.

Now the laws of every Colony provided for the three forms of representation, which have been constitutional or organic, since the first, normal, primative nationality. First the governor, to represent the Crown or Sovereignty; second, the Council to represent the Aristocracy; third, the Assembly to represent the Freeholders, who formed the Estates of the Realm. But as each province of America was a fief of the Crown and not a constituency of any parliament, or popular assembly of any of the colonizing powers, the process by which the major part of the colonies were held "in tuition and defense" was by subinfeudation; the concession of fiefs, manors, lordships and baronies with the appropriate prerogative of local sovereignty, hereditary in the family of the grantees, with right to sit in the King's council in the colonies, and to dictate to the King's governor the necessary ordinances to pass.

In a government of this sort, if the King or Emperor, might be coerced by the democracy of his own particular state—as that which murdered Charles I and Louis XVI—the King, or Emperor could summon the barons and seigneurs of these subinfeudations and provinces who, true to their responsibility, holding fealty to King as the state personified and not to democracy [its most vulgar faction] were bound to rally their own proper warriors and crush the enemies of Empire at the mandate of their suzerain. This faith, this fealty, this knightly obligation, could be expected only of a knightly race—it would fail in the hands of such a civilization as that which commercialism causes to flourish—a civilization without a class of Honor. It was this

class of Honor, derived in inspiration from that Frankish chivalry, "Formed by the hand of God" that each council of feudatories, holding a charter from the parent Sovereignty, hastened to develop and put in command in each their provinces, to the end that their autonomies might be as royal and sovereign as that of the parent state and subservient only to the Sovereign thereof.

All the Charters for Provincial establishment for colonies and fiefs in America, granted by the Stuarts, Bourbons, Hapsburghs and the States of Holland were feudal sovereignties. Those receiving feudal fiefs in the colonies were the real lords of the land, responsible in fealty and honor to their feudal superior, the king. In this manner the colonies were royal even after England, through the Revolution of 1688, had become parliamentarian and democratic. Even in the early New England Colonies "there was a provision made that the magistrates should be men of quality." "The magistrates originally appointed in England, were confined thence-forward to men of rank in the colony." [Palfrey, Hist. of New England, Vol. I, p. 389.]

"After the model of the British Constitution, the government of Carolina assumed a form like that of the other regal ones on continent, which was composed of three branches; a governor, a council, and an assembly. The governor represented the King—the council, the house of lords,—and the assembly, the house of commons"—[South Carolina Hist., Coll. Vol. I, p. 276.]

"The governor was obliged to keep a list of men of rank in the colony, and from this list the King chose his councellors in the colony"—Raper's Hist. of North Carolina, also Sanborn's History of New Hampshire.

In New York, Maryland, Carolina, Louisiana, Acadia, Nova Scotia and Canada definite representation for the aristocracy was made in the plan of government in addition to their hereditary territorial, or manorial sovereignty.

In Canada the rights of representation in the council, or senate; of standing first after the King in the country, being feudal sub-delegates of the monarchy, and of entailment of estates have never been disputed, only modern Canadian "politicians" with

their usual lack of faith have superposed an artificial and unconstitutional regime.

In 1664, by edict of the King Louis XIV a department was reserved for the registration of seigneuries, fiefs, titles, pedigrees and rank and by a clause of the edict, the right of registration was extended to others. ["Etrangers peuvent y entrer sans déroger à leur noblesse"—Arrêt du conseil Royal, Versailles, Mai. 1664.

The Kings of France in Canada and Louisiana had followed up the Scottish Baronets of Nova Scotia with a seigneurial succession of Dukes, Marquises, Counts, Barons and Seigneurs,—the highest of which was the Duke of Arkansas [to John Law, finance minister of France, and one of the founders of Arkansas.]

Then when all these family concessions and rights passed under the sovereignty of King George III by the Treaty of Paris of 1763, they were added to by that monarch in several seigneurial concessions and by the Loyalist Act of 1789, the principal defenders of the Empire in America before the Treaty of Separation of 1783 were given an additional heredity "Mark of Honor," since called Banneret of Quebec.

So from monarch to monarch by treaty and treaty the imperial titles, obligation and sovereignty of the Emperor Charles in America were handed on until they devolved on the King, George III, of Great Britain and Ireland.

The "Revolution" in America [1776-83] has not been deemed to have abrogated the honors of families in states which were former provinces of the empire any more than it did the peerage rights of Lord Fairfax of Virginia. But those who are citizens of the United States have denied all race distinction to themselves by adhering to their constitution which declares that "no distinction of *race, color or previous condition*" can be acknowledged among them.

To assert and maintain rights of race and family before the court of the Empire as well as to preserve the Aryan purity of family succession therein, caused the principal descendants of these families *who had been pure-bred enough not to renounce*

them, to re-organize the Seigneurial Order of the Empire in 1880 to which was prefixed the additional name of Aryan.

The members of the Order, the Chiefs of whose families constitute the Seigneurs' Baronets and Bannerets of the Aryan Order of the Empire, have their court-dress, sword and decoration. They are united by their obligation of loyalty to each other and to their Executive Chieftain and Constitution.

In 1908 by the generosity of the Baroness Dorchester, President of the Council of the Bannerets of Quebec of the Order, the dies of the order's decorations were paid for and Spink, 17 and 18 Piccadilly, London, under appointment of the King and the order of the Garter, was commissioned to manufacture them. These decorations and rank in the order belong only to descendants in the male line of the family name of the first Aryan and seigneurial grantee on registration of descent and details in the College of Arms of Canada.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE COUNTRY

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

FROM Cairo to Memphis down the Mississippi is a distance of 250 miles as the river winds. The region through which the vast body of water pours in that distance is strangely beset by seismic terrors and storms almost equally fearful—and yet it has charms which appeal wonderfully to the seeker of strange places. The people make merry over their earthquakes; they rejoice in the swift send of hurricanes; they ride the river overflows cheerily; they grow rich on the product of their two-bale cotton lands.

The story of the New Madrid district of the Mississippi Bottoms begins about 1790. Rivermen had long noticed a high bank, or ridge, in a certain bend below the forks of the Ohio, and it seemed an admirable site for a town. Accordingly, Col. George Morgan of Morganza, Penn., a speculator, came down the Ohio with a band of his fellow boomers and workmen, armed with the promise of a land grant from the Spanish government, and the hope of founding a city.

The little fleet of shantyboats landed at that bend, surveyed a "city" four miles along the river bend and two miles back. The plans were for a metropolis and soon there went up some buildings and a scattering settlement was made. Then malaria, hunger and weariness struck down with the result that homesickness set in, ruining the high hopes of the boomers, who, however, did succeed in selling much land. One thing contributed to the failure, the river bank there was caving foot by foot, and this continued till a few years ago, the Mississippi River commission paved the front with willow mattresses, held down with stone.

In 1811 came the New Madrid earthquakes, which changed the face of the land, and terrorized the inhabitants. Those earth-

quakes were, perhaps, the most wonderful natural phenomena of the Mississippi Basin since the arrival of white men. They marked the coming of steam navigation into the Mississippi stream, for the steamer built by the Roosevelts, first to float on the Ohio and Mississippi, was caught and tossed about in the tumbling waters, testing the endurance of the crew and the heroism of the owner. From that series of earthquakes dates Reelfoot Lake, and St. Francis Lake, two very strange places viewed in this day.

There are extant a number of accounts of these convulsions. Nolte, a New Orleans merchant, wrote a book in which he tells how he was caught in an earthquake at New Madrid. Rev. Lorenzo Dow, rewriting a letter from Elizabeth Brown, preserved many facts, in Flint's two books about the Mississippi—his geography and experiences—contain accounts of the disturbances. Capt. John Davis, a keelboatman, wrote a letter to a friend, which was fortunately preserved, telling what he experienced. J. C. Harris, an old time Reelfoot Lake developer, wrote from memory accounts by residents of their experiences in the tumultous earthquake days of 1811-12 "when a man couldn't stand up, lie down, or hold fast". The "shakes" came so often, that the little ones were forgotten, and confusion regarding some of the "big ones" resulted, but some were "markers" not to be forgotten by any one who experienced them—not at all!

The first shock came on December 11, 1811, at 2 o'clock a. m. A low hoarse thunder rolled up out of the southwest. It grew louder and louder. The ground began to quiver, and then waves rolled through the earth like the swell of the sea. The air was filled with sulphur fumes, the sky was overcast with clouds, and in the darkness the cormorants and other waterfowl, the wild turkeys and other land birds, the deer, bears, panthers and wolves came screaming from their covers and fled distracted in the weed-grown limits of New Madrid. Trees were twisted around one another, the land was split open and everywhere around New Madrid it seemed as though the world had ended. The inhabitants, awakened from sound sleep, were amazed and terrorized. One woman, a Mrs. LaFont, fell fainting and died.

Capt. Davis, evidently describing the same shock, though he

dates it December 16, at 2:10 o'clock a. m., wrote from Natchez on January 5, that his boat began to jounce like "a team of horses running away with a wagon over a most rocky road in our part of the country. There were forty boats in company, and each thought his boat adrift and running over sawyers (logs and snags jumping in the current), but a man on board a boat lashed to us hinted it to be an earthquake." The river bank began to cave, and to keep it from sinking the boats, lines were cast off and the boats went adrift. There were fifty shocks before daybreak, and then, at 7:12 o'clock a rumble came booming out of the southwest, and "in a few seconds, the boats, island and mainland became perfectly convulsed, the trees twisted and lashed together, the earth in all quarters was sinking, and the water issued from the center of the 25th isle just on our left and came rushing down its side in torrents; and on our right there fell at once about 30 or 40 acres of land". The tumult released logs caught in the mud in the river bottom, and they "were so thick it appeared almost impossible for a boat to find a passage". Three boats were sunk, two being worth $3,000. One man, when his boat sank, found refuge on a sawyer, and held fast for four hours, when he was taken off in a skiff from a passing boat. The driftwood filled the reaches for miles.

Tremors and minor shocks followed day after day till January 23, 1812, when came a violent shock like that of the 11th of December. Said Mrs. Brown: "From this time to the 4th of February, the earth was in a continual agitation, visibly waving as a gentle sea. On February 4th came a violent shock, on the 5th were four similar ones, almost as hard as the hardest. On the 7th, at 4 o'clock a. m., came one so violent that it is called 'The Hard Shock'. At first the Mississippi seemed to recede from its banks as the water gathered up like a mountain, leaving for a moment the keelboats that were here (New Madrid) on the bare sand, in which time the poor sailors made their escape. It then rose from 15 to 20 feet perpendicularly and expanded, the bank overflowed with a retrograde current as rapid as a torrent. The boats were driven up a little creek a quarter of a mile. The river fell as rapidly as it rose and tore off young cottonwoods so that people thought it a work of art, so regularly was it done.

Fish were left on the banks and the river was covered with the wrecks of boats. A woman and six children were reported dead."

The site of New Madrid settled at least eight feet, and some said fifteen feet. Hundreds of acres of land were covered with pure white sand which boiled up out of the ground. Lakes were dried up and others were formed. The first mention of Reelfoot Lake was made by Mrs. Brown. She said a lake had been discovered in the wilderness across the river from New Madrid. It was said to be 100 miles long, 1 to 6 miles wide and 10 to 50 feet deep.

The earth waves of some of these shocks were " a few feet in height." There were great cracks opened up in the ground, one of them being ten miles below Little Prairie. There, Mrs. Culbertson looked out her front door and saw a river flowing past and her smoke house was on the other side of the river. These cracks commonly extended northwest and southeast. The pioneers refused to be dispossessed or swallowed up by the convulsions. They built split-boat shacks whose fall would hurt no one, and they chopped down trees, felling them toward the southwest and northeast. These trees would bridge the cracks forming under them, and when the earth began to roll, the natives would jump a tree and ride it till the swell had rolled past.

In 1816, the shocks came from one to four a day, and they have now decreased in number from three to five or six a year.

The elevation and subsidence of the land formed St. Francis and Reelfoot lakes. St. Francis was a shallower lake than Reelfoot, and while hundreds of acres of timber were drowned, it does not now present the mourniful picturesqueness of Reelfoot Lake. Many trees survived, and these trees with their buoyant limbs and flickering foliage conceal the scars where there still stand the drowned monarchs.

It is in Reelfoot that one sees the full, weird tragedy of the forest which perished in the New Madrid earthquakes. The land was not high there originally, and when the earthquakes came, the outlets of several small streams were dammed up, perhaps by earthwaves which did not fall to their level. Very likely, however, there was a great, saucer-shaped depression in

the land where the water gathered. The water drowned the trees, and these tree trunks stand in gray, ghostly grandeur to this day, memorials of the tragedy which overwhelmed them. They stand with broken branches, barkless boles and jagged tops. They are gray in the sunlight, gray in reflection of the moon, and at midnight under the clouds, they are faintly luminous, still gray in the murk. It is a dead wilderness, in which one may journey in a canoe or skiff, out of sight of land with only the cry of the cormorant to awaken the cemetery quiet, and the water reflecting only the melancholy shapes of the withered wood.

Through this wilderness rage the semi-tropical storms of the Bottoms. Here the violent hurricane or cyclone sweeps through, tumbling great waves among the stubs. It is an ominous and forbidding sight to see a wave rolling swiftly among the stumps, crashing past them with the whitecaps split and the slopes torn to foam. It is said that until a few years ago the lightning would play among the clouds and in the living forest around the lake, but would not strike down at the inviting points and tips. Then the lightning began to rend the trees.

Among the trees one may trace the course of old time bayous and little lakes. These offer channels along which the fishermen and hunters tread their way to and from the points, fishing pools, market and trail ends. When one leaves the open ways, his skiff strikes the tops of submerged stubs and his course becomes hazardous and necessarily slow.

Here are the scenes in which one hears countless tales of tragedy and woe. The appearance of the place would in itself give rise to myths and imaginative stories, but the facts are no less interesting than the flights of local fancy. Unnumbered men have lost their lives in the dead wilderness, caught there by storms. Thus, a few years ago, a fisherman lost his way in the dead forest one night. The wind blew up, a sleet storm swept through the bottoms, and this unfortunate, unable to find or make his way to land, was obliged to make fast to a stub and attempt to ride the waves. He perished of the cold, and when at last he was found, the dead trees around him were sparkling with icy mantel and he too was encased in glittering crystal, still

sitting in his boat. The swift summer storms have wrecked unnumbered canoes and skiffs, and men have disappeared in those waters. During the overflow, the sucks drawing down into The Scatters, or swampy outlet of the lake have swept under men and their boats.

For half a century, at least, river pirates, desperadoes, highwaymen, counterfeiters and similar characters hid their huts on points and islands in the lake, and victims of their own kind as well as men lured into their clutches were lost to the world for all time there. Bloody feuds involving several familes were fought out on and around the lake. There, too, was located a whiskey still which was famous in the old days, suuplying the river trade and shipping to the towns up and down the river till the government revenue officers drove the owner out of the country, and destroyed the apparatus.

The tragedy of wild life on Reelfoot Lake is one of the most pitiful in the history of America. Reelfoot Lake was the resting place of myriads of wild fowl. Miles-long flocks of swans, geese and ducks restorted to the lake at night in the fall and winter months. They flocked down in such numbers that the clipping of their wings against one another could be heard above the whirr and roar of the trembling air. Wood ducks, for example, "sounded like bees" as they shot down to rest in favorite bays and openings. The musical honking of the wild geese spread in all directions in the twilight. The swans drifted down out of the sky with a flight so buoyant and ethereal that even the eyes of old time feather hunters sparkle as they recall the sights now only memories. The great flocks of swans are gone, the wild geese are scattering and lonely, and the swift whirr of the wood ducks and other fowl is heard less and less every year, for the market hunters have destroyed the glory of the flocks.

So, too, with the animals of the ground. The time was when bears came down to the mucky, mossy shores of Reelfoot and feasted on the frogs and fish washing up out of the waters plenty; deer had their runways to every peninsula, point and brake, panthers lurked through the cane and brush, elk whistled from the tops of little knolls and ridges—these are all gone, or nearly so. Even the fish in the waters have been caught out, and

when the shoals come up out of the Mississippi to replenish the waning supply, spawning in the pure earthquake sands, every fin must make its way through miles of net hedging and among the hungry maws of countless hoopnet and pound.

The very dead of the forest itself has been raided for the dollars in its substance. The wood in some of those old trees—walnuts, and the like—has it market value, and for years there was carried on a lucrative business of cutting down the valuable trees or fishing up the fallen trunks from the bottom, to raft them out and haul them to the sawmills. Indeed, there were men who found it profitable to steal the rafts gathered by more industrious men and float them away in the night. The wreck of one of those stolen rafts may still be seen at the foot of St. Francis Lake where it drifted up against a shoal and was caught.

The latest chapter in the history of Reelfoot Lake is well known. A land speculator attempted to drain Reelfoot with a great ditch. Legal proceedings followed. Checked, the speculator attempted to buy up the lake, and reduce its area by means of a levee across its head. An attempt was made to make a private preserve for the use of sportsmen and exclusive market hunting and market fishing privileges. This ended in the lynching by independent hunters and fishermen of one of the attorneys. Recently the state of Tennessee purchased the rights outstanding, and to-day Reelfoot lake is a public preserve and park, to remain for a long time one of the most interesting natural curiosities in the country. Its rivals the petrified forests of the deserts, and it is the more desolate because among the forest dead are found most beautiful water flowers—the American lotus in its glory. A most striking picture is the forest cemetery, with the veiling charm of the wonderful flowers, while their tropical fragrance wafts heavily across the still water.

APRIL, 1910 No. 4

Americana

Illustrated

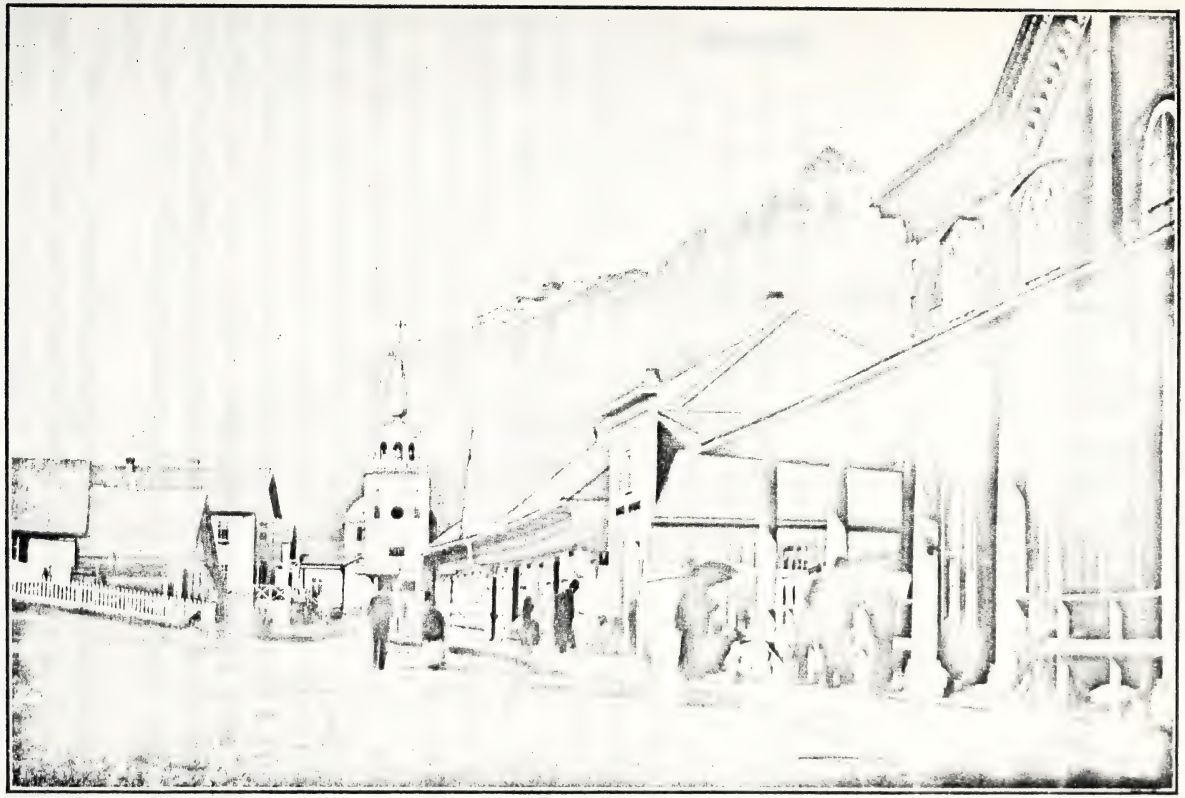


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The main street of Sitka, the old capital, with the Greek Church in the background



AMERICANA

April, 1910

OUR NATION'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

By Warrick James Price

IT did not need the recent announcement that Walter Clark was to succeed Wilfred Hoggatt as governor of Alaska, nor yet that President Taft was planning a trip there, to awaken our interest in that Aladdin-like corner of the Federal union. For a full generation after the territory had become ours, practically no interest was taken in it; certainly no land over which the stars and stripes were then flying was so little appreciated, but in the decade which has passed since the big gold strikes, which drew attention to the whole Yukon basin, the American citizen has come more and more to realize the country's marvelous potentialities. Today he values it approximately at its worth, though still it is far from difficult to tell him actual facts which come hard of ready acceptance. He knows Alaska is well worth owning; he knows that its promise is immense, but even so it is easy to wake an incredulous smile with some such (simply true) statement as that here is a land richer in gold than South Africa, richer in copper than twenty Buttes, richer in anthracite than Pennsylvania, richer in tin than Wales, —a land for which our fathers paid at the rate of two cents an acre!

That is an interesting paragraph in diplomatic history which recites the final steps that brought Alaska under the Stars and Stripes. Late in the evening of the twenty-ninth of March, 1867, Baron de Stoeckel, then Russia's Minister at Washington, called at the home of William Henry Seward, Secretary of State.

He had just received from St. Petersburg authorization as to the details of the international bargain which the two had been discussing for some time and which was to transfer more than 586,000 square miles from the autocracy of the Czars to the great western Republic, and he said he would call at the State Department the next day and officially close the bargain. "Why wait for tomorrow?" was Seward's prompt reply; "If you can get your staff together by midnight you will find the Department ready." De Stoeckel hurried away to gather his subordinates, messengers were sent scurrying around the capital, and before daybreak of the thirtieth the Alaskan Purchase Treaty had been signed and sealed, the United States binding itself to pay $7,200,000 for its new territory,—a sum more than repaid today by the salmon catch of a single season.

While Mr. Seward's name is thus inevitably and for all time bound up with thought of Alaska, it was not he who first planned its acquisition. He had considered the possible buying of Hawaii, of Cuba, even of Hayti and San Domingo, but the Alaskan idea had been more or less in the air for twenty years, though the growing question of abolition, with the Kansas strifes bloodily prophesying the titantic struggle between the states, had interposed to prevent any definite action. In President Johnson's administration friction sprang up between the Russian fur traders located in Alaska and the fishermen and sealers who had gone north from this country, and there had come to Washington requests from certain Massachusetts capitalists that steps be taken to get them commercial privileges along the Alaskan coast; moreover, the Russians, who had leased the fur trading rights from their government were beginning to lose money, mainly through the competition of the aggressive Hudson Bay Company, whose operations, in the early sixties, had reached the Pacific. From these causes our Minister at St. Petersburg, Cassius M. Clay, opened negotiations with Prince Cortchakoff, which were finally closed at Washington by Seward and de Stoeckel. We had offered $5,000,000; Russia had asked $10,000,000; $7,000,000 was the compromise figure, with $200,000 added by Mr. Seward on the pledge that the imperial government would hand over the territory at once free from even the tempor-

ary encumbrance of unexpired concessions granted to Russian traders.

"Seward's Folly" was the phrase promptly bestowed upon Alaska by the newspaper press of the country. It was described as barren and worthless and God-forsaken; its products were announced as "icebergs, polar bears and moss." One journalistic humorist stirred by the "Titian" hair of the Secretary of State, wrote: "Our red-headed daughter without a dowry ought to be called Walrussia." When it came to the question of a name, however, Mr. Seward officially retained the Indian word "Al-ay-ek-sa" ("The Great Country"), which, corrupted and abbreviated, had been in use there for a century and more.

When the treaty went into the Senate, Charles Sumner took charge of it and on June twentieth it was approved by a vote of 37 to 2; the House tried to upset the bargain on the ground that it involved the expenditure of money and, therefore, that they should, constitutionally, have been consulted, but on the eighth of the October following we took official possession. Russia had been there for an even two centuries lacking only ten years, and she had done so little to develop her holdings as to warrant one's writing it nothing at all; she had learned that it was a part of the North American mainland and not, as had been believed for a hundred years, merely the last and largest of the Aleutian isles, but her knowledge of the country stopped about there. What does the world know of it now, thanks to "Yankee" enterprise?

Alaska's 586,400 square miles form an area approximately the same as that of the twelve southern states, Texas omitted, but with Maine added for good measure. Of this 31,205 square miles are accounted for by the islands which cluster along the southern coast and stretch out from the south-west corner of the mainland far into the Pacific, 1100 and more of them, giving to this northern territory a coast line (26,500 mi.) longer than this mother country's own. The north-south and east-west diameters, measured through the centre point of the territory, are some 800 miles long; the distance from Philadelphia to Springfield, Ill. From Point Barrow in the far north to the town of Valdez in the south is the distance from St. Paul to New Or-

leans. If a map of the United States were superimposed upon that of Alaska and Los Angeles placed upon the western-most of the Aleutians, St. Augustine would be found to rest on the lower end of that narrow strip which for 450 miles separates Canada from the Pacific. Nor does the fact that practically one-third of the entire land lies within the Arctic Circle mean that the whole territory is one of perpetual cold; Point Barrow is the same latitude as the northern extremity of Europe's North Cape, but the southernmost part of the mainland is of the latitude of Belgium. Cape Prince of Wales, reaching out toward Siberia, is of the same longitude as Samoa. A north and south line drawn through the westernmost of the Aleutian archipelago would pass between New Zealand and Australia. The great basin of the Yukon offers meterorological conditions quite parallel to those of Finland or the greater part of Sweden; the river itself being some 2,000 miles long, 1,500 miles of which is navigable, a river as large as the Congo and considerably larger than either the Ganges or the Orinoco.

The climatic conditions are peculiar. The coast along the north Pacific, strongly affected by the Japan current, which the natives call "The Black Stream," is damp and mild, with nearly half the days of any year rainy, the average annual precipitation approximating forty inches. This state of affairs is more marked as one travels farther south, in the coast zone. The Arctic slope, by which is meant that part of the territory reaching north from the Yukon basin, is arid and cold. Between these extremes lie the plateaus and valley lands which are temperate and fertile. Ella Higginson, writing of the climate after a third visit, declares that, taking it the year around, Alaska is more agreeable than either Montana or North Dakota.

The population, considering the area involved, is ridiculously small, something like 74,000—Trenton, N. J., could about duplicate it, man for man. Some 35,000 of these are whites and practically the same total is to be set down as native, (including both Indians and Esquimo); the Japs and Chinamen number more than 3,000, and there are a few hundred negroes. This being true, Alaska has to show, of course, no cities. Nome, the most populous center, is about the size of Ansonia, Conn., 12,500; Fair-

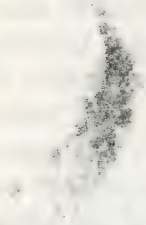


The sunny side of Alaska. It's not wholly "icebergs, polar bears and moss."
A woodsy path in the Indian River country

banks has not yet reached 5,000, such towns as Skagway, Sitka, Valdez and Juneau lie all in the neighborhood of 1,500.

A propos of the native it is of interest to note that the type displays both Indian and Esquimo characteristics; the head is long the nose flat, and the eyes slightly aslant. The hands and feet are small, but this surely is not to be taken as suggestive of grace; the Alaskan "on the move" is probably the most ungainly, unattractive human walking. Men and women dress alike, the garments that show being boots of skin, long stockings, baggy trousers, and hooded jackets reaching nearly to the knees. The married woman wears her hood hanging quite to the waist behind, as additional protection to the baby, which is carried beneath the jacket, belted in to keep the little yellow citizen from falling down and out. One thinks of it as a pretty rough way of traveling, for thus the youngsters spend long hours while the mothers work, but the habit of generations has resulted in absolute complacency; nowhere in the world are there more thriving babies. And one would seek far to find mothers more kindly of heart or more moral of life. Marriage and divorce are "informal" to a degree, merely matters of dual agreement, but monogamy is so general a rule that loose relations are distinctly exceptional. Moreover, woman is the recognized head of the home, —whether the one-time hut of snow and ice, the nomadic tent of the warmer seasons, or the more modern cottage of frame which is beginning to appear in the land. The lamp is her sign manual, —and to speak of one as "A woman without a lamp" is quite synonymous with saying that which is the text for local scandal here in "The States."

"The Eternal Feminine" is Alaskan, too. Many a girl's garment, rough and *outre* as it may look in material and "cut," is decorated with embroidered patterns of red and blue; ivory earrings results from many a walrus hunt, and, in the less civilized parts of the territory tatooing of the wrists and arms, even of other parts of the body, bears testimony to the feminine desire to beautify itself. In the islands off the south coast are still to be found venerable specimens of a long-passed yesterday who wear in their lips great wedges of polished wood or ivory, distending the feature to an extent that is very revolting. These wedges



and the frequently found totem poles,—with their rude symbols betokening the characteristics of the "dear departed"; a raven standing for his wisdom, a bear for his strength, an eagle if he were a traveller, a duck if he were of a particular placid sort, and so on through all the tribes of air and earth and water,—these are practically the only remaining evidences of old Alaska. The natives show everywhere the proofs of the white man's coming. They have almost wholly given over hunting, and if they still fish, yet they prefer the work of the canning factories; they do a little logging (there is not much of it done as yet by anyone) and busy themselves in the guano and oil fields.

One other sign of their progressiveness is their love of whiskey, and dearly is it costing them, for nothing else is so rapidly thinning their ranks. It is illegal to sell liquor to a native, but the country is filled with men who take chances as lightly as they do breakfast, and the demand for "fire water" far exceeds the supply. The result is a foregone conclusion. Then, too, how may a man, "dead broke" and with winter coming on, more easily provide for himself? He buys a quart of alleged whiskey for $2; he sells it to a native for $5; said native goes on a rampage, is arrested and haled before a magistrate; this official offers him freedom if he'll tell from whom he got his liquor; naturally, he does,—and for seven or eight months the culprit is housed and fed at the expense of the government,—having made a cash profit of $3 as well. It's all quite simple.

But there are other influences at work. The territory maintains 62 schools, and half as many more are kept up by the ten religious sects which are there at work. Bishop Innocent Pustinsky, representing the Orthodox Greek Church of Russia, spends not less than $100,000 a year in his educational missions; Bishop Rowe, sent north from California by the Roman Catholics, is doing almost as much; while, from Metlakatia Island as a center, "Father" Duncan has been for forty years spreading such primary teachings of sanitation as well as ethics as might seem practical. Wilfred Grenfell, on the other edge of the continent, has been doing no better, a greater work than this of Duncan's,—the man who is said by his affectionate native friends to sail a boat and drive a dog team as can no other white man in the land.

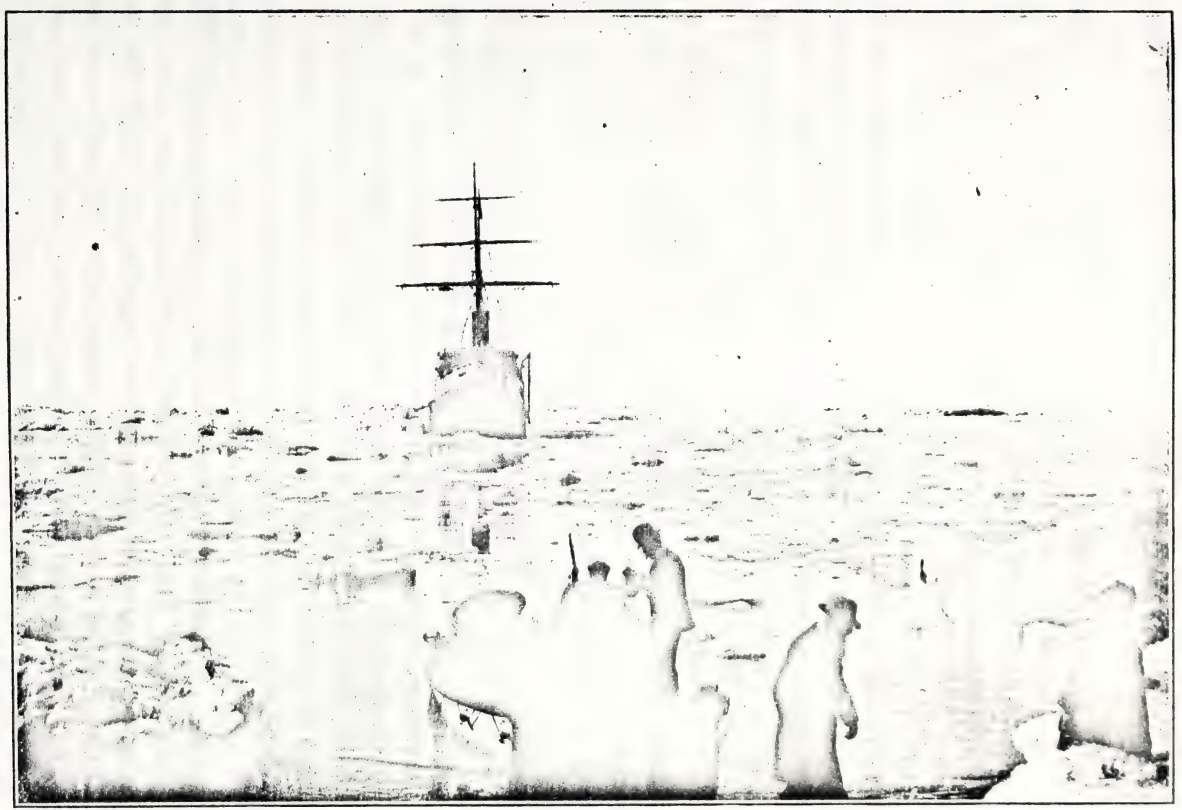
The story of Alaska's resources is not soon told. Perhaps it is most surprising to the present-day traveller to find the agricultural side of the country far from unpromising. Four government experimental stations are now established there and are proving that a half dozen of the cereal crops may be grown with profit; the Alaska wheat, matured under the strong, steady light of an almost Arctic day, is like the Canadian grain, of remarkably firm, white kernel. Root vegetables, such as potatoes and turnips and radishes, grow readily; such "greens" as lettuce and cabbage and cauliflower, with peas and tomatoes, are being cultivated, but thus far with only slight success, as the prices at which they sell in the local markets would suggest,—cabbage and peas bring twenty-five cents a pound, cauliflower fifty cents and tomatoes a dollar. Whatever can be done in this sort, however, is sure to be done and soon, for the past two years have seen a considerable number of settlers' families going into the agricultural country. In 1908 there were 280 entries recorded under the Homestead Act of 1903, each taking up 320 acres of farming land. What Alaska's timber is worth is purely problematical, though there can be no question but that it must be set at a high figure; at present some 12,089,620 acres of wood-land are held as government preserves.

To say that "The Great Country" is rich in all kinds of game is to repeat the one fact best and longest known concerning it. Deer, moose and caribou, mountain sheep, wild goats and bear, brant and plover, snipe and grouse, seal and walrus, all abound. Under present regulations only 15,000 seal skins may be taken a year, but this has meant in the aggregate something like $50,000,000 worth of seal fur put on the market since the country changed hands. Thirty and more companies, employing 10,750 men and women, are engaged in the salmon industry, with an annual catch averaging more than $8,000,000 a year; the halibut, cod and herring fisheries fall below any such figures, but are of high value. In the Aleutians are a number of fox ranches, breeding both the red and gray species for the skins, and on the mainland reindeer are raised in a number of places with good profit, being the most useful (sometimes the only!) beasts of burden in large sections of the country. Some day a patient man

will start to raise cows and chickens and he will make money; just now milk sells at 50 to 80 cents a quart, and eggs (worthy of the name!) are whatever you have to pay.

One thrifty New Englander, who thought to make a beginning with poultry, discovered that his chickens were just dropping around exhausted and making no attempt at all to attend to business. It puzzled him at first, but his wife came to his rescue (as wives have done several times before in history) with the suggestion that his hens were "clean tuckered out." It happened to be the season of practically continuous daylight and the fowls hadn't known enough to go to sleep. That particular trouble was remedied by covering the coops at the proper hour and making an artificial night, but the event suggests that there are difficulties to be overcome in developing Alaska's dairy products.

By far the most remarkable story which the country has to tell is from the text of her minerals. Gold was discovered there in 1897 and something like $5,000,000 worth was taken out the next year, but the annual output has been regularly increased, the best year, 1906, totalling at but little less than $22,000,000,—$20,000,000 is now considered a good average. Thus far probably six-sevenths of the yellow metal brought south has been from placer deposits, but these are now being exhausted and not a little work has already begun upon the vein mines. Including gold, Alaska's mineral products in the past decade have been worth more than $265,000,000. Coal and copper are found plentifully along the south and west coasts; in one section of perhaps two hundred square miles, south of Fairbanks, there is said to be $1,000,000,000 worth of copper in sight. It is, moreover, of remarkable native purity; at one point the prospectors came upon a "plate" of the metal, a half-inch thick, jutting out a little from its surrounding rock, while the visitor at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition has seen a "nugget" weighing nearly three tons, and some seven feet through on its long diameter, so nearly of pure copper as to have attracted the attention of half the scientific journals the world over. As to the coal, fully 8,000,000 acres (12,000 square miles) of anthracite deposits have been located in the Matanuska and Bering River valleys, the bluffs along Chickaloon Creek showing on their face veins measuring from seven



Some of the amenities of Alaskan travel—and not at their worst. Landing passengers (Sitka) in the month of May, 1906.

to eleven feet in thickness. This is now recognized as the only high grade coal on the Pacific coast, of a sort amply meeting all requirements for naval uses.

In addition to all this there is petroleum east of Copper River, silver-lead in the Fish River and Lost River countries, considerable deposits of tin on Seward Peninsula as well as in the far north, where government experts have lately been prospecting for it, and antimony in four localities. One mine of the last-named ore, widely sought after for use in the manufacture both of smokeless powder and of armor plate, has, within the past few months, been purchased from its discoverers by a syndicate of Japanese capitalists. Here surely is more than enough to satisfy the most exacting that we got good value for our $7,200,000, but it is also to be remembered that the whole story is not yet told; fully 150,000 square miles are as yet unexplored, untapped, untested, and with such facts before one as have been here even so rapidly touched upon, it is not reasonable to assume that this large area, still ahead of explorer and scientist, is to yield nothing.

The question naturally arises: With all this tremendous wealth definitely located (and with practically unlimited water-power available) why is not Alaska far more developed? The answer is as conclusive as brief; development must wait on roads, and it now costs almost as much to build a serviceable wagon road in Alaska as it does to lay one of ties and rails. At present, indeed, it often is easier and quicker, especially in the winter months when coastwise navigation is partially or wholly suspended, to get from one seaport to another by going south to Seattle, changing steamers, and so coming north again. Railways are being run inland from Seward City and Valdez and Cordova, but their total mileage, so far as actually open to traffic, is not more than 230, the longest single stretch being one of 112 miles from Skagway to the head of White Horse Pass. An English syndicate is about to start work on a line to run from Valdez up toward the Yukon district, and it is reported that J. P. Morgan and the Guggenheims have let contracts for railway construction to tap the copper district, but this, at best, can be held only as a beginning. Major W. P. Richardson has recently

been in Washington asking for a Congressional appropriation of $350,000 to link up Valdez and Fairbanks, by which he means by sled roads and the so-called "trail-roads," as well as by what the average man would consider a wagon thoroughfare. Grouping all these together the territory's highways, according to Major Richardson, are now only some 1104 miles strong.

Alaska is "doing nicely, thank you" in many ways. Her local literature shows up well with a monthly magazine, fourteen weekly journals, and ten papers published either six or seven times a week. Without counting her diminutive income from taxes she is raising something more than $310,000 annually from import duties and business licenses. She gets her mail with greater or less regularity through 75 offices, and a system of Rural Free Delivery which, with its dog teams and reindeer, could well substitute as a first class circus to the small boy further south. She has wealth of so many kinds and such only-to-be-guessed-at value that she need yield place to no corner of the world in that respect,—and just now she merely needs help from the parent land to develop it and come wholly into her own. The first white child born in Alaska is hardly a woman yet, but already is it a community with a strong, prophetic, self-reliant sense of its own big future.

A FAMOUS AMERICAN STREET

By Henry Waterman

SUMMER Street, Boston, is rich in literary and historic associations. To-day it is a bustling thoroughfare through which thousands daily make their way to and from the great terminal station of the New Haven railroad, but years ago it was a beautiful avenue lined with graceful trees whose branches overarched the roadway.

In the stately mansions dwelt men famous in the annals of the town and country. Horticulture was an especial hobby of old Summer Streeters and well-kept gardens were everywhere in evidence, those of the Busseys, the Amorys, the Goddards, and the Salisburys being particularly fine. Where Hovey's store now stands was the mansion of Leonard Vassall which subsequently passed to Thomas Hubbard, the immediate predecessor of Hancock as treasurer of Harvard college. Frederick Geyer was a later occupant. Geyer was a royalist and left Boston with the adherents of the crown. His Summer street property was confiscated but later returned and when the Duke of Kent, Brother of George the Third and father of Queen Victoria, was in Boston he was a guest at the wedding of Nancy Geyer and Rufus Amory. Samuel P. Gardner had the Vassall estate at one time and his orchard was well known for the fine pears which grew there. One of the trees was standing as late as 1870. Samuel Gardener was the father of John L. Gardener whose widow is the Mrs. "Jack" Gardener so well known as one of the cleverest women in Boston society and a patron of art and music whose influence has proved invaluable to many a struggling painter or singer.

Adjoining the Vassall property was that of John Rowe whose name is perpetuated by Rowe's Wharf. A later occupant of the

Rowe mansion was Judge Prescott, father of the historian Prescott and great-grandfather of Mrs. Roger Wolcott whose husband was governor of Massachusetts in the middle nineties.

At the corner of Washington street where Shuman's store now stands was the home of Thomas English from which Benjamin Faneuil, a brother of the better known Peter, was buried. In those days the locality was known as Bethune's Corner. At about the corner of Otis Street lived Thomas Russell. The house was the headquarters of General Heath in 1777 and there he entertained D'Estaing, Pulaski, and Silas Deane. In later days the house was kept as an inn by Leon Chappotin, and Jerome Bonaparte, who married Miss Patterson of Baltimore, was a guest there for a time.

At the corner of Hawley Street was the estate of Governor Sullivan whose brother was a general of Revolutionary War fame and his son, William, an able lawyer and profound scholar. William was a strong Federalist and wrote what was considered a masterly defence of the theories of Alexander Hamilton. Governor Sullivan laid out Hawley Street over his own property and gave it to the town on condition that it be given the name of Hawley who was one of the governor's closest friends.

The Sullivan estate later on became the property of William Gray who was known to nearly every one as "Billy" Gray. "Billy" Gray was a wonderfully affable man whose birthplace in Salem became famous as the Essex Coffee House. Gray, who defined "enough" as "a little MORE," began life poor but amassed a great fortune and at his death in 1825 was the largest shipowner in the United States. Sixty square rigged vessels were his possession and they sought out every port in the world.

Gray was a very early riser and did a good deal of work before his neighbors were out of bed. Although it meant heavy losses to him he was an ardent supporter of Jefferson's embargo. The national government received valuable pecuniary help from Gray during the second war with Great Britain and but for him it is doubtful if the famous Constitution would ever have put to sea. Gray was in the state legislature at one time and was lieutenant-governor when Elbridge Gerry was governor.

Joseph Barrell was still another famous merchant who lived in Summer Street. His name heads the list of directors of the old United States Bank and associated with him were Theodore Lyman, John Codman and Christopher Gore. Barrell had a shop at No. 3 Town Dock where he dealt in brown sugar, double and treble refined, wine, oil, and looking glasses. Reference to his connection with the United States Bank recalls an amusing incident. Barrell went into a Pennsylvania bank and presenting some bills which the bank had issued, asked for the equivalent in gold and silver. On being told that the bank did not pay in specie Barrell asked for United States bills and on being told that the bank had none asked for bills of any New England bank. They had none of those either and Barrell wound up with: "Pay me, then, in the best *counterfeit* bills you have."

In the list of householders in old Summer Street no name is more famous than that of Daniel Webster. The godlike Daniel lived in a house near the corner of High Street and on the building now occupying the site is an inscription reading "The Home of Daniel Webster." In this home Webster entertained La Fayette after the ceremonies at Bunker Hill in 1825. The evening was that of the seventeenth of June and in order to accommodate the distinguished company a passage way was cut connecting the Webster home and that of Israel Thorndike who lived next door. Thorndike's wife was Sarah Otis, a daughter of that eminent Bostonian, Harrison Gray Otis, who was the third mayor of the city, and did Webster at least one good turn, for when the latter was speaking in Faneuil Hall on the Maysville Road Bill he said:

"Gentlemen, I am in favor of all roads except the road—." There he stuck but Otis, sitting near, whispered, "except the road to ruin," and Webster, taking the cue, finished in a fine burst of oratory.

At the corner of Otis Place lived the historian Bancroft during the days that he was collector of the port of Boston. This was about 1840 when Transcendentalism was in the air and Bancroft, being interested, Emerson, Margaret Fuller and William Ellery Channing were frequently his guests and it is easy to imagine that the subject was fully discussed.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Summer Street, a fact which would raise the street out of the ordinary even though all its wealth of reminiscence were lacking. The Rev. William Emerson was pastor of the First Church in Boston for a number of years and the parsonage was on Summer Street, near Chauncy Street.

In the early days of the town Summer street was called "Ye Mylne Street" from the fact that it led to Windmill Point where there was a windmill as early as 1636. The highway was laid out as early as 1644 and as late as 1815 there was a two acre pasture in the street. The open space at the junction of Summer and Bedford Streets still bears its ancient name of Church Green. Why this site was so called no one seems to know for there was no church there at the time the land thus described was ceded to the town by a number of petitioners of whom Samuel Adams, father of the patriot of the same name, was one. We read that "In answer to petition of Sundry of the Inhabitants who are desirous to erect a New Meeting House, Praying the Town to grant them a Piece of Land suitable to build upon—Voted, a grant to Messrs. Henry Hill, Eliezur Darby, David Craigie, Nicholas Boone, Samuel Adams, and their associates and successors forever, a Piece of Land commonly called Church Green nigh Summer Street—for the erecting thereon an Edifice for a Meeting House."

The new society was called the New South to distinguish it from the Third, or Old South, Society. Details as to the appearance of the structure are very meagre but we are told that it was "a convenient wooden building with a handsome steeple finished after the Ionic order in which is a bell."

The first minister, Samuel Checkley, was ordained in November, 1719, and for fifty years faithfully served the parish, death alone being able to sever the relation between pastor and people. Three years before his death the parish voted him an assistant whose last name was a common enough one, it being Brown. But his parents evidently did their best to make amends for they gave him the baptismal name of Penuel which is certainly a rare one.

Just before the Revolution the Rev. Joseph Howe was pastor.

Evidently he was not the sort that fancies tumult for when the war broke out Mr. Howe sought Norwich, Connecticut, which must have been a peculiarly peaceful place for many other Bostonians emulated Mr. Howe's example. While at Norwich the parson was invited to visit the Rev. Elnathan Whitman at Hartford and accepted. The host had a beautiful daughter named Elizabeth and Mr. Howe falling ill on his visit was tenderly nursed by Elizabeth and the two became engaged. But death ended the romance there in the house of its birth and Elizabeth, who wrote poetry, alludes to the affair in these lines:

"First from my arms a dying lover torn,
In early life it was my lot to mourn."

Elizabeth Whitman had what the newspapers call a checkered career which was the inspiration of a miserable book called "Eliza Wharton; The History of a Coquette."

The book was one of the ten best sellers in its day. Elizabeth died at the old Bell Tavern at Danvers, Massachusetts, whither she had gone to await the arrival of one who never came.

In 1814 a new edifice took the place of the first meeting house of the New South society. It was a handsome building of Chelmsford granite. A classic portico was supported by four Doric pillars and the spire towered heavenward one hundred and ninety feet. Charles Bulfinch, who designed the Massachusetts state house, was the architect and his genius evolved few more attractive structures. Old Bostonians affirm that the New South had the finest location in town, a statement which is readily credible for from the portico was an unobstructed view of Boston harbor. Puritan at first, the society came under the influence of the rising tide of Unitarianism and among its pastors one notes the famous names of Kirkland, Greenwood and Dewey.

Summer Street had another and more famous church—Trinity, which stood near the corner of Hawley street on land which, as before said, was given to the town by Governor Sullivan. By 1728 King's Chapel had become too small for the parish so those who lived at the south end built a church in Summer Street. It was a plain, wooden building, ninety feet by sixty, without spire

or tower. The corner stone was laid in 1734 and among the first officers of the parish were men whose family names are still familiar in Boston. Apthorp and Dumaresq do not fall strangely on the ear. Peter Faneuil had pew 40 and his brother Benjamin was an officer in the parish. The first rector, Addington Davenport, was a brother-in-law of Peter Faneuil and had been assistant at King's Chapel. When George Washington was in Boston in 1789 he attended services at Trinity, the sermon being preached by William Parker, afterward a bishop of the Episcopal Church. Parker was the maternal great-grandfather of Secretary Meyer of the navy.

In Trinity chancel were some paintings that were thought very good at the time. After the second war with Great Britain G. K. Jackson came over from England to be organist at Trinity and his influence on the music was very favorable. A big fellow in body and feelings he evidently was a good deal of a tyrant. The Handel and Haydn society was just forming when he came to town but he took no part, the explanation current at the time being that Jackson would not affiliate with it because he could not be big chief.

In 1828 a granite church of Gothic architecture supplanted the original edifice and remained until the great fire of 1872 after which the parish built the splendid monument to Richardson's genius now standing in Copley Square.

Trinity seems to have been a stepping-stone to bishoprics for among its rectors Parker, Doane, Hopkins, Wainwright, Eastburn and Clark were thus honored.

The corner of Summer and Kingston Streets was the starting point of the great fire of 1872 and the whole region was practically razed to the ground. Out of the ashes rose a new Summer Street foreign to the character of other days. In the nature of things it is not to be expected that the locality will ever again be the home of wealth and fashion but the memories of other days remain.



MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK STEELE AND STAFF
Department of the Arkansas 1863-5, Headquarters, Little Rock. Photograph taken December, 1864



MAJOR GENERAL FREDERICK STEELE AND STAFF

A Ressurrected Photograph of the Civil War

By Edmund Frederick Steele Joy, Ph.D.

THE accompanying picture of Major General Frederick Steele and Staff is a reproduction recently made for the New York Commandry of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States from an original photograph in the possession of the writer.

General Steele was one of the distinguished fighters of the Civil War. He was born at Delhi, N. Y., January 14, 1819, a son of Nathaniel Steele, and a descendant in the eighth generation of John Steele, who emigrating from England about 1631, settled first at Newtown (now Cambridge) Massachusetts, later at Hartford, Connecticut.* He was graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, in 1843, and took part in the Mexican War as did so many others who later achieved eminence in the armies of both North and South.** He was a classmate and lifelong friend of General Ulysses S. Grant, and many of his achievements, were in co-operation with the plans of this great military leader.

When the Civil War broke out, Captain Grant was in a leather house at Galina, while Captain Steele was on the plains with the troops. At the battle of Wilson's Creek, in August 1861, Steele

*The Steele Family, a Geneological History, etc., by Daniel Steele Durrie, 1862, page 63.

**An excellent article on "Major General Frederick Steele" has been written by Major John F. Lacey, Assistant Adjutant General on his staff, and was published with a portrait and an autograph of General Steele in the "Annals of Iowa," Third Series, Vol. III, Nos. 5-6, April-July, 1898, pp. 424-438.

The Military History of General Steele is given in the "Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y." etc., by Bvt. Major General George W. Cullum. Third Edition, 1891, Vol. II, pp. 183-4. Details of his Civil War history are found in the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion.

commanded a Battalion of regulars with so much credit as to attract attention and Governor Kirkwood of Iowa, who was anxious to get trained men to be officers of the troops which were being raised in the state tendered him the colonelcy of the Eighth Iowa Infantry. He took command of his regiment, was soon placed in command of a brigade, afterward made a brigadier general and finally a major general.

A prominent part was taken by Steele and his division in the operations around Vicksburg; and when Pemberton surrendered his 33,000 troop on July 4, 1863, Grant began to make preparations for a campaign in Arkansas. It was on the day on which Vicksburg fell that Generals Holmes and Price formidably attacked the Union works at Helena, and were repulsed with such great loss by Generals Prentiss and S. A. Rice and the troops under them. Helena was selected by Grant as the starting point for the movement againnst Little Rock, and the supreme command was placed in the hands of Steele, who marched against the city by way of Clarendom. The Confederates were found to be securely entrenched on the north side of the river, expecting a direct attack, which if made would have resulted in a repetition of the slaughter at Helena, only the situation as to parties would have been reversed. Steele made a feint to the northwest of the place and then threw a pontoon across the Arkansas River at a horse shoe bend in the stream some distance below, cleared that portion of the river with his artillery, and sent a large part of his army to the south side. The Confederates now forced to resist an attack in the rear or surrender, burned their supplies and evacuated the town, thus enabling Steele to establish his line at the Arkansas River, occupy Fort Smith, Little Rock and Pine Bluff as depots for supplies which were forwarded from Memphis to DuValls Bluff by boat up the White River, and thence by rail to Little Rock.

In 1864 with his army then known as the Seventh Army Corps, Steele was ordered to advance to Shreveport, La., and in combination with General Banks establish a new line at the Red River. Having occupied Camden and learning of Banks' defeat, he started to fall back but was over-taken by General E. Kirby Smith's army, in the Saline bottom, where one of the bloody bat-

tles of the war, Jenkin's Ferry, was fought in mud and rain till the Confederates, abandoning their pursuit, left Steele with the Saline River between him and his enemies. In December, 1864, General Josepr J. Reynolds relieved General Steele of the command of the Department of the Arkansas, and the Seventh Army Corps.

The foregoing record of active campaigning was supplemented by the administration of justice in conquered portions of Arkansas, and the Indian Territory, which was included in the Department; and through this Department also some of the proceedings were conducted along the lines of re-construction which led finally to the re-establishment of the government of Arkansas, under a new constitution.

The subsequent career of General Steele is interesting. He was sent to General Canby to take charge of a force directed against Mobile from Pensacola and Barramcas, Florida. Canby besieged Spanish Fort, while Steele closed in on Blakely just above Spanish Fort, where he was heavily re-inforced from other parts of Canby's army and about five o'clock in the afternoon on April 9, 1865—the day of the surrender of Lee at Appomatox—stormed the works at Blakely. Soon afterward the army occupied Mobile. The fight at Blakely was the last severe battle of the war, though there were some active skirmishes later. After this campaign Steele moved his force to northern Alabama.

Although the war had ended, General E. Kirby Smith remained shut up in Texas, refusing to surrender. In order to compel his submission, General Grant planned such an exhibition of military power as should at the same time aid the Republic of Mexico, then under President Juarez, fighting against Maximilian. In these movements, General Steele took part, being sent to Brownsville and occupying the line of the Rio Grande with the "army of observation" consisting of 40,000 men. The demonstration was successful in both its purposes, the subsequent over-throw of Maximilian, being attributed largely to this display of force on the part of the United States.

Later General Steele commanded the Department of the Columbia with headquarters at Fort Vancouver. He died of apoplexy at San Mateo, California, January 12, 1868, and was bur-

ied in Laurel Hill Cemetery in San Francisco. He never married. Williams College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1855, and granted a similar distinction eight years later to his brother, Congressman John B. Steele, of New York, who had been a member of the class of 1837.* It is fitting to mention in this connection that the emblem of the Department of the Arkansas consists of a star of five points embraced in an over hanging crescent. The design was adopted as the badge of the Seventh Army Corps shortly after the battle of Jenkins' Ferry. The Society of the Army of the Arkansas formed about 1895 had for insignia the crescent and a seven pointed-star and a ribbon from which these were suspended of red, yellow and blue, typifying respectively the artillery, cavalry and infantry branches of the services.

Before leaving Little Rock the group which accompanies this sketch was taken at the Ashley Mansion, where Steele had his headquarters, by a photographer named Brown. General Steele is seated and from the left to right the names, ranks, assignments and in some cases other data are as follows:** (1) Lt. Col. George O. Sokalski, Inspector General, was the son of a Polish patriot and a regular army man, having been graduated in 1861 at the Military Academy at West Point. (2) Lt. Col. William D. Green, Assistant Adjutant General was of the Tenth Illinois Infantry. (3) Major Junius B. Wheeler, the Chief Engineer, was from 1871 to 1884 a professor of Engineering at the Military Academy at West Point, from which he was graduated in 1855, and died July 15, 1886. (4) Lt. Col. Jabez B. Rogers, Assistant Inspector General, was an officer of "Merrills' Horse." A Missouri Regiment. (5) Dr. Joseph R. Smith, Medical Director, was a son of an officer with whom General Steele served in the Mexican War and remained longer on this staff than any other member. He continued in the regular army serving in several departments until his retirement in 1895 with the rank of Colonel. In 1904 he was appointed Brigadier General. (6) Lt. Col. Jules C. Webber, Aid-de-Camp, was of the Eighteenth

*General Catalogue of Williams College, 1795-1890. The Christian name is there spelled Frederic.

**Consult also the "Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army," etc., by Francis B. Heitman, 1903.

Illinois Infantry, and in 1865 was breveted Brigadier General. (7) Lt. Col. Spencer C. Benham, Commissary of Subsistence, was appointed by the President. (8) Major Charles T. Scammon, Aid-de-Camp, a brilliant officer, was the son of John Y. Scammon, a distinguished lawyer of Chicago. (9) Lt. Col. John L. Chandler, Provost Marshal General, was of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry. (10) Cal. Byron O. Carr, Chief Quarter Master, appointed by the President, is a brother of General E. A. Carr, of the retired list, and of Clark E. Carr, of Illinois. (11) Captain Alexander Mackenzie, Assistant to the Chief Engineer was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point in 1864, became Chief of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, and retired in 1908, with the rank of Major General. (12) Lt. Thomas D. Witt, Chief Ordnance Officer, was of the First Missouri Light Artillery. (13) Major Edmund L. Joy, Judge Advocate, appointed by the President, was a lawyer and a captain in the Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry. He died in New Jersey, February 14, 1892, having been a member of the State Legislature 1871-2; Delegate to the Republican National Convention 1880; and a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company 1884-5. (14) Captain James Marr, Chief of Artillery, was a Captain in a Missouri Battery. (15) Major John F. Lacey, Assistant Adjutant General, had served in the Third and Thirty-third Regiments of Iowa Infantry, and he remained with General Steele till the end of the war, being his Adjutant General in the Mobile Campaign and in Texas. He is the author of Lacey's Railway Digest and the Third Iowa Digest and has recently closed sixteen years of service in Congress.

The following men not in the picture deserve remembrance in the description of a coterie of officers to which they at some time belonged:—Col. Abraham H. Ryan, Third Arkansas Cavalry, Aid-de-Camp, previously Chief of Staff of Brigadier General Leonard F. Ross and the only officer in the war with the rank of First Lieutenant to command a brigade in a pitched battle; Captain Mortimer M. Hayden, Third Iowa Battery, Chief of Artillery; Lieutenant Henry Sachs, Third U. S. Cavalry, Assistant Quarter Master; Lieut. William T. Allen, Fourth Iowa Cavalry, Assistant Commissary of Subsistence; Dr. William W. Bailey,

First Missouri Cavalry, Medical Purveyor; Captain Thomas B. Hale, Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry, Assistant Quarter Master; Brig. General and Brevet Major General Joseph R. West, Colonel of the First California Infantry, Chief of Cavalry, later United States Senator from Louisiana; Dr. James G. Whitehill, Twenty-Sixth Illinois Infantry, Acting Medical Director; Major Albert O. Vincent, Fourth Arkansas Cavalry, Commissary of Musters. Any account is incomplete which fails to mention Colonel Francis H. Manter, Thirty-second Missouri Infantry, the Chief of Staff, who was killed on June 13, 1864, by a fall off his horse.*

In a discussion of his staff, space should be given those who served with Steele when he was in Alabama and Texas, even if their connection with the picture be remote. Besides Major Lacey (numbered 15 in the description) there were Capt. Lawrence Rhoades Forty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, Commissary of Subsistence; Lieut. Col. Charles S. McEntee, Forty-third New York Infantry, Assistant Quarter Master; Brevet Brigadier General John C. Black, Colonel of the Thirty-seventh Illinois Infantry, Provost Marshall General, later member of Congress, Commissioner of Pensions, President of the Civil Service Commission, and in 1903 Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; Lieut. Col. Luther H. Whittlesey, Eleventh Wisconsin Infantry, Inspector General; Capt. Arden R. Smith, Commissary of Subsistence; Lieut. Richard A. Kent, Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. Charles J. Allen, Engineer Officer (now Brigadier General U. S. A., retired); Capt. Arthur H. Burnham, and Capt. E. H. Newton, Engineers, temporarily assigned; Major Joseph Lyman, Twenty-ninth Iowa Infantry, Aid-de-Camp, later District Judge of Iowa, and a member of Congress; Dr. Plynn A. Willis, Fourty-eight Ohio Infantry, Medical Director; Capt. Henry M. Lazelle, Eighth U. S. Infantry, Assistant-Inspector General; Lieut. William F. Warren, Signal Officer; Capt. Robert T. Dunham, Aid-de-Camp; Lieut. Col. Charles J. Sawtelle, Chief Quarter Master, later Brigadier General, Brevet Major General and Quarter

*The Department Staff, personal, General and attached, as organized November 7, 1864, is published in the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Vol. XLI, part 4, p. 464.

Master General U. S. Army; Dr. Otis M. Humphrey, Medical Director; Lieut. Richard P. Strong, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York Infantry, afterwards Lieut. Col. U. S. Artillery, Chief Signal Officer, who was also his Assistant Adjutant General on the Pacific Coast until Steele's death and a Signal Officer in the Spanish-American War. Doubtless in these states as in Arkansas, several whose names are not given, filled at least temporary assignments. With Major Joseph W. Paddock, First Nebraska Infantry, Assistant Adjutant General at Vicksburg, the list here exhibited represents a relationship with a successful commander of the Civil War of long duration and permanent interest.*

All the men who figure in the group of staff officers of the Department of the Arkansas are dead, except Dr. Joseph R. Smith, Colonel Byron O. Carr, General Alexander Mackenzie, Lieutenant Thomas D. Witt and Major John F. Lacey. From the survivors, many of the details of this sketch were obtained by the writer, who is a namesake of General Steele, and whose father, (numbered 13 in the description) owned the photograph from which the reproduction was made.

*Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. XXII, part II, p. 436; Vol. XLIX, part I, p. 284, and other references.

LEGENDS OF GROSSE POINTE

ELIZABETH L. STOCKING

ABOUT eight miles trolley or automobile ride from the City Hall of Detroit brings one to the beautiful suburb of Grosse Pointe where many of Detroit's wealthy citizens have their summer homes, surrounded by park-like grounds and facing on the sparkling waters of Lake St. Clair. Here, too, is situated the exclusive Country Club with its golf links and tennis courts. From the broad verandas of the clubhouse, one may watch the great freighters and passenger steamers of the Lakes as they enter the Detroit river heading towards Belle Isle.

There was a time when Grosse Pointe was occupied by the old French "habitants" who had their farms fronting on the lake and extending back a mile or more. For many years these farmers clung to their homesteads, refusing the tempting offers of summer residents, but gradually, as the older generation died out, the farms were sold, although even now, an occasional weather-beaten farm-house with a vegetable garden behind it, may be seen still remaining between luxurious homes of wealth.

The French habitants were very superstitious, and many are the legends associated, in former days, with the "Pointe." Imagine a group of listeners gathered enthralled about an old French habitant, Jean Marie Tetit, noted for his narrative powers, while he smokes his pipe and tells these stories of the past.

LE LUTIN, THE GOBLIN HORSEMAN

Once there lived at Grosse Pointe a young farmer who was familiarly known as "Jaco." Although his father had left him a fine fertile farm, his tastes seemed not to run in the direction of farming but rather to the breeding of horses. He was usually the winner at the winter races on the frozen lake or on the

"Grand Marais," a swamp just below the Pointe. Protected from the cold by an Indian blanket coat, its hood drawn over his head, a red sash about his waist, and mole-skin gloves on his hands, he would dash along in his cariole drawn by his favorite steed, L'Eclair (lightning) distancing all competitors.

One night, with other young people, he drove to a dance some distance from his home. The "tripping of the light, fantastic toe" must have proved enticing, for it was dawn when he went to the stable to harness L'Eclair. To his surprise, he found her covered with foam and her mane tangled with burrs as though she had been ridden hard and far. Thinking that some of his companions had played a practical joke on him, he held his tongue and took her home.

The following morning, however, he found his favorite in the same condition, her head drooping dejectedly, completely worn out. The next morning and the next, she was in a similar state, looking as if she had been driven mercilessly all night. Jaco put a padlock on his stable door and strewed ashes so that he might be able to distinguish the foot-prints of the intruder, but, to his astonishment, although the horse was found in the same plight the next morning, the padlock was secure and the ashes undisturbed.

In perplexity, Jaco went to a friend, telling the story of the midnight rides and asking his opinion. Glancing about as if fearful of some unseen presence, the friend whispered: "It must be LeLutin, the horned goblin, who has taken a dislike to you. If you brand your mare with a cross, that will protect her."

Jaco, however, shook his head incredulously: "No, I think it is an enemy who is jealous of L'Eclair," he replied.

Determined to discover for himself who this enemy might be, Jaco, one moonlight night, stationed himself, with his rifle, at a window where he could command a good view of his barn. For long, all was still save the gentle lapping of the water on the beach, and an occasional cry from the whip-poor-will, when, suddenly, the troubled neighing of a horse fell on his ears. A moment later, the barn-doors flew noiselessly open, and poor L'Eclair, trembling like an aspen, dashed out. On her back, was a dreadful horned creature, its skin covered with black bristling

hair, its eyes fiery, a fiendish leer on its face. With one claw-like hand it clutched poor L'Eclair's mane; with the other it belabored her with a thorn-bush stick.

Jaco was naturally a brave man, but at this frightful sight, he felt his hair rising on end, his knees striking together, and cold chills running down his back. Knowing that his rifle would be useless against such an apparition, he seized the font of holy water which all good habitants kept at the head of their beds, and throwing it out of the window, struck the goblin with it just as he passed beneath. There was a demoniacal shriek; L'Eclair snorted, reared, and despite the efforts of the fiend, plunged into the lake. Jaco hurried in pursuit but, when he reached the lake, nothing could be seen but a few bubbles and eddies showing where horse and rider had disappeared.

Jaco fired his rifle to summon the neighbors, and as they hastened to the spot, breathlessly told his story, pointing to the fragments of the broken font and the thorn-bush stick which the goblin had dropped.

Thereafter, Jaco, as well as all the other Grosse Pointe habitants, were careful to mark their horses with a cross to protect them from the malicious Le Lutin.

Le Loup Garou.

There once lived on the shore of the lake at Grosse Pointe a trapper by the name of Simonet. His young wife died, leaving a little black-eyed daughter, Archange, to cheer the forlorn widower. Tenderly, he reared her, bringing the thickest bear-skins to keep her warm and the plumage of the brightest birds to deck her little hats. He taught her to skin the deer, the beaver, and the muskrat, and as she grew older, no one could excel her in preparing the delicious whitefish and the pickerel for their simple meals. She could plait straw and knit, too, the sums she secured from the sale of the articles she fashioned serving to purchase the small fineries with which she enhanced her beauty. For beautiful she certainly was, with her dark eyes, glowing cheeks, and black locks, and she reigned a belle, worshipped by the country youths of Grosse Pointe.

Among them, Pierre La Fontaine, a young farmer, proved to be the favored one whose wooing could bring the light of happi-

ness to the eyes of Archange. Often when the moonlight turned the water into silver, Pierre would row his betrothed on the lake, and as their boat slipped over its surface, their voices would mingle in happy songs or sink to whispers as they talked of the wedding and of the new home which they planned.

One evening, after a trip of this kind, Pierre having landed his sweetheart on the beach near her home, she stood watching him as, with strong strokes, he sent the boat flying towards his own farm.

Startled by a rustling in the bushes, Archange turned and beheld a monster with a wolf's head and an enormous tail, walking erect like a man. With a scream, she fled for her father's cabin, and when she had rushed into his arms, told about the dreadful creature.

Simonet grew pale when he heard her story. "My daughter," he said, "you have seen the Loup Garou."

After Archange, her fright soon over, had retired to her rest and was dreaming of her lover, Simonet sat smoking and musing. He remembered the tales of the Loup Garou who sometimes stole children and even occasionally lured a young man away, but whose chief delight was in fair maidens, and he could not shake off the forebodings which haunted him.

At last the wedding day arrived, and in the morning, Archange clad in her simple gown of white batiste, went to the woods to gather her bridal bouquet of wild flowers. Again the Loup "crossed her path," but he looked so ridiculous wearing a coat and hat of which he had robbed some habitant, and carrying a cane, that she forgot her fears in her amusement. Seeing that she did not run away, he gazed at her with a leer, displaying his wolfish teeth. Archange dropping her flowers, fled for her home, reaching there in time to shut the door in the face of the wolf who had followed her.

Soon afterward, the wedding took place in the little flower-bedecked church, built of logs, with clay to fill the chinks and a roof of bark. All the Grosse Pointe habitants attended in holiday attire, and the good priest who had baptised and prepared for communion both Pierre and Archange, now joined them in holy matrimony.

After the ceremony, the whole party went to Pierre's new house where gay festivities were held on the lawn. The Seignieur of the neighborhood was there to claim the first kiss from the bride, all the other friends following with congratulations and good wishes.

In the midst of the merry-making, the Loup Garou with a rush like a whirlwind sprang through the crowd and seizing the bride bore her away to the forest. For a moment all were paralyzed; then Pierre rushed frantically in pursuit followed by the other men, while the women and children prayed and lamented.

In time the men returned, all but Pierre, their sad faces telling of the fruitlessness of their search. Going back towards evening to look for Pierre, they finally found him wandering in the swamp, a piece of white batiste grasped in his hand. When they questioned him he replied with only a maniacal stare and shriek. Sorrowfully they led him home, and thereafter he would often return to the swamp and gaze for hours into its slimy depths.

About a year later, Pierre aroused from his stupor by his sister's marriage, rushed into the woods after the ceremony as if in pursuit of something. Towards sunset he was seen chasing a Loup Garou towards the lake. Wonderingly, the habitants watched the race. When the lake was reached, the wolf standing on a boulder at its edge, stretched out his arms as if in appeal, whereupon a giant catfish appeared in the water, and opening wide its mouth, the Loup Garou leapt into it.

From that time, no habitant of Grosse Pointe would eat catfish. Should you doubt this story, go to Grosse Pointe, and you may still see impressed upon the boulder, the foot-print of the Loup Garou.

POETS OF AMERICA

I

Colonial Poets

BY WARREN WHITE

IN an old, old volume of poetry which has been in the family for generations, and which I used to pore over in my childish days, there occurs this sentence; "With multitudes of verse writers, we have few poets."

Poetry grows out of the habit of meditation, and that is rare among us. Love of Nature, an introspective tendency and a disposition at once affectionate and reserved, incline the possessor to express his fancies, the hopes or fears that move him, in the tuneful melody of the lyric, in the passionate sonnet and in the lofty hymn or chant. In the early days of our settlements, none of the materials for poetry were lacking; love, war, heroism, religious zeal were all present to inspire the imagination, and a natural atmosphere of mystery and gloom in surroundings little known and half feared, must have driven genius to the most divine, joyous mode of expression. But the conditions were the least favorable, and time, peace,—above all,—isolation, were lacking. Ah, those were busy days in the colonies, when every moment brought its hard duty of provision for bodily needs, for protection from an ever harassing enemy, and when all that men dared find leisure for was the religious observances that comforted their souls and fortified their failing hearts!

Many of the early colonists were men of education and refinement, but they were rather in the habit of self-suppression than of expression. Crude in taste and narrow in their ideals, except in their ideal of patriotism, they found outlet for their

opinions in religious controversy and in political writings. There were not a few minor poets, who may have dreamed of greatness, but the Colonial period contains not one great name, and few verses that are worthy of being remembered. As a keen critic of this period states; "The bar to progress was that spirit of bigotry—at length broken down by the stronger spirit of freedom—which prevented the cultivation of elegant learning, and regarded as the fruits of profane desire the poet's glowing utterance, strong feeling, delicate fancy, and brilliant imagination. Our fathers were like the laborers of an architest; they planted deep and strong in religious virtue and useful science the foundations of an edifice, not dreaming how great and magnificent it was to be. They did well their part; it was not for them to fashion capitals and adorn the arches of the temple."

The first poem composed in this country was in Latin, not English, and was a description of New England, by the Reverend William Morrell, who came to Plymouth Colony in the year 1623. It has been reprinted, together with an English translation made by the author, in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The Latin was possibly more elegant than the translation, which is commonplace, yet not without a certain quaintness and vigor that makes it respectable. The Foreword is this;

> "New England's annoyances, you that would know them,
> Pray ponder these verses which briefly show them."

And the succeeding unvarnished putting forth of the trials of pioneer living must make succeeding generations thankful for their comparatively luxurious lot.

> "The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
> Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good:
> Our mountains and hills and our valleys below
> Being commonly covered with ice and with snow:
> And when the northwest wind with violence blows,
> Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
> But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
> He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But when the spring opens, we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.

And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we can get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double are warmer than single whole-clothing!"

How readily can be traced here, the hard sense, literalness and finally, philosophy so characteristic of a certain order of Englishmen! This world is very real to them, and not a single touch of fancy "shimmers o'er the landscape" to imbue common things with beauty. The good divine did not long stay on this side to experience the discomforts he well knew how to describe, but returned the following year to England's yule log and more mature civilization.

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, wife of the governor, wrote verses of a very pretty order. She was exceedingly well appreciated in her own time, and has received praise from Norton and from John Rogers, the latter of whom wrote a poem himself, in her honor. From her poem, entitled "Contemplation," the following lines are extracted:

"Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

The poem contains thirteen verses, and throughout all there is the gentle refinement of a thoughtful, amiable spirit, looking at Nature through the sober, moral glasses of the times, yet escaping now and then, with the unconsciousness of a child, into the freer flight encouraged by a fancy at once sensitive and delicate.

Naturally, most of the writers of the Colonial period were either ministers or had had a ministerial training. The clerical profession has always been peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of a literary taste, if such exists, and at that time the ministry possessed such influence and was so honored that it must have been easier for one of the cloth to gain a hearing than for outsiders to do so. But of the many who made the pen an occupation of leisure hours, almost none deserve mention. One, however, we must speak of; the famous Cotton Mather. He was one of the most learned scholars and most celebrated persons of his age. Yet, he had little originality and neither freshness nor profundity. His style was stilted, prosy and archaic, and more over, he was a terrible hypocrite who incited torture of witches under the guise of philanthropy and religion, and whose life was a contradiction of his professions, for he was intriguing, cruel and unscrupulous. It is one of the instances where strong intellectual capacity is accompanied with a perverted moral sense, and where natural gifts but render their possessor the more dangerous as an element of evil. But it has required the perspective of more than a century to place the character of this person in its true proportions, for during his lifetime he was regarded almost as a saint. His verse is deficient in any quality which can give it interest, save as a curious specimen of the bigotry of the period.

A soldier poet was Roger Wolcott, whose chief work bears the cumbersome title, "A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honorable John Winthrop, Esquire, in the Court of King Charles the Second, Anne Domini 1662, when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut." This, now, is a title for a "quick seller!" But those ephemeral beauties were undreamed of in the sober days when men and women took a season to read a work; studying it conscientiously, and criticising it profoundly, in the conversation of long summer afternoons, or of winter

nights, when the wreathing smoke of sober pipes made fantastic shadows on the bare walls and the children, huddled in the corner, farthest from the fire, heeded the talk of their elders, and learned what names were to be honored and what condemned, according to the fashion of that day.

There are certain touches in Wolcott's poem that are very agreeable; the swing and movement are lively, and although a little classical affectation mars it here and there, on the whole, it is one of the most worthy of the Colonial productions. The description of a storm at sea is full of vigor and fluency:

"The winds awhile
Are courteous, and conduct them on their way,
To near the mist of the Atlantic sea,
When suddenly their pleasant gales they change
For dismal storms that o'er the ocean range.
For faithless Aeolus, meditating harms,
Breaks up the peace, and priding much in arms,
Unbars the great artillery of heaven,
And at the fatal signal by him given,
The cloudy chariots threatening take the plains;
Drawn by wing'd steeds hard pressing on their reins.
These vast batallions, in dire aspect raised,
Start from the barriers—night with lightning blazed,
Whilst clashing wheels, resounding thunders crack,
Strike mortals deaf, and heavens astonished shake."

Some of the names that have been preserved, whether deserving or not, are those of John Adams, M. A., whose works were published posthumously. "A Poem on Society," is a translation from the Latin of Horace, quite sympathetically done. The author was highly esteemed for his piety and learning, and his funeral was attended by all the notable persons of the neighborhood. His epitaph was an eloquent recital of his superiority as a man and a poet, as the following quotation shows:

"But sufficient to perpetuate his memory to the latest posterity, are the immortal writings of this departed gentleman; who, for his genius, his learning, and his piety, ought to be enrolled in the highest class in the catalogue of Fame."

Alas, for the brevity of reputation, Adams is now scarcely ever recollected except by the antiquarian, who sweeps away the dust from old bookshelves to unearth obscure individuals for purposes of comparison and criticism.

Leaving on one side such dullards as Thomas Makin, whose verses, nevertheless, were read in these times, as well as those of Ralph and Mayhew, we have to remark one who was called "America's first dramatic poet." He was a Philadelphian, of English parentage, but entered the Colonial army, fighting in the battle of Fort Du Quesne, in 1759. A severe critic, whom, in view of some of our recent essays in stage productions, I must regard as incautious, denounces the tragedy, "The Prince of Parthia," as "the most worthless composition in the dramatic form that has been printed in America." The speeches in blank verse in this ambitious effort do, it must be confessed, read remarkably like dull prose. Another poem, "The Court of Fancy," had a vogue in its time that makes us believe our forefathers more tolerant in matters of art than they were in those of religion. Of this Thomas Godfrey, there was a certain intimate friend who also, aspired to fame, on little better grounds of merit. Perhaps he might have been left altogether to that oblivion he ought to have preferred but for the directions in his will to have his verses collected and published for the benefit of posterity. A goodly heritage. Nathaniel Evans was the name of this gentleman, who devoted his final dollars to the embalming of his name. It might better have been left to be traced by his descendants on an ancient tombstone.

John Osborne, who did not attempt so much, perhaps accomplished more, for he produced a "Whaling Song," that was sung for half a century. And now, leaving the region of ecclesiastical poets, we come upon a few so called wits and satirists. The first among these is Mather Byles, sometimes called "the punning Byles." He was, indeed, a sort of preacher, but cannot have applied himself with much zeal to his calling, for he was in the arena of politics as well as in the field of literature. A notorious Tory, he was sentenced to be imprisoned for forty days on board a guard ship, and although afterwards pardoned, he was forced to finish his life as an ostracized man, unpopular and

mistrusted. In earlier times he had been a social favorite, the friend of governors and of the ladies. He once improvised, on board ship where the hymn books had been forgotten, some lines which were sung instead of those of the missing Hopkins.

Another Cambridge man, Joseph Green, was a humorous writer whose rhymes were popular with the public of that period. His epigrams were excellent and he was a famous improvisator. Once he was asked to make an epitaph for a favorite servant of a friend, and he replied without an instant's hesitation,

> "Here lies the body of John Cole,
> His master loved him like his soul;
> He could rake hay, none could rake faster
> Except that raking dog, his master."

Blunt Anglo-Saxon wit again, and far removed from the poetic spirit; but such as it was, it satisfied the taste of the times, and was the best that was to be had.

The notable Doctor Benjamin Church made a reputation by his political writings. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and an army sergeant. But being suspected and found guilty of treasonable correspondence, he was imprisoned, and immediately after his release he embarked for the West Indies. The ship was lost at sea. His satires and elegies are marked by smoothness of style, but are not original.

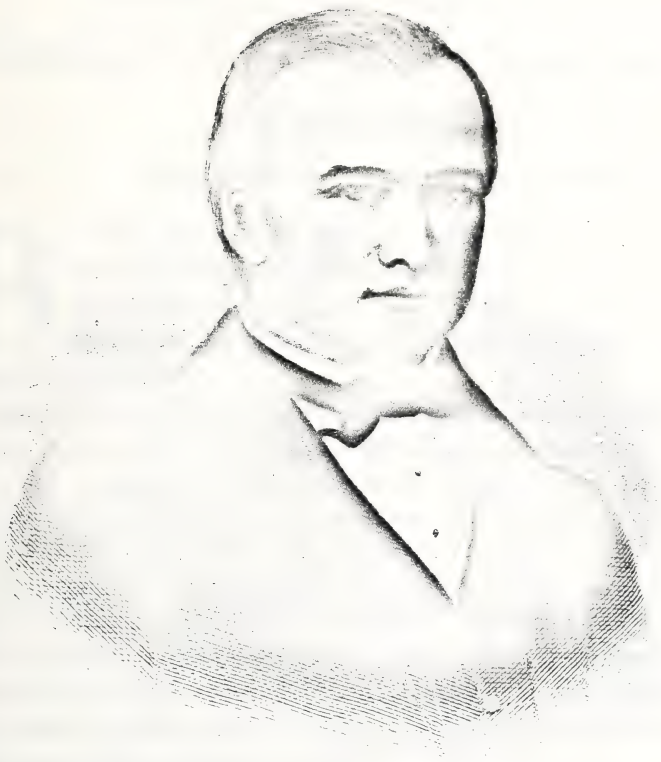
The only woman poet, besides Mrs. Bradstreet, was Mrs. Eliza Bleeker. Her inspiration was the misery of domestic life, in the tempestuous times of frontier warfare. It is remarkable that, with such material for an epic, as was present then, that no genius was there to cull in so rich a field. But pioneering is too engrossing an occupation to permit the development of qualities necessary to the epic poet. A few abortive attempts were made to produce epics, but the result is not worth recording. Almost the sole remains of them is in a fragment published by James Allen, on "Bunker Hill."

A writer of patriotic verse, who must be commended for the finish of his style, is Doctor J. M. Sewell, of New York, whose epilogue to Addison's "Cato," is well known. Prime and Ver-

planck also deserve mention for the erudition and elegance of their elegiac verse. One of Verplanck's shorter poems entitled a "Prophecy," is full of real poetic insight and power.

> "Hail, happy Britian, Freedom's blest retreat;
> Great is thy power, thy wealth, thy glory great,
> But wealth and power have no immortal day,
> For all things ripen only to decay.
> And when that time arrives, the lot of all,
> When Britian's glory, power, and wealth shall fall;
> Then shall thy sons by Fate's unchanged decree
> In other worlds another Britian see,
> And what thou art, America shall be.

But it must be admitted that the poetry of Colonial days was deficient in originality and local color, and was in general, a poor reflection of English methods of thought and feeling. The day had not yet arrived for America to thrill with thoughts and feelings of her own, and like a child in a strange environment, she "harked back" to the scenes of her fatherland and motherland, and dwelt in fancy upon things already learned and known there. But Freedom was already sweeping in broad flight over the sea, and bearing on her wings to her new country the fine, pure air that is like an elixor to brave spirits, and inspires them to heroic moods from which come noble verse. If Colonial poetry was crude and narrow, the poetry of the Revolutionary period well made up these defects.



N. K. Whitney

HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

By Brigham H. Roberts, Assistant Historian of the Church.

CHAPTER XIX

The Zion of the Western World

BY the opening of Spring 1831 the Church in Kirtland and vicinity had increased to more than one thousand in membership. The New York saints also began to arrive in the Spring, and by May all had reached Kirtland, or its vicinity.

A conference of the Elders and Saints had been appointed for June. It convened on Friday the third and continued until Sunday; the congregation is said to have numbered two thousand.[1] During the conference a revelation was received appointing by name twenty-eight Elders to travel through the Western country in pairs, preaching the gospel by the way, baptizing and confirming by the water's side those who would receive the truth. These Elders were to meet in conference in western Missouri, "upon the land," said the Lord, "which I will consecrate unto my people, which are a remnant of Jacob, and those who are heirs according to the covenant."[2]

Joseph Smith Jun. and Sidney Rigdon were to be among those who were to go upon this mission, and if faithful the Lord promised to reveal to them the place of the Saint's inheritance in Missouri. "I will hasten the city in its time," said the Lord, and will crown the faithful with joy."[3] And so the elders went forth upon this mission

Meantime the Colesville Saints, about sixty in number, led from Colesville, New York, by Newel Knight, and who had set-

1. See History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 175-179. Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith the Prophet, p. 113.
2. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 52.
3. *Ibid.*

tled at Thompson, sixteen miles northeast of Kirtland, met with some disappointment growing out of the bad faith of one Lemon Copley, a "Shaking Quaker,"[4] residing at Thompson. He had under his control an extensive tract of land which he agreed to allow these saints to occupy, and a contract was agreed upon; but the terms of this agreement Copley soon afterwards broke, and threw all concerned into confusion.[5] Copley had joined the Church and had been ordained to the priesthood. There was a large settlement of the "Shakers," located near the city of Cleveland, and Elders Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt and Copley were sent on a mission to them, but they would not hear much less receive the gospel.[6] Copley himself, also turned away from the faith, which doubtless led to the breaking of his engagements with the Colesville Saints at Thompson. Under these circumstances the Colesville branch resolved to remove in a body under the leadership of Newel Knight to the land of promise, western Missouri. They settled about twelve miles west of Independence, Jackson county, on the edge of an extensive prairie in Kaw township, now part of Kansas City, arriving there the latter part of June.

Joseph Smith arrived in Missouri about the middle of July. Here he met with the Lamanite mission sent from New York less than a year before. The Prophet, however, had already heard the report of their labors through Elder Parley P. Pratt, who had been sent back to Ohio, early in the spring, to report the Mission's progress.

It appears that after leaving Kirtland in November, 1830, the Lamanite Mission visited the Wyandot tribe of Indians near Sandusky, Ohio, with whom they spent several days. "We were

4. "This sect of Christians arose in England, and Ann Lee has the credit of being its founder. They derive their name from their manner of worship, which is performed by singing and dancing, and clapping their hands in regular time, to a novel but rather pleasant kind of music. This sect was persecuted in England, and came to America in 1774. They first settled in Watervliet, near Albany, New York. They claim revelations from heaven, or gifts from the Holy Spirit, which direct them in the choice of their leaders, and in other important concerns. Their dress and manners are similar to those of the society of Friends (Quakers); hence they are often called 'Shaking Quakers'."—Hayward's Book of All Religions, pp. 84-85.

5. "Scraps of Biography, Newel Knight's Journal," pp. 70-71. "The Church at Thompson was involved in difficulty because of the rebellion of Lemon Copley who would not do as he had previously agreed; which thing confused the whole Church" (John Whitmer's History of the Church—ms.—ch. viii).

6. Pratt's Autobiography, p. 65.

well received," writes Elder Parley P. Pratt, "and had an opportunity of laying before them the record of their forefathers, which we did. They rejoiced in the tidings, bid us Godspeed and desired us to write to them in relation to our success among the tribes further west, who had already removed to the Indian Territory, where these expected soon to go."[7]

On arriving at Independence two of the company secured employment, while the other three crossed the frontier line and began their labors among the Indians. They visited the Shawnees, spending one night with them, and the next day crossed the Kansas river and began their labors among the Delawares. They sought an interview with the chief of the Delawares, known among the whites as "Chief Anderson." He was the grand sachem of ten nations or tribes, and consequently possessed of large influence. He had always opposed the introduction of missionaries among his people, and therefore did not at first extend a very hearty welcome to the brethren. However, through an interpreter, the brethren made known their errand and explained to him the Book of Mormon and the information it contained for his people. They asked to be heard before a full council of his nation, a proposition which the chief took under consideration until the next day. Next morning the conversation with the Delaware Chief was renewed, but he was not inclined at first to call the council. But as he began to undersand better the nature of the Book of Mormon, he changed his mind and asked the brethren to suspend their conversation until the council could be assembled. A runner was dispatched to the tribes and in about an hour forty leading men were assembled and seated in grave silence to hear the message concerning the book of their forefathers.

Oliver Cowdery addressed them at some length, during which he detailed the history of their forefathers to them, their ancient glory and power, and the cause of their decline and present fallen state. He announced the discovery of the record containing an account of these ancient events, and recited the prophecies the book contained of future deliverance of the red man from his thraldom of savage life with its attendant physical hardships

7. Pratt's Autobiography, p. 54.

and moral and spiritual limitations. In reply the venerable Chief of the Delawares said:

"We feel truly thankful to our white friends who have come so far and been at such pains to tell us good news, and especially this new news concerning the Book of our forefathers; it makes us glad in here"—placing his hand on his heart. "It is now winter; we are new settlers in this place; the snow is deep; our cattle and horses are dying; our wigwams are poor; we have much to do in the spring; to build houses and fence and make farms; but we will build a council house and meet together, and you shall read to us and teach us more concerning the Book of our fathers, and the will of the Great Spirit."

Elder Parley P. Pratt in his report of the mission says. "We continued for several days to instruct the old Chief and many of his tribe. The interest became more and more intense on their part, from day to day, until at length nearly the whole tribe began to feel a spirit of inquiry and excitement on the subject. We found several among them who could read, and to them we gave copies of the book, explaining to them that it was the book of their forefathers. Some began to rejoice exceedingly and took great pains to tell the news to others in their own language. The excitement now reached the frontier settlements in Missouri, and stirred up the jealousy and envy of the Indian agents and sectarian missionaries to that degree that we were soon ordered out of the Indian country as disturbers of the peace, and even threatened with the military in case of non-compliance. We accordingly departed from the Indian country and came over the line, and commenced laboring in Jackson county, Missouri, among the whites. * * * Thus ended our first Indian mission, in which we had preached the gospel in its fullness and distributed the record of their forefathers among three tribes, *viz.*: the Catteraugus Indians, near Buffalo, N. Y.; the Wyandots, of Ohio; and the Delawares, west of Missouri."[8]

"The meeting of our brethren, who had long waited our arrival," says the Prophet, referring to meeting with the members of the Lamanite mission and also with the Saints of the Colesville branch "was a glorious one, and moistened with many tears.

8. Autobiography Parley P. Pratt, pp. 56-61.

It seemed good and pleasant for brethren to meet together in unity."

The questions uppermost in every mind on arriving in Western Missouri were, Where is the place of our inheritance? Where is the city of Zion to be built? Where shall the temple stand? The Saints were not long left in doubt as to these questions; for a few days after the arrival of the Prophet he received a revelation in which it was announced that Missouri was the land which the Lord had consecrated for the gathering of his Saints, and "the place which is now called Independence is the center place, and the spot for the temple is lying west-ward, upon a lot which is not far from the court house." And this instruction follows:

"Wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints; and also every tract lying westward even unto the line running directly between Jew[9] and Gentile. And also every tract bordered by the prairies, inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands. Behold, this is wisdom, that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance."[10]

This quotation definitely establishes the fact that there was no intention on the part of Joseph Smith or the Saints to procure their inheritances in the land of Zion other than by purchase. Sidney Gilbert of the mercantile firm of Gilbert[11] and Whitney was appointed an agent of the Church to purchase lands for the Saints. Bishop Partridge was appointed to divide unto the Saints their inheritance. William W. Phelps[12] was appointed to be a printer to the Church, and Oliver Cowdery was to assist

9. This has reference to the line separating the white settlers of Missouri from the Indian tribes settled west of the Missouri line, who are "Israelites," according to the Book of Mormon, for which the term "Jew" here stands.

10. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 57.

11. The date and place of Sidney Gilbert's birth cannot be ascertained. His father's family resided in Huntington, Connecticut. Elder Gilbert had been a successful merchant for some years in Painsville, Ohio; and subsequently with Newel K. Whitney founded the successful mercantile firm of Gilbert and Whitney in Kirtland. We shall see as our history progresses that he was a man of rare good sense and sound judgment.

12. William Wine Phelps, born at Hanover, Morris county, New Jersey, February 17th, 1792. Consequently he was a man of about forty years of age when he joined the Church. Previous to coming to Kirtland he had resided in New York. He had been somewhat active in politics, the editor of a partisan paper, and had aspired to be a candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New York. He was a writer of some ability, and a number of hymns the most characteristic of Mormon thought and aspiration stand to his credit. He died in Utah, March 7th, 1872 (History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 86).

him. Phelps with his family came to Kirtland on the eve of the departure of the Elders of the Western Mission for Missouri. He said he came to throw in his lot with the Church "and to do the will of the Lord;" and was at once appointed to go with the Prophet to Missouri.

The first Sunday after the arrival of the elders of this western mission, a public meeting was held over the western boundary of Missouri, and Elder Phelps delivered an address upon the new dispensation of the gospel. Such a congregation was present as could only be possible in an American frontier district—Indians, Negroes (then slaves), and all classes and conditions of people from the surrounding counties—Universalites, Athiests, Deists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, both priests and people. At the conclusion of the services two persons were baptized.

On the 2nd of August, in the Colesville branch of the Church, Kaw township, the foundation of the first house was laid by the Saints in Jackson county. It was to be a log structure, and the first log was carried by twelve men, of whom the Prophet was one, in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel. Sidney Rigdon by prayer consecrated the land to the gathering of the saints. "Do you," he asked the assembled Saints—

"Do you receive this land for the land of your inheritance with thankful hearts from the Lord?"

Answer from all: "We do."

"Do you pledge yourselves to keep the law of God on this land which you never have kept in your own hands?"

"We do."

"Do you pledge yourselves to see (to it) that others of your brethren who shall come hither keep the laws of God?"

"We do."

"After prayer, he arose and said: 'I now pronounce this land consecrated and dedicated unto the Lord for a possession and inheritance for the Saints, and for all the faithful servants of the Lord to the remotest ages of time, in the name of Jesus Christ, having authority from him. Amen.'" [12]

"It was a season of joy," writes the Prophet, "and afforded a glimpse of the future which time will yet unveil to the satisfaction of the faithful." The day following the Prophet dedicated

12. John Whitmer's History of the Church, (ms) ch. ix.

the temple site in Independence, located "a little west of the courthouse." A scant half mile west of the court-house one comes to a slightly crowning hill—"A gentle hill of mild declevity"—to which tradition points as the place so dedicated. In the course of the ceremonies the 87th Psalm was read:

His foundation is the holy mountains.
The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.
Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.
I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me; behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopa: this man was born there.
And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her; and the Highest himself shall establish her.
The Lord shall count when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.
As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs [i. e. hopes] are in thee.

On the fourth of August a conference was held in Kaw township, at which quite a number of the Elders of the western mission were present. With the close of the conference the purpose for which the mission had been appointed, viz., definitely locating the land of Zion and dedicating it to the Lord for the gathering of the Saints, was accomplished, and the leading Elders of the church, who were not appointed to remain in the land, began making preparations for returning to Kirtland.

All the elders who started from Kirtland had not arrived in time to participate in this conference, or the important events which preceded it. Arrangements were therefore made by which upon their arrival another conference was to be held at which Bishop Edward Partridge would preside, after which the Elders were to return to the East bearing testimony by the way of what they had learned concerning zion.[13]

There has obtained very generally misapprehensions concerning the purpose of this mission to western Missouri. It has been usually supposed that the purpose was to proceed immediately to take possession of the land, and to commence the glorious city which is the subject of some of the Book of Mormon prophecies, and prophecies in the revelations to Joseph Smith; which pro-

13. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 58; 61-64.

phecies generally allude to the city of Zion in her completed and glorified state, not to the humble beginnings in which the city might have its origin. Fortunately for the history of this event the revelations received by Joseph Smith about this time and on the spot, clearly manifest that he had no misapprehension as to the purpose of the Lord in assembling his servants in western Missouri on this occasion; nor was there any ground for disappointment in his conceptions about Zion, because the present was a day, apparently, of simple and small things. In a revelation to these Elders of the Western Mission the Lord said: "Blessed is he that keepeth my commandments, whether in life or in death; and he that is faithful in tribulation, the reward of the same is greater in the kingdom of heaven. Ye cannot behold with your natural eyes, for the present time, the design of your God concerning those things which shall come hereafter, and the glory which shall follow after much tribulation. For after much tribulation cometh the blessings." The Lord then proceeds to state the reasons for which he had brought them to the place of the city of Zion, which summarized are as follows:

1. That the Lord's servants might give to him a witness of their obedience;
2. That they might have the honor of laying the foundation of Zion;
3. That they might bear record in all their travels hereafter, where the city of Zion shall stand;
4. That the testimony of these things might go forth from "the city of the heritage of God."[14]

It may be thought that this was not much to be accomplished by the Western Mission, and yet from these early days of the new dispensation until now the ministry of the Church of Zion because of the things which were then done on the land have been able to testify of the fixed decree of God to build in that place a Holy City for the western world—Zion!—yet to be a center of spiritual light and truth and power. To know this, and to be witnesses of it to the world is a great, yea, a very great thing; and not unworthy of the toil and sacrifices of these first elders. That Joseph Smith, however, clearly understood that not all the

14. Doc. and Cov., sec. 58; 1-13.

Elders and Saints would immediately receive their inheritance in western Missouri is evident from the revelation last quoted, which, after giving various directions to certain Elders who were to remain in Zion, says: "Concerning the residue of the Elders of my church, the time has not yet come, *for many years,* for them to receive their inheritance in this land."

That there was any intention to obtain this land of Zion by any other than by legitimate means, by purchase, has already been made apparent,[15] and is further evident from the following passage from the revelation just quoted: "Let there be an agent appointed by the voice of the Church unto the Church in Ohio, to receive monies to purchase the lands in Zion. It is also announced as the will of the Lord that "the disciples, and the children of men should open their hearts, even to purchase this whole region of country, as soon as time will permit. * * * Let all things be done in order; and let the privileges of the land be made known from time to time by the Bishop or the Agent of the Church. And let the work of the gathering be not in haste, nor by flight, but let it be done as it shall be counseled by the Elders of the church at the conferences, according to the knowledge which they receive from time to time."[16]

Nor in this movement was there to be encouraged any lawlessness, nor usurpation of the functions of the state by the church. True Bishop Partridge was appointed a judge in Israel—in the church—"to divide the lands of the heritage of God unto his children," under the law of consecration and stewardship, explained in a former chapter;[17] and he was "to judge the Lord's people" by the testimony of the just, and by the assistance of his counselors, according to the laws of the kingdom which are given by the prophets of God; for verily I say unto you," said the Lord, "my law shall be kept on this land. Let no man think he is ruler, but let God rule him that judgeth, according to the counsel of his own will."[18] But all this had reference to authority and administration within the Church organization as will appear from the verses of the revelation immediately following the last passage quoted, viz.:

15. See page —.
16. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 58.
17. Chapter xviii.
18. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 58; 18-20.

"Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land:

Wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until He reigns whose right it is to reign, [the Christ] and subdues all enemies under His feet.

Behold, the laws which ye have received from my hand are the laws of the Church, and in this light ye shall hold them forth. Behold, here is wisdom."

All this demonstrates that there were no ulterior motives in the gathering of the Saints to western Missouri. Peace, good order, respect for the rights of others, obedience to the laws of the land, were enjoined; and there was to be no usurpation of the functions of the State by reason of the revelations being received through the Prophet—these were "the laws of the Church," not laws for the State, nor to annul the laws of the State, or the Nation—"Behold the laws which ye have received from my hand are the laws of the Church, and as such ye shall hold them forth. Behold, here is wisdom!" Can any one doubt it?

It was a new world into which these New England and eastern people had come, when they reached Western Missouri. It was to them like some limitless paradise, these imense alternating stretches of open, rolling prairie and densely wooded water courses, as compared with the closed-in, heavily wooded hill country from which they had come. It would not be difficult to regard Western Missouri in 1831 as a promised land, fit to be the inheritance of the Saints of the Most High, the site of the new World's New Jerusalem—Zion, the capital to be of the Christ-empire in the western world. It was a fitting environment for such a conception.

Independence, designated as the centre place of Zion, is located among the rolling hills of alternating prairie and woodland in the northern part of Jackson county, about three or four miles south of the Missouri river. It is situated midway between two small rivers which flow northward into the Missouri; the stream on the west is called Big Blue, and the one on the east Little Blue. Independence in 1831, though the county seat of Jackson county, was but a small frontier town. It had a court-house built of brick, two or three merchant stores and fifteen or twenty dwelling houses, mostly built of logs hewed on both sides.

Jackson county itself is in ninety-four west longitude, and thirty-nine north latitude, being nearly equally distant from the northern and southern boundaries of the United States. It is also about midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, making it a central point within the United States; and, with reference to both North and South America, a central place in this western hemisphere. The climate is delightful, being mild at least three-fourths of the year. The soil of western Missouri is, for the most part, a rich, black loam, in places intermingled with sand and clay, and is from two to ten feet in depth, with a subsoil of a fine quality of clay. Both climate and soil are favorable to the production of all the fruits and vegetables of the warm temperate climate. In the popular conception, Missouri is regarded as an agricultural state, yet it has a greater variety of mineral products than most states of the American Union, and few states surpass it in the aggregate of its mineral output; and fewer still exceed it in the production of its mills and factories. North and west of the location designated by Joseph Smith as the central gathering place for his people are now the great states of Iowa, Kansas and Oklahoma. Surely there was nothing lacking to this location so far as richness and variety of natural resources were concerned; and nothing so far as variety, beauty and grandeur of landscape are concerned; nor central position, whether with reference to the United States or the western hemisphere—all advantages that arise from these circumstances are abundantly present, and vindicate that wisdom, whether men shall account it merely human or born of a divine inspiration, that led Joseph Smith to establish his people in Jackson county as the place of their inheritance, and the location of the Holy City of the western world—the Zion of God.

CHAPTER XX

Developments at Kirtland: The Vision of the Three Glories.

The return of such Elders of the Western Mission as had not been appointed to remain in Missouri was begun on the 9th of August from Independence landing. Arrangements had been made for the company to journey down the Missouri river by

means of canoes as far as St. Louis, whence most of them were to go overland to Kirtland two and two preaching by the way. After three days upon the river they reached McIlwaine's Bend where they camped for the night, and here an important revelation was given relative to their own movements and also in relation to the "Destroyer" that should ride upon those western waters, and the danger thereafter of journeying upon them. Shortly after landing, and before night fell upon the scene William W. Phelps beheld in open vision the Destroyer in his most horrible power ride upon the face of the waters. "Others," continues the Prophet in his narrative, "heard the noise but saw not the vision." "Behold there are many dangers upon the waters," said the revelation, "and more especially hereafter; for I, the Lord, have declared in mine anger, many destructions upon the waters; yea, and especially upon these waters [i. e. of western Missouri]. * * * "And now, behold, for your good, I give unto you a commandment concerning these things."[1] Then follows instructions to the Saints who shall hereafter journey to the land of Zion, not to go upon the river, but by land, "pitching their tents by the way."[2]

During the three days upon the river some disagreements and ill feeling had developed among the brethren and explanations and reconciliation had become necessary; it had also been discovered that progress on their journey by the river in canoes was slow, and hence it became necessary for those who had been appointed to purchase the printing press, Sidney Gilbert and William W. Phelps; and the Prophet, Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery, who had been commanded to hasten their return to Kirtland, found it imperative to find a more expeditious means of travel than by the canoes. The greater part of the night at McIlwaines Bend was devoted to these matters. The brethren became reconciled to each other, and those whose affairs more especially cried haste started overland the next morning for St. Louis, and the rest of the company continued the journey *via* the river.

1. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 61.
2. The subject of this revelation and prophecy is considered at length by the writer in an article under the title, "The fulfilment of a Prophecy, the Testimony of the Floods." *Improvement Era,* September, 1903. See also note 1 end of the chapter.

Very naturally the theme uppermost in the minds of the Saints in Kirtland and vicinity on the return of the Prophet and his associates was the land of Zion, and their duty with reference to gathering to the land. The answer by revelation was doubtless, somewhat startling; since it revealed the possibility of trouble and bloodshed in connection with obtaining the land of their inheritance.

"And now, behold, this is the will of the Lord your God concerning his saints, that they should assemble themselves together unto the land of Zion, not in haste, lest there should be confusion, which bringeth pestilence.

Behold, the land of Zion, I, the Lord, hold it in mine own hands;

Nevertheless, I the Lord, render unto Caesar the things which are Caesars:

Wherefore, I the Lord, will that you should purchase the lands that you may have advantage of the world, that you may have claim on the world, that they may not be stirred up unto anger;

For Satan putteth it into their hearts to anger against you, and to the shedding of blood;

Wherefore, the land of Zion shall not be obtained but by purchase or by blood, otherwise there is none inheritance for you.

And if by purchase, behold you are blessed;

And if by blood, as you are forbidden to shed blood, lo, your enemies are upon you, and ye shall be scourged from city to city, and from synagogue to synagogue, and but few shall stand to receive an inheritance."[3]

The language in the above passage has been the subject of much controversy. Some, and among these were the old settlers of Jackson county, Missouri, pretended to see in it a threat to take possession of Western Missouri by conquest, by the "shedding of blood." Surely nothing can be further removed from the intent of the passage when justly construed. It has already been pointed out[4] that the Saints had been commanded to purchase lands in Western Missouri and no hope was ever given that they could obtain them in any other way. In the revelation just quoted the saints are informed that Satan is stirring up their enemies, in the land of their inheritance, to anger against them,

3. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 63; 27-32.
4. See Chapter xix.

"and to the shedding of blood." "Wherefore the land of Zion shall not be obtained but by purchase or by blood." If obtained by purchase the Saints may be accounted blessed. If "by blood" —since they were "forbidden to shed blood"—lo, their enemies will be upon them, and they shall be "scourged from city to city, and from synagogue to synagogue, and but few shall stand to receive an inheritance." And so the event turned out. The Saints failed to respond with becoming promptness to the commandment to purchase the land of Zion; and all that was predicted in the revelation befell them. The passage then was a warning to the Saints not a threat directed at the old settlers of Jackson county; and if blood was to be shed, clearly it was to be the blood of the Saints rather than that of their enemies.

Meantime, in the absence of the Prophet and other Church leaders, evil had reared its head in Kirtland and vicinity, and claimed its following. "Many have turned away from my commandments and have not kept them," said the Lord. Others had "sought after signs and wonders for faith, and not for the good of man," or the Lord's glory. Others still had been guilty of down right sin—immorality.[5] These were sharply rebuked; the law of chastity was repeated and those guilty of its violation, it was declared, would be deprived of the Spirit of the Lord, and would deny the faith. These with liars and sorcerers, it was further declared, would have no part in the first resurrection, but would be subject to banishment from the presence of God. "Behold, I, the Lord, say unto you, that ye are not justified because these things are among you. * * * Wherefore, let the Church repent of their sins, and I the Lord will own them, otherwise they shall be cut off.[6]

Nor was dissension and apostacy confined to those who remained in Ohio. At least one of the Elders who had gone up to the land of Zion with the Western Mission, about this time openly renounced the faith, and published in the *"Ohio Star,"* (Ravenna, Portage county) a series of nine letters in justification of his apostacy. This was Ezra Booth, formerly a Methodist minister of Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. He entered the Church

5. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 63, 14.
6. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 63.

on seeing a person healed of an infirmity of many years standing;[7] and as he was begotten to the faith by seeing a "miracle," so too, it appears, he craved continuous miraculous manifestations to feed his spiritual life. He had expressed the desire that the Saviour would grant him power "to smite men, and make them believe," as he wanted God to do, it is alleged, in his own case.[8] Such, it is needless to say, is not God's method; and when Booth found that the way for reaching other men with truth, and preserving one's own spiritual life was still through God's ancient sacrifice —"the upright heart and pure;" and by faith, patience, diligence, together with love unfeigned—these methods proved too slow, he was disappointed, and denied the faith. His letters make no charge of immorality against the Prophet, or any charge at all that could be said to be serious, or fundamental, the man's soured spirit being taken into account, and the false coloring noted which in all such cases paints the picture untrue to truth. The Booth Letters had but momentary influence, and though they have been several times reproduced[9] in anti-Mormon works, they seem never to have been effective in discrediting the work at whose destruction they were leveled. The fact is Booth's Letters do not deal with fundamental truths on which the new dispensation of the gospel is founded. "Lightness and

7. The circumstance here referred to is thus related in "Hayden's History of the Disciples" (a Campbellite work), pp. 250-1. "Ezra Booth, of Mantua, a Methodist preacher of much more than ordinary culture, and with strong natural abilities, in company with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and some other citizens of this place, (Hiram) visited Smith at his home in Kirtland, in 1831. Mrs. Johnson had been afflicted for some time with a lame arm, and was not at the time of the visit able to lift her hand to her head. The party visited Smith partly out of curiosity, and partly to see for themselves what there might be in the new doctrine. During the interview the conversation turned on the subject of supernatural gifts, such as were conferred in the days of the Apostles. Some one said, 'Here is Mrs. Johnson with a lame arm; has God given any power to men now on the earth to cure here?' A few moments later, when the conversation had turned in another direction, Smith arose, and walking across the room, and taking Mrs. Johnson by the hand, said in the most solemn and impressive manner: 'Woman, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command thee to be whole,' and immediately left the room. The company were awe-stricken at the infinite presumption of the man, and the calm assurance with which he spoke. The sudden mental and moral shock —I know not how better to explain the well-attested fact, electrified the rheumatic arm—Mrs. John at once lifted it with ease, and on her return home the next day she was able to do her washing without difficulty or pain."

8. History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 216.

9. They are reproduced in Howe's Mormonism Unveiled (1834), and also in an Anti-Mormon Tract, by R. B. Neal of Grayson, Kentucky, 1901.

levity" in the Prophet, a "proneness to jesting and joking," or a "temper easily irritated," all of which is charged by Booth against the Prophet, might be admitted, as also sundry weaknesses and imperfections in his following, but these things however much they are to be deplored, if true, do not reach down into the vitals of the religious and philosophical system of truth being unfolded by Joseph Smith. Did the world stand in need of a revelation from God in the early decades of the nineteenth Century of the Christian Era? Did Joseph Smith receive such a revelation? Was the Prophet's story of the origin of the Book of Mormon true? Does that book bear evidence of its alleged divine origin? Had a new dispensation of divine authority been committed to Joseph Smith by personages formerly holding that authority and divine commission? Or are there insuperable difficulties to such an unfolding of truth, or the granting of such a magnificent series of dispensations all entering into and forming one great dispensation to be known as the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times? These are the vital questions, not if men charged with a work so great bear themselves well or ill in every circumstance; or act wise or foolish in a given issue. And these fundamental questions are not considered by Ezra Booth's Letter's; nor, for matter of that, are they treated worthily in any Anti-Mormon literature extant.

During the closing months of the year 1831 great activity prevailed throughout the branches of the Church in Kirtland and vicinity. Joseph Smith in September made his home at Hiram, Portage county,—about thirty miles southeast of Kirtland—with the Johnson family,[10] and Sidney Rigdon was temporarily

10. The Johnson family was one of the typical American families of old colonial times, sensible, honest, well-to-do. "My grandfather, Israel Johnson," writes Luke Johnson in an autobiographical sketch, "lived in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, and was much respected by his neighbors for his honesty, integrity and industry. My father, John Johnson, was born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, April 11th, 1779. He followed the occupation of farming on a large scale, and was noted for paying his debts and living independently. He moved from Pomfret, Vermont, to Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. He was connected with the Methodist Church for about five years previous to receiving the Gospel." Luke Johnson then relates the circumstance of the Prophet, through the power of God, healing his mother of chronic rheumatism in the arm, which converted Ezra Booth as already related (p. 5) and then resumes: "My father was satisfied in regard to the truth of Mormonism, and was baptized by Joseph Smith Jun., in the winter of 1830-1, and furnished him and his family a home, while he translated a portion of the Bible." A photogravure of the Johnson home is published with this chapter.

lodged near by in order to attend to his duty as scribe in the work of revising the English Bible. Numerous council and conference meetings were held to set in order the various branches of the Church, and regulate all things pertaining to the Church in general. In as much as a printing press had been purchased and was to be established at Independence, Missouri, it was resolved by the Elders in conference assembled that a monthly periodical be published to be called *"The Evening and Morning Star."* Also it was decided to publish a collection of the revelations in which the New Dispensation had its origin. The collection was to be called "The Book of Commandments," and it was voted to print an edition of ten thousand copies. Joseph Smith, Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer, Sidney Rigdon and William W. Phelps both by revelation[11] and conference action[12] were appointed stewards over the revelations and commandments which had been given to them; the business of publishing these works, in other words, was granted to the brethren named as a stewardship, which was to be managed as all other stewardships granted in the Church, viz, the profits arising from the management of the stewardship to be used by him or those who held it. If more was received than was necessary for the support of himself and family then the surplus was to be given to the Lord's storehouse.

The revelations were collected under the supervision of the Prophet, edited by him and dedicated to the Lord, and by commandment given into the care of Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer[13] to convey to Independence for publication.

11. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 70.
12. History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 236, foot note.
13. At first Oliver Cowdery alone was appointed to take the collected revelations and a considerable sum of money to Independence for the purchase of lands, etc. But in a revelation given about the time appointed for him to start it was said: "It is wisdom in me that he should not be entrusted with the commandments and the monies which he shall carry unto the land of Zion, except one go with him who will be true and faithful; wherefore, I the Lord will that my servant John Whitmer, shall go with my servant Oliver Cowdery." This passage has been much discussed by Anti-Mormon writers, as implying distrust in Oliver Cowdery's honesty, and hence one "who will be true and faithful" must go with him. The fact was that much of the journey between Kirtland and Independence, or Zion, was through a sparsely settled country, the western portion of it through a frontier country where there is always a gathering, more or less, of lawless people; and it was at considerable risk that a person traveled through such a country, especially when alone and carrying money with him. It was wisdom then, for the sake of Oliver Cowdery, and to insure the safety of the money and the sacred things he was to carry with him, that one should go with him that would be a true and faithful companion, hence the appointment of John Whitmer.

In October Orson Hyde,[14] then a young man of twenty-six, and a clerk in Gilbert and Whitney's store, at Kirtland, came into the Church. He had been successively a Methodist class leader and Campbellite pastor. When the Lamanite Mission came to Kirtland and presented the Book of Mormon, Orson Hyde at the request of Campbellite friends opposed the book in public addresses. But feeling reproved by the Spirit for this course he desisted, made further inquiry, with the result that he became a convert as stated above.[15] Mormonism in Orson Hyde's conversion had found one more chief Apostle of the New Dispensation, one who later was to carry its message to far distant Jerusalem, and dedicate the land of Palestine for the gathering of the Jews.

Meantime sundry revelations were given adding line upon line and precept upon precept to the unfolding law of God, and developing the organization of the Church. The power and authority of God's servants in their ministry was declared. "They shall speak as they are moved upon by the Holy Ghost," said the Lord. "And whatsoever they shall speak when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, shall be scripture, shall be the will of the Lord, shall be the mind of the Lord, shall be the word of the Lord, shall be the voice of the Lord, and the power of God unto salvation: Behold this is the promise of the Lord unto you, O ye my servants:"[16]

The law unto Zion and all her stakes was given respecting parents teaching their children the gospel. The divine injunction was that children must be taught faith in Christ as the Son of the living God; repentance, baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost, and all this by the time they are eight years of age, that they

14. Orson Hyde was born January 8th, 1805, at Oxford, New Haven county, Connecticut. He was the son of Nathan and Sally Hyde. His father served in the United States army in the war of 1812. When Orson was seven years old his mother died, and the large family of Nathan Hyde, consisting of nine sons and three daughters, were scattered. Orson was taken in charge by a man of the name of Nathan Wheeler. Seven years later, or when young Hyde was fourteen years of age, Mr. Wheeler moved from the state of Connecticut to Ohio, settling in the vicinity of Kirtland. Orson accompanied him and continued to live with him in Ohio for about four years, after which he engaged in various occupations on his own account, at last becoming a clerk in the firm of Gilbert & Whitney, merchants.

15. See Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 217, and foot note.

16. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 68. This does not commit the church to the position that every word spoken by its ministry is the word of the Lord and Scripture; it is only *"When"* God's servants "speak as moved upon by the Holy Ghost" that it is so; and *"When"* should be emphasized.

might then be received into the Church. Failing in this, the sin is upon the head of the parents. The Saints were also "to teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord.

The Saints were commanded to observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

Idlers in the land of Zion were reproved: "I the Lord am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness. Those things ought not to be, and must be done away from among them."

Prayer also was enjoined: "He that observeth not his prayers before the Lord in the season thereof, let him be had in remembrance before the judge of my people"—i. e. the bishop.[17]

These instructions and reproofs given to the saints, plainly testify to the fact that the Church was standing for the law of righteousness; not only stoutly, but absolutely.

It was made known in the month of November that other bishops were to be appointed unto the Church[18] besides the one already appointed, Bishop Partridge; and shortly afterwards, namely, on the 4th of December, Elder Newel K. Whitney was appointed by revelation,[19] and ordained by Joseph Smith to be the Bishop of Kirtland and the eastern branches of the Church. Newel K. Whitney was a thorough business man both by instincts and training; and since in the New Dispensation the bishopric has to do chiefly with temporal affairs, receiving the consecrations and tithes of the people, looking after the poor, and supervising generally the material interests of the Church, the selection of Elder Whitney for this position was a most fortnuate one.[20]

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17. See Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 68, for the several items in the text above.

18. Ibid, sec. 68: 14.

19. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 72.

20. A biographical note of Bishop Whitney will be found in chapter xviii. He and the Prophet Joseph were fast friends. "But though Joseph loved him as a bosom friend," writes Whitney's biographer, Elder Orson F. Whitney, his grandson, and now—1910—of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, "he did not fail to correct him whenever occassion required, and the candor of his rebuke, and the outspoken nature of their friendship, served only to knit their souls more closely together. * * * The thought of assuming this important responsibility (the office of Bishop) was almost more than he could bear. Though in natural gifts few men

On January, the 25th, 1832, a conference of High Priests, Elders and members of the Church was held in Amherst, Lorain county, Ohio, and here Joseph, the Prophet, was sustained as President of the High Priesthood of the Church, and ordained to that office;[21] which also carries with it the office of President of the whole Church; "The duty of the President of the High Priesthood is to preside over the whole Church, and to be like unto Moses. * * * Yea, to be a Seer, a Revelator, a Translator, and a Prophet, having all the gifts of God which he bestows upon the head of the Church."[22]

In the midst of these many activities the Prophet and Sidney Rigdon were not neglecting the revision of the Bible. They had made some progress in revising the Old Testament, when the idea was conceived of publishing the New Testament and the Book of Mormon together, and hence the revision of the Old Testament was laid aside and the revision of the New taken up.[23] In the Johnson residence a large upper room[24] was fitted up for the use of the Prophet and his scribe, Sidney Rigdon, and here day after day, and often far into the night they pursued their sacred task.

In the month of February, while working upon the revision of the gospel according to St. John, they came to the 29th verse of the fifth chapter which, referring to those in their graves who

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were better qualified for such a position, he nevertheless distrusted his ability, and deemed himself incapable of discharging the high and holy trust. In his perplexity he appealed to the Prophet:

"I cannot see a Bishop in myself, Brother Joseph; but if you say it's the Lord's will, I'll try."

"You need not take my word alone;" answered the Prophet, kindly, "Go and ask Father for yourself."

Newel felt the force of this mild rebuke, but determined to do as he advised. His humble, heartfelt prayer was answered. In the silence of night and the solitude of his chamber, he heard a voice from heaven: *"Thy strength is in me."* The words were few and simple, but they had a world of meaning. His doubts were dispelled like dew before the dawn. He straightway sought the Prophet, told him he was satisfied, and was willing to accept the office to which he had been called." *The Contributor,* January, 1885.

21. History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 243, 267, and foot notes.

22. Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 107; 91, 92. Attention is called to the fact that there is to be observed, as we proceed with this history, a gradual development, or evolution, of Church government; and that like all governments having endurance, or that are worth while, the Church government was not "made," it grew."

23. See Ch. xviii, note 1.

24. The translating room is in the southeast corner of the house, and two upper windows on the right of the photogravure open into it.

shall hear the voice of the Son of God, stands in the English version as follows:

"And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil; unto the resurrection of damnation."

This passage was given to the Prophet by the Spirit as follows:

They who have done good, to the resurrection of the just; and they who have done evil, to the resurrection of the unjust."

"This caused us to marvel," says the Prophet, "for it was given unto us of the Spirit. And while we meditated upon these things the Lord touched the eyes of our understandings and they were opened, and the glory of the Lord shone round about." Then followed a Vision, the like of which for beauty, for reasonableness, for value as doctrine, for comforting influence, for vindication of the mercy and justice of God—stands unsurpassed even in sacred literature. To appreciate what is here said of the "Vision" it will be necessary to briefly state the Christian faith that generally obtained at that time—1832. For man in the Christian thought of the period, there existed but two states and places—heaven and hell. Heaven and hell, be it remembered were regarded both as a state and a place. Heaven was a state and a place of glory, peace, rest and joy. The glory unspeakable; the joy enduring forever. Hell was a state and place of endless misery, sorrow and suffering; not the least of which suffering was to be the most frightful physical torture the wit of man can conceive; and this suffering was to be without end as to its continuance and without mitigation as to its severity. If one gained heaven, even by ever so small a margin, he entered upon a complete possession of all its unutterable joys, equally with the angels and holiest of saints. If he missed heaven, even by ever so narrow a margin, he was doomed to everlasting torment, equally with the wickedest of men, and vilest of devils, and there was no deliverance for him. Nor is the climax of this absurdity and abomination reached yet; for it still remains to say that these terrible ideas as to man's future in hell were not to obtain as to adults of the human race only, or to those who had come to years of accountability, and who had been instructed in the

things of God and rejected them, but the uninstructed heathen—according to the creeds of men—and even the millions of them are unnumbered—and non-elect children dying in infancy, and unbaptized infants, were doomed to suffer the wrath of God in hell during all the ages of an endless future.[25]

It was left for Joseph Smith to lift this veil of darkness from man's future, and reaffirm the forgotten Christian principle that in God's Kingdom there are many mansions;[26] that every man shall be rewarded according to his works;[27] that there are glories celestial, terrestrial and telestial in the kingdoms of God; that as one star differs from another star in glory, "so is the resurrection of the dead."[28]

The Vision received under the circumstances already detailed the Prophet was commanded to write, which he did. The introduction as a hymn of praise, exalting the majesty and wisdom of God, is worthy the Psalmist—

"Hear O ye heavens, and give ear O earth, and rejoice ye inhabitants thereof, for the Lord is God, and beside him there is no Savior:

"Great is his wisdom, marvelous are His ways, and the extent of His doings none can find out;

"His purposes fail not, neither are there any who can stay His hand;

"From eternity to eternity He is the same, and His years never fail!"

In their Vision these men also beheld the Christ, which circumstance is described as follows:

"We beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father and received of His fullness;

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25. Perhaps a slight variation from this general belief should be noted in the case of the Roman Catholic Church. That Church does not teach that all Christians at death go immediately into heaven, but on the contrary teaches that "a Christian who dies after the guilt and everlasting punishment of mortal sins have been forgiven him, but who, either from want of opportunity or through his negligence, has not discharged the debt of temporal punishment due to his sin, will have to discharge that debt to the justice of God in purgatory. In purgatory these souls are purified and rendered fit to enter into heaven, where nothing defiled enters. (Catholic Belief," Bruno, p. 185). But ultimately, even in the Roman Catholic faith, it is heaven or hell for the inhabitants of the earth.

26. St. John xiv. 1-3.

27. Rom. ii: 6-12, I Cor. iii: 8. II Cor. v.; 10 Rev. ii: 23. Rev. xx: 12.

28. I Cor. xv, 40-42.

"And saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before His throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb, who worship Him for ever and ever.

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of Him, this is the testimony last of all, which we give of Him, that He lives;

"For we saw Him, even on the right hand of God, and we heard the voice bearing record that He is the Only Begotten of the Father:

"And that by Him and through Him, and of Him the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

Lucifer and the Sons of Perdition are thus described:

"And this we saw also, and bear record, that an angel of God was in authority in the presence of God, who rebelled against the Only Begotten Son, whom the Father loved, and who was in the bosom of the Father—was thrust down from the presence of God and the Son,

"And was called perdition, for the heavens wept over him—he was Lucifer, a son of the morning.

"And we beheld, and lo, he is fallen! is fallen! even a son of the morning!"

Lucifer had rebelled against God, "wherefore he maketh war with the Saints of God, and encompasseth them round about." Those whom he prevails against become the sons of perdition, of whom it is said that "it had been better for them never to have been born." These are they who deny the Holy Spirit after having received it; these deny the Son of God after He is revealed to them; they crucify Him unto themselves, and put Him to an open shame. They commit high treason against God. The greatness of their punishment, and the end thereof no man knoweth, neither is it revealed, nor will it be revealed except to those who partake of it.

Then follows at length a description of the three grand divisions into which men in the future, judged according to their works woven into character, will be separated—the celestial terrestrial and telestial; of which the light of the sun, the moon and the stars, respectively, are spoken of as being typical. These

are but the general divisions; within them are subdivisions extending to infinity to meet the infinite variation of the worthiness, intelligence, and character of men. But even of the least of the three grand divisions, the telestial kingdom, it is said that it "surpasses all understanding;" and that even its inhabitants, the last to be redeemed, and even then deprived of the personal presence of God and the Christ, shall nevertheless receive the ministration of Angels and the Holy Ghost, for they are to be accounted "heirs of salvation." How infinitely more glorious, then, must be the higher kingdoms of God and the Christ!

The length of the Vision precludes its reproduction *in extenso* in this work;[29] but it is one of the Church's best literary and doctrinal monuments, and is worthy of Joseph Smith's own characterization of it—"a transcript from the records of the eternal world!"

NOTE 1. Joseph Smith's Prediction of Destruction Upon the Waters of Western Missouri: "Nothing very important occurred until the third day, when many of the dangers so common upon the western waters manifested themselves; and after we had encamped upon the bank of the river at McIlwaine's Bend, Brother Phelps, in open vision by day light, saw the Destroyer in his most horrible power ride upon the face of the waters, others heard the noise, but saw not the vision" (History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 203). Then in the revelation given at that time, this: "Behold there are many dangers upon the waters, and more especially hereafter; for I the Lord, have decreed in mine anger, many destructions upon the waters; yea, and especially upon these waters. * * * I, the Lord, have decreed and the Destroyer rideth upon the face thereof; and I revoke not the decree" (Doc. and Cov. sec. 61).

It is a matter of common knowledge that great indeed has been the destruction on these western streams almost annually. But in May and June of 1903, the destruction upon these western streams, in and about the localities referred to, in the above prediction, reached the climax. High water trouble began on the lower Mississippi as early as the month of March, and about the middle of the month, the Mississippi, at Memphis, registered on the gauge 39.8 feet—the highest ever recorded. This circumstance created great alarm throughout the Lower Mississippi country, and the press of the United States discussed quite gen-

29. The Vision will be found in Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 76.

erally the necessity for governmental action to provide for strengthening the Mississippi levees, the necessity of forest preservation on the head waters of our great streams, and also the building of reservoirs in the same region for the purpose of holding back freshet waters, and thus prevent the possibility of such floods as were threatening to over-whelm the Lower Mississippi country. A few weeks later, points in Kansas and Missouri became the flooded regions, and the disasters were thus described by an eastern journal.

"The floods that wrought so much havoc along the Kansas and Missouri rivers have now subsided, so that their direful results can be calmly calculated by the authorities of the many cities and towns relieved from the awful strain of the three days of death and devastation.

"Minds unclouded by the fear of pending disaster look upon wrecked homes and hopes, fearful loss of life, blotting out of families, irreparable wrenching apart of parents and children, brother and sister, sweetheart and betrothed, and finally, upon the terrible commercial loss that is represented in figures that climb close to the quarter of a billion mark.

"Kansas City and Topeka suffered the most serious losses in lives and property, although all along the course of the Kansas, or, as it is locally called the Kaw river, the damage was great, and in many of the riverside towns there was a loss of life from the sudden encroachment of the angry waters.

"The physical conditions against which the submerged cities had to battle during the height of the flood are thus briefly summarized:

"Train service annulled.

"Waterworks shut down.

"Street cars stopped.

"Fire companies paralyzed.

"Electric light plants out of business.

"Not a manufacturing plant in operation.

"Wholesale mercantile district submerged under fifteen feet of water.

"Water rushing through streets like mill races.

"Fires breaking out in spots in the flooded districts.

"Kansas City, Kansas, and the nearby towns, suffered most. The towns of Armourdale, Argentine and Harlem have been completely wiped off the map, and are now lying submerged by the widening river. No living human being remains in the unfortunate towns.

"Kansas City, Kansas, was cut off for three days from communication with the outside world except by trolley to Leaven-

worth, from which point relief was rushed to the stricken city. The population of 20,000 was starving, and fought like wild beasts for the 100,000 rations that were hurried to them from the fort.

"The hospitals of the city were soon filled and the post office was turned into one for the occasion. Thieves, taking advantage of the situation, looted and raided the houses that had been deserted by the occupants. Bands of citizens were organized to patrol the streets, and armed with guns they shot the ghouls without mercy. One thousand regulars were asked for to preserve order in the stricken city.

"Kansas City, Mo., just across the river in ordinary times, but now cut off by a sea of raging waters, was powerless to assist her neighbor. Only one bridge that had formerly connected the two cities was left standing, and that was surrounded by miles of water.

"Families caught by the floods in their homes fled to the roofs of houses and cried for help. Their destitute situation was apparent from the highlands, but there was no way to reach them. No boat could live in the rushing torrent of the Kaw. These marooned families vainly hoisted white flags of distress, and while their awful plight was plainly visible to those on shore, there was no way in which succor could be sent to them. The victims shrieked in their agony, and their pitiful cries were plainly heard by those who were powerless to aid them."

A summary of the destruction to property in this region of country by reason of the floods was given in the press dispatches of June the 7th, in the aggregate, as nearly $12,000,000; and the lower estimate of the loss in crops was $5,000,000. The magazines for July 1903, that dealt with the subject of the Missouri and Kaw river floods charged that the daily papers exaggerated the losses sustained, especially by the farmers; and yet, this same magazine, *The American Review of Reviews,* July, 1903, estimates the loss in Kansas City alone at $7,000,000; and speaking of the loss of stock and property in the Kaw valley, it remarks that "it is no light thing for a thriving section to have ten million dollars or more swept away" (p. 77). So that this conservative magazine, after having an opportunity to correct and comment upon what it calls the exaggerations of the daily papers, places the losses sustained in the flooded districts even beyond the high mark of the passages quoted in this writing from the daily press."—*Improvement Era,* September, 1903.

JOHN BARRY, FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

By Elizabeth Pollard

IN the year 1760, there came over the sea from county Wexford, Ireland, to the shores of America, a maker of history. He was then a sunny-faced lad of fifteen, straight and sturdy, with a fine, shapely head, covered with sunny curls. In our day he is known as the Father of the American Navy.

When very young, he chose the sea as his profession, and at the age of twenty-one was captain of a merchant ship. At the beginning of the Revolution he was in command of the best ship in foreign service. He had, therefore, nothing to gain, and everything to lose by espousing the cause of the struggling republic. The British then commanded the high seas, and America was practically without a navy, and little prepared to form one. But the heart of Barry had taken root in the land of his adoption. He resolved that a navy she must have, and that he would do all in his power to aid in its formation; so he offered his services to the new nation.

In the fall of 1775, he came sailing into port with a London packet, called the Black Prince. The Marine Committee purchased this and afterwards assigned it to Ezek Hopkins as his flagship. On Dec. 7th, the same committee appointed John Barry, commander of the Lexington; and on Dec. 22, Ezek Hopkins received his commission. On the same date the famous John Paul Jones, was appointed a lieutenant in the fleet of Hopkins.

On account of the ice on the Delaware, the fleet did not sail till Feb. 17, 1776. Barry was first to get out to sea, so was the first to fly the stars and stripes at sea, though it is sometimes erroneously credited to Jones.

Spears, in his history of the Navy, tell us that while Hopkins was in New London, explaining how the British ship Glasgow,

escaped him. Cpt. Barry, sailing off the Virginia coast, came upon the British ship, Edward.

This was a welcome sight to Barry and his brave men. The battle began at once, and was short and sharp. At the end of an hour the Edward surrendered. Thus our hero won the first battle on the high seas, and triumphantly brought the first prize of the war into port.

After that, he used to sail about watching the harbor, and almost daily captured ships, which were bringing supplies to the British army, then stationed at Philadelphia.

He was next appointed to command the new ship, Effingham, and then his trouble began. The British managed to cut him off from sea, and Mr. Hopkinson, who represented the Continental Congress, ordered the ship sunk.

Barry was aghast at the order. "What, sink his beautiful ship, when he felt quite confident that he could get her safe away to sea, in spite of all the British ships that ever sailed the ocean?" He refused to do any such thing. Then followed a hot dispute, and the matter was referred to the government. Of course, Congress sustained its representative, and charges were preferred against Barry. He was deprived of his command, and the ship sunk.

This was a severe blow to the zealous young patriot; but he spent no time in idle resentment. His active brain set to work devising means whereby he might still aid his country in her great need.

When Lord Howe learned of the situation, he offered Barry $100,000 and the command of the best ship in the British service, if he would join their forces. Instead of being flattered by this splendid offer, he seemed to feel insulted. His answer was, "No. Not for all the British Navy, and the command of it, would I be seduced from my country."

But he fully realized that however ill-advised the order of a superior might be, he did wrong to resist it, and resolved to take his punishment like a man. Though deprived of fighting on sea, he might still fight on land, and he began to organize a company of volunteers for that purpose.

In those days he was known as, "Fighting Jack Barry," and

"Saucy Jack Barry," and there were daring men ready to follow wherever he led, by land or sea. So the company was readily formed, and as its captain he fought with Washington's army till encamped for the winter at Valley Forge.

As the cold weather advanced, the sturdy little army of patriots was suffering, and starving at Valley Forge, while the British army was safely encamped in the city of Philadelphia, living in ease and luxury, receiving supplies from ships that came up the Delaware.

It was then that, "Bold Jack Barry," came to the rescue, and performed one of the most daring feats in the history of the war.

Choosing twenty-seven men on whom he could rely in any emergency, he went to Burlington. There he procured four row-boats, and starting in the dead of night, stole softly past the forts of Philadelphia, toward the harbor. Swiftly they worked down the river, doing all the damage possible to the British supplies as they passed.

At the mouth of the harbor, a British man-of-war hove in sight, with convoys and supplies for the army. If the war ship saw the boats, it paid no attention; probably feeling too secure to heed anything so unimportant as a few row-boats floating mistily by in the darkness.

Silently, and swiftly they came alongside, and in less time than it takes to tell it, cutlasses in hand, Barry and his men were on the deck of the warship, sweeping all before them. Quickly the hatches were battered down, and the prize was theirs. The warship, ten guns, and one hundred and thirty men were taken prisoners of war, and the supplies on board the convoys hurriedly packed off to the starving army at Valley Forge.

Washington made public acknowledgment to Barry for this wonderful feat.

When news of the capture reached Philadelphia, the British refused to believe it possible that the warship and supplies were really carried off, and sent a frigate of war to rescue the ship. They made light of the saucy mariner; but for two long months he patrolled the Delaware, cutting off their supplies to such an extent as to bring them to want. Then Barry began to be regarded as the terror of the Delaware. Gradually, the British

began to doubt the security of their position, and the removal of the troops from the city soon followed.

The heroic efforts of Barry commanded public attention, and admiration and though charges were still pending against him, he was given command of the Raleigh. We may imagine his satisfaction in again feeling the deck of a good warship beneath his feet, and in being permitted to serve his country in the way he felt that he was best fitted to do so.

He sailed from Boston on Sept. 25, 1778. He was not long at sea when he sighted two sails in the distance. It was necessary to act with the greatest caution, and it took twelve hours to make out that they were British warships. Both were larger than the Raleigh, and hoping for a chance to attack them separately, Barry continued to play hide-and-seek for twenty-four hours.

At last he thought he saw his chance. He crossed the bow of the leader, and up went the American flag. The ship quickly responded, and boom went the guns. Soon part of the sails was shot away, and the situation became extremely critical. Nevertheless, Barry tried to come alongside the ship; but before he succeeded, the other ship came up. He then saw that he must bend all his energies to saving his men and ship. He headed for the shore. The frigates followed in hot chase, and the fierce battle continued.

From two o'clock in the afternoon till midnight the sea shook beneath the roar of cannon. Ten hours was a long time for Barry and his brave sailors to hold those two great frigates at bay; but they held firmly to their guns. Finally, he saw no way to save the ship, so resolved to get his men off, and sink her. He succeeded in removing the men, but through the cowardice of the officer in charge, the ship was delivered over to the enemy. His conduct under the unequal contest, called forth the commendation of the secretary of the Boston Navy.

Later he served Pennsylvania as a privateer, and his daring feats would fill a book. There is a good deal about him in Spears' History of the Navy, also, Frost's Naval Biography.

His last Continental command was on the Alliance, which was considered the fastest ship afloat. The mission on which he

was sent, showed the high esteem in which he was held by Congress. There was no money in the treasury, and Washington's army refused to move until paid in coin. Col. Laurens was sent to borrow money from the king of France, and Barry was trusted with the important task of carrying him over the ocean. Had he failed in the undertaking, it would have gone hard with the young republic. He was ordered to take no prizes.

On the way he met the British ship, Alert, convoying to port a Venetian vessel which it had captured. Barry could have captured the ship, and sold her convoy at the nearest port, but here he proved his character as a man. Learning that the Venetian had been wrongfully seized, he caused her to be released, and denounced the British captain for the seizure.

On his return, he met two British frigates, and a terrible battle ensued, which lasted four hours. Barry was wounded, and taken to the cockpit for treatment. The wind failed, and the Alliance was at the mercy of the two. While he was below, his colors were shot away. Then the enemy, thinking that the ship had struck, sent up a great cheer of triumph, which caused Barry to groan in spirit.

Then came the lieutenant with a dismal report. The sails had been shot way; the quarter-master had been shot at the wheel; the ship's hull had been pierced, and he was scarcely able to keep her afloat, and he asked permission to surrender.

"No," thundered Barry, "I will go on deck and fight for her myself," and wounded as he was, he started for the deck. His determination put new heart in the men, and again the battle raged. All of a sudden the wind sprang up, and the Alliance leapt into action. Two more broadsides delivered with terrific effect, and both ships surrendered. This was one of the greatest sea battles of that period.

He sent his prizes to America, and again sailed for France, where he arrived without important results. From France he was sent to Havana, from which port he again sailed forth, accompanied by a French ship.

And now we come to the last naval battle in the war for Independence. They had not gone very far when they met three British frigates. As the Alliance was the faster, she could have

easily escaped. But Barry saw that the French ship was in danger of capture, so he shortened sail, and prepared for action.

In the meantime, another French ship appeared in the distance. Barry, however, openly attacked the first ship, which was the Sybille of 38 guns. The battle raged for nearly an hour, and Barry nearly sank his opponent; but the French ship remained inactive through it all. Then the British took flight, and all three escaped.

Barry demanded an explanation of his conduct from the French commander, who said that he could not believe it possible that one ship would openly attack three, that he thought the whole proceeding a sham battle designed to draw him within reach of a hostile fleet that sought his capture.

A few days later, Barry came safely into port, and found that peace had been declared. There he met the captain of the Sybille, who complimented him on his conduct. "Never before," said he, "was ship commanded with such skill, or battle fought with such bravery."

In 1797 Congress appointed six sea commanders and Barry's name heads the list. He ranked as commanding officer of the navy.

It seems strange that the general public should know so little of this great man who did so much for his country. He took a leading part in founding the navy; he trained Decatur, Dale, and Murry, and has been called the "Father of the American Navy."

He also took an interest in politics, as any true man should. On one occasion, certain members of the Pennsylvania assembly refused to sit, so as to enable that body to fix a date for the state convention to ratify the Federal constitution. The time to adjourn approached, and the dissatisfied members remained absent, thus preventing the others from acting for want of a quorum.

Finally, Barry lost patience, and with the aid of some equally energetic citizens, dragged two of the disaffected ones from their lodgings, and thrust them bodily into the assembly room. Of course, the two protested loudly, but there they were, and

there they had to stay till the business was completed, and in just 23 hours more it would have been too late.

He died in 1803, and lies buried in the grave-yard of old St. Mary's church, Philadelphia, where in life he had been a constant attendant. This brave, impetuous man had always been a consistent Christian; his pathway through life was strewn with kind and generous deeds; and he was as gentle in peace as he was brave in war; his passing away was mourned by a loving family and many friends.

Should anyone care to see this simple tomb of a great man, it is but a few feet from the entrance. There is an epitaph on his tomb, placed there by his widow, setting forth his many virtues.

RIGHTS BELONGING TO THE ARYAN AND SEIGNEURIAL ORDER OF THE EMPIRE IN CANADA

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

II

[From an article written by him and published in the July number of the New England Magazine of 1907, augmented and re-written for this issue.]

THE legal rights of the Aristocracy were overthrown in that part of America, now the United States, by the effects of the Revolution which established the "Constitution of 1787" in subversion of the old constitution of the Empire under which the colonies and provinces were founded.

But all Seigneurial Rights remained in their legal significance in Canada although far from having their due practical fulfillment at the present time.

The noblesse in Canada, have organized to maintain these rights. They have united with other feudal aristocracies in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire and have reorganized their College of Arms, which was instituted by edict of the King in 1664 for the preservation of the records of their fiefs, titles, rank, and blasonry. They are beginning to appeal to foreign governments having relations by treaty with Canada to take heed that "treaties made with bogus régimes are not binding."

Along with the appointment of Mr. Bryce as British minister to Washington in 1907, there has been talk in Canadian circles of endeavoring to make the British government appoint a Canadian whenever special questions and treaties come to be discussed between the United States and Canada. But the noblesse say that questions of the legal existence—that is, in a *de jure* sense —of the Canadian government would have to be considered first.

There has been so much said recently about the government in Canada being a bogus one that its credentials should be scrutinized very carefully. It is declared to be carried on by terms of a treaty every principal feature of which is violated in practice, so that the treaty has become null: the cession is void, title thereof reverting to the Seigneurial Order which by the original grant is the subdelegate of the former monarchy. Otherwise, lands thereof—if this be not so—are open to be occupied by the strongest party.

When the King of Britain succeeded the King of France over Canada, by the Treaty of 1763 it was agreed that the royal prerogative passed from one to the other without change, and that the obligations should remain the same, not to be altered "under any pretense whatsoever."

No sooner was the treaty signed than the London parliament, that had usurped the executive functions in Britain since the Revolution of 1688, acting as "King in parliament" (Heaven save the mark!), proceeded at once, by the so-called "Royal Proclamation" of 1763, to establish "English Law" over Canada, in spite of the stipulation that the Constitution of the country should not be altered "under any pretense."

But from this time up to 1774 the American Colonies were refusing to recognize the right of the London parliament to participate in Crown functions in the Colonies, under the legitimate plea that the Colonies *were fiefs of the Crown and not constituencies of parliament.* Moreover, the thirteen Colonial charters (for Georgia was derived from Carolina as a proprietorship of Oglethorpe) which had been granted under the Stuarts *refused to recognize the increased powers of parliament in Britain which had issued from the Revolution of* 1688 *and the expulsion of the Stuarts.* The executive authority of the Stuarts was nearly as extensive as that of the Bourbons in France and the executive authority in the United States, which is derived from a constitutional continuation of this authority from the old charters. As for the King in England, from the time of the Revolution of 1688 his executive authority ceased. Parliament alone, unconstitutional and unethical, has usurped that prerogative.

But parliament found that that usurpation would not work

with the American Colonies—not so long as they had their ideas of constitutional law derived from their Stuart charters. They armed for rebellion. At the same time, the noblesse in Canada, as one man, conspired. Parliament became alarmed. At the same demand of the Montreal Council of the Seigneurial Order in Canada made in 1773, parliament passed the Canada Act of 1774, utterly repudiating its own usurpations in Canada in the following words: "Be it therefore enacted that the said 'Proclamation' and the commissions and grants of authority found *contrary to the customs* of the province, *established by the King of France and the Treaty of* 1763 . . . are *hereby revoked, annulled, and made void after the first day of May,* 1775."

By this Canada Act, the Council was restored to the country, and the Marquis de Lotbinière, who had represented the nobility of Canada before the government of Britain, on this occasion, in replying to the demand of parliament, whether that would be satisfactory, replied in the affirmative, "if the noblesse are represented." [Kingsford's "History of Canada," Vol. V., p. 228.]

During the American Revolution the noblesse were represented almost entirely in the Councils of Lord Dorchester, as a means of retaining their loyalty and not in any spirit of good faith on the part of the English government. For, no sooner was the American War finished in 1783 than the London parliament invaded the country again and by the Act of 1791 established a government utterly without constitutional basis and entirely beyond the meaning of the Treaty of Cession of 1763 and of its own Act of 1774.

This Act of 1791 divided the country into Eastern and Western Canada, separated by the Ottawa River. East of this river the French law and territorial features of the Customs of Quebec (Paris) were allowed; but west, English law was introduced. Now by this Act the *English government has forfeited any right to territory west of the Ottawa, which in point of law is open to the possession of the first nation to erect a settlement there.*

All English rights come by the Treaty of 1763. The prerogative of the Crown of France extended to the Pacific. Wherever this prerogative extended there extended also the law and constitution of the country. The London parliament, in limiting one to

the Ottawa River, limits all; consequently, every one of the claims west of this—the limit it has itself set—is bogus. *When a nation abandons rights and obligations over a country obtained by treaty, such an abandonment may serve as a legitimate claim of occupation by a foreign State on petition of any of the inhabitants.* People from foreign countries going into the Canadian Northwest will be likely to remember and use this right in the future.

The encouragement given by the London parliament to political parties in Canada from this time down to 1837 to overthrow the territorial laws and other usages, which were the "Customs," or the "Constitution" of the country, led to the rebellion of 1837, after which the London parliament deprived the Governor, whom it itself had commissioned through its own ministry, of all executive functions. These functions were handed over to the Canadian Assembly. Thus the executive authority of the Governor, which before this was like that of the President of the United States, and derived like his from a written Constitution (the treaty and in it the royal prerogative), was set aside in as flagrant and unconstitutional manner as ever the Stuart Kings were deprived of their constitutional right of succession in Britain. It was as great a breach of the Constitution as though Congress in Germany or the United States had declared that the executive functions of the Emperor or President should be vested in the Speaker of the Reichstadt or Congress. And would the people of Germany or the United States tolerate such an usurpation? Would such act be considered anything but bogus? Would the officers of the Army and Navy obey mandates from such authority? That the Governor in Canada yielded to such a mandate shows that he was the tool of parliament, appointed by its ministry, and not what he is claimed to be, the "representative of the King." Now this claim is the greatest fraud of all. Every one knows that the prerogative of the King of France was more extensive than that of the Emperor of Germany. Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Common Law of England" says: "When William, Duke of Normandy, replaced Harold, the Saxon, on the throne of England, he did not bring anything more to the Royal Prerogative or anything less, but that according to his claim of

succession it was but a change of person, not of prerogative." In like manner it was "but a change of person, not of prerogative," when George III. replaced Louis XV. as King of Canada. By what right, treaty, or doctrine of any legal weight, then, could the London parliament claim the King's prerogative in Canada and transfer it to the Canadian parliament, even over the head of its own Governor-general, fictitiously as well as facetiously called "The King's representative"?—a double fraud which renders the Canadian government as now constituted twofold bogus, like Mr. Gunnybags on another firm's fraudulent charter issuing brass money for gold.

Again, in the Constitution of Canada the executive, legislative, and judiciary functions are separate, as in the Constitution of the United States (derived from precedents offered in the old Stuart Charters of the Colonies). This Constituion is declared in Glasson's "History of the Parliament of Paris," Vol. I., p. 168: "The functions of justice, military matters (executive), and of finance (legislative) ought always to be distinct and separate. The officers of parliament have no other authority than what we (the King) have entrusted them with to render justice to our subjects. They have no more right to order and take *cognizance* of that which is not of their jurisdiction than the officers of our armies and of our finance would have to render justice or to establish presidents and counsellors to execute it." Yet in Canada all these authorities are engulfed in the majority in parliament, so that the country, besides being administered contrary to every feature of the Constitution on which it claims to be established, has set up a majority rule and tyranny that are difficult to overthrow and that enable such as Mr. Borden, "the leader of the opposition," to boast exultingly before the New York Board of Trade in 1905 that "Canada is under more democratic institutions than the United States"—a remark which the respectable citizens of any other country would be ashamed to acknowledge.

To illustrate the peculiarly false basis on which the Canadian (and English) mind rests under this régime, the oath of allegiance of the volunteer soldier is taken to the King as head of the State and Commander of the Army; yet when the King's general in Canada, Lord Dundonald, Baronet of Nova Scotia, was openly

flouted by the Candian politicians, rather than take, as their oath required, the defence of the real representative of their sovereign, they submitted like moral cowards to the unconstitutional triumph of a bogus bureaucracy.

No Constituional observance is had. The government is without legal foundation, and the major part of the people are too ignorant unethical, and lacking in public spirit to be seriously, mindful—even for their own betterment. The official oath to support the Constitution and the King under the Constitution is taken like an apothecary's prescription, without knowing its constituents, or in a "Pickwickian sense."

But if they—the people in control—are ignorant and corrupt, foreign governments that have dealings with their bogus régime are likely to examine minutely the legal basis of its tranactions, under the invitation of the Council of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order, which will also present to these foreign governments its own claims to be considered the Council of Canada, legitimated by the treaty by which the country is held and by the Canada Act which declared all subsequent contrary legislation (after 1775) to be void. This Council of the Order, as the Council of Canada by this treaty and Act of 1774, coming as the agreement with Lotbiniére, representative of the Seigneurial Council of Montreal of 1773, and the British government, before referred to, is really the only legitimate authority of Canada to-day.

A review of the movement which has led to this will be interesting:

The authority and glory of Canada were vested in her feudal fortresses, the earliest of which was the home of Champlain, at Quebec in 1608; the last was Mount Johnson, the refuge of a royalist general and a manorial lord of old New York, Sir William Johnson. With the exception of a few which stood as the strongholds of the feudal barons of Acadia and of Nova Scotia, and two in Ontario, they were within the province of Old Quebec. Within their halls originated the great endeavors which made Canada famous: the founding of Louisiana by Iberville; the plan of La Verendrie to dominate on the Pacific the explorations of La Salle and Joliet; the discovery of the Hudson Bay Territory by Des Groseilliers and De Radisson. From them originated the

histories written by Lescabot, Boucherville, Denys, Repentigny, and, in more modern days of the early nineteenth century, of Aubert de Gaspé.

Now it is not necessary that a castle shall be a tremendous edifice. The house of the Vanderbilts at Asheville, with its great proportions and cost of millions, puts the Canadian chateaux in the shade in respect to magnificence. But the Vanderbilts' house smells only of chicane and trade; the spirit of Romance averts his head and passes to other scenes. Besides, it is not a castle, because it is not the *capital of a feudal district.* It did not originate in a *feudal fief by a royal warrant* like these residences of the lords of the baronies and manors of the old provinces.

It has been said of one of the humbler manors that one might "put his arm down the chimney and open the door from the inside." But there were certain lordly prerogatives attached to that humble dwelling with which it would have been more dangerous to meddle than with the utter demolition of the palace of the parvenu millionaire.

The degree of prerogative in Aryan Seigneuries, or manors, is not bounded by territorial limits in the understanding of feudal law, for one sovereignty equals another in its attributes, though their territories may be dissimilar each to each.

The Seigneur was magistrate and captain. He held court for his tenants in a room of his castle—even if that resembled a log cabin. Also was this castle the armory for those of his tenants who served in his company of musketeers, or cavalry, and the hall of council for all forms of business in time of peace. In war-time these castles were rendered strong enough to withstand an assault, many of them being surrounded by wooden, earthen, or stone walls pierced with embrasures for musketry and cannon.

The Seigneur, or Lord of the Castle, could not transmit his manor out of his direct line of succession except with consent of the next heir and of the King and on the payment of one-fifth the purchase-money into the Royal Treasury. That there were sales and transfers of Seigneuries without consent of the King only shows that distance and distraction of affairs prevented an exact enforcement of the law.

It is a principle of the Frankish, or Salic, law that feudal possession must go with nobility of race. Hence every Seigneur, from the fact of holding land on feudal tenure, was deemed noble. When, however, the Seigneurial rights which had been conferred on the land by the nobility of the possessor were transferred by purchase of the fief, both in France and in Canada, on some person not noble, it required an edict, petitioned for by the *noblesse de race,* to curb the pretensions of this new class of people. This edict reads: "Those not noble obtaining seigneuries by purchase shall not be deemed noble, however great and rich their holdings."

From this it may be seen how valuable was the recognition of the King to the transfer of a fief, if for no other purpose than for the recognition of the rights of noblesse, which entailed representation in the King's Council in the country.

Now one might think that this noble company of Seigneurs, of whom there were more than one hundred and fifty families induced by the Kings of France, "for glory and the dominion of France, with right of domain and seat in the Council of the country," to leave France and establish themselves in Canada, would have left quite a posterity, and many dwellings of note scattered over the more anciently settled parts of Canada. But the traveller who troubles to penetrate to the parks of these seigneuries yet in existence is surprised to find scarcely forty remaining. He is sorry to find their chieftains lacking in moral courage, in intellectual stamina, in that exalted pride of race which characterized the least considerable of their predecessors. An examination of their genealogies will show that the bravest fell in battle, and the proudest left the country when it was turned over to the English. A survey of the political history reveals the pretenses and commercial chicane by which the various administrations since the Treaty of Cession of 1763 have sought to deprive the survivors of their rights under this treaty; to belittle the prerogative of those whose rank is protected by the "sacred honor" of the British promises in the "Capitulations of Montreal of 1760," the "Treaty of Paris of 1763," and the "Canada Act of 1774."

But among the few who did feel the indignant spirit within them of this complete ignoring of their rights was a determina-

tion to try every means—foreign diplomacy, constitutional demands, and force even—to cause the right to prevail.

It has been seen what the Council of the Seigneurial Order assembled at Montreal did in 1773; it forced the British government to repudiate its passed unconstitutional actions and declare by the Act of 1774 that the treaty is the supreme law of the land. It has been seen that, after danger from America in the war of 1776-83 was averted, the British government ignored its obligations by the Act of 1791.

The Council of the Seigneurial Order met again in 1798. This time, in need of strength, it evoked the Edict of 1664, passed in favor of the Order by Louis XIV., which permitted the validation of the nobiliary rights of feudal aristocracy registering in Canada so that they might be treated as *regnicoles*. This opened the Order to all those having Seigneurial rights in every part of America—from the Duke of Veragua in Central America, who had received the first Aryan and Seigneurial fief from the Emperor Charles V., who had instituted the Order as a governing body in America, down through the manorial grantees in Carolina, Maryland, New York, Acadia, and Louisiana. Also were eligible, according to French law, Colonial titled families of feudal origin and the feudal noblesse of Europe settled in America. There was welcomed most heartily the Jacobite noblesse who had stood for legitimacy in Britain, who had been recognized by the King of France when Canada was under French jurisdiction (down to 1763).

Communication was opened along the Mississippi to New Orleans. A great plan was formed to unite under this feudal order and restore legitimacy to America. The published correspondence of General Turreau, French Minister to Washington in 1810, shows that the agents of this movement had interested Napoleon, who sent over the Knight and General Le Blond de St. Hilaire, who reported in 1810 that the landing of French troops on the St. Lawrence would amount to taking possession, "without the burning of a cartrige." General Turreau reported that from Louisiana the English would be driven out of the Gulf and that the "Emperor would be proclaimed" even to the gates of Mexico. Colonel Aaron Burr visited Napoleon in Paris in 1810,

it is supposed to offer suggestion in the enterprise. Napoleon, who to restore the Empire of Charles V., in 1540, as before said, had founded the first fief and pretensions of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order in America, in the duchy of Veragua, when he incorporated America itself as a grand fief of the Empire, signed in the secret treaty of Fontainebleau a recognition of Carlos IV., King of Spain, as "Emperor of America." It was by the same treaty that Carlos IV of Spain, a descendant of the Emperor Charles V, agreed to abdicate the throne of Spain in favor of Joseph Bonaparte and take up the Empire of America, which was to be carved out of this illegal occupation by the aid of Napoleon and of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order.

But the Russian Campaign broke Napoleon's power. England terror-stricken, poured out treasure to buy up allies in Europe to help her keep her Colonies from the grasp of the Emperor. The English Governor Craig, in Canada, arrested Bedard, Taschereau, Blanchet, for conspiracy,—although then the plan was not fully known to him,—and put a price on the head of Frances Cazeau, who escaped. But at this time the United States joined in the war (1812-15), which caused the usurpation in Canada to go softly.

The efforts of the Order were disorganized by what followed. The energetic portion of the members living in Europe and America and among the noble Jacobite families and baronets of Nova Scotia fell away from the organization. Although a civil war broke out in Canada in 1837, the Order, non-existent as a body then, could not take advantage of it. In 1880, however, it was reorganized on a new programme and firm basis, embracing all those whose descent from the Aryan and Seigneurial chieftains of America give them prerogative in Canada under the Edict of 1664.

Some years ago before the "Confederation" of the Provinces of Canada [1867] Sir John A. Macdonald, the 1st premier of the dominion, annoyed and dismayed by the growing democracy and consequent corruption of Canadian politicians, suggested that a scion of the Royal family of Britain be established on the throne in Canada in the office of hereditary governor-general and, in a letter to Lord Knutesford, that the proper gradation of

classes be recognized officially, to establish what had been confirmed in the constitution of the monarchy.

But the parliamentary usurpation in Britain, ruled by professional party politicians, rogues and place-hunters was bringing the Empire into contempt and gave no heed. The interpretation of the constitution by the highest authority [Baune "Le Droit Coutumier": Glasson," Hist, du Droit et des Institutions de le France] declares that absolute sovereign authority resides in the States-General, or the Estates of the Realm in Convention. These estates are the Nobility, the Clergy and Magistracy and the burgesses [landed proprietors]. By the regulations of the States General, members of parliament are not eligible because parliament is only from a franchise under the constitution, while the States-General is the body representing the Constitution itself. This is the reason why the Dominion Parliament cannot have diplomatic authority unless the Noblesse and King exist de-facto, as well as de jure in the country.

The legal Noblesse in Canada are the Seigneurial Families and [Baronets of Nova Scotia, and Bannerets of Quebec of the United Empire enrolled in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire and registered with other consular noblesse in the College of Arms of Canada]. According to the constituion they form the First Estate of the Realm. The Bishops and magistracy, [that is the legal profession] form the Second Estate, and the landed proprietors, whether of town or country, form the Third Estate. These bodies united in separate representations, each estate having one vote, formed from the majority of its members is the highest constitutional authority in Canada, having power to abrogate any law of parliament, and with rights to determine the succession of the crown in Canada.

This right was exercised in old provincial Virginia Oct. 10, 1649, when Sir William Berkeley, the Royal Governor, invited the nobility [represented by the cavaliers] to meet the Burgesses in Grand Assembly, when the news reached him that the English Parliament had overthrown the Constitution, and murdered the King; and he and the Grand Assembly of Virginia proclaimed Charles II, as King, declaring that the act of the English Parliament in establishing a republic was null, because it usurped the

power of the realm, residing in the Nobility, the Magistracy and the Burgesses [Henning's Statutes at large of Va. Vol. I, Proclamation of Charles II.

The assumption of diplomatic function and the settlement of the Royal Succession in Canada can come only through an assembly of such a States General, convoked by the chief of the nobility, Sir Wilfred Laurier declares in the Dominion Parliament that a species of independence is needed great enough to vest diplomatic authority in the government in Canada.

Treaty-making power, war and peace, however, belong to the noblesse—the representatives of the Nobility. The concession of treaty-making power cannot be legally employed by the Canadian Government except through the representatives of the Nobility. In any transfer affecting the Constitution, the Parliament of Canada, according to the "Imperial Act of Confederation" is subordinate to the Constitution above referred to.

In considering the Royal Authority in Canada, the Nobility again are the prime factor. The following families have been suggested as the Royal candidates and were discussed during the Alaska trouble, by members of the Seigneurial Council. It had been felt that the present Royal family had allowed the Prerogative to lapse in the country.

The Stuart—Hamiltons

There are scattered over the extent of Canada, the descendants of the Scottish Highlanders who fought for the Stuarts in the disastrous battle of Culloden against the ancestor of the present dynasty who was put on the throne of Britain by a vote of Parliament, contrary to the hereditary succession provided for in the British constitution, which inheres in the royal family of Stuart. And the family of the Duke of Hamilton in Scotland, bearing also the title of Duc de Chatelleraut in France, is the nearest representative of the house of Stuart, that laid the foundation of the British empire beyond the sea in America, that the follies of parliament had done much to lose in 1776 and seems to be bent on finishing at the present time.

It will be remembered by those who have read the history of Scotland that the nearest heir to the throne when Queen Mary of

Scotland abdicated was John, Duke of Hamilton, in Scotland, and Duc de Chatelleraut, in France. He was descended also through his grandmother, the Princess Margaret Tudor, from the Plantagenets, who were claimants of the throne of France, in the eldest line from Isabelle, daughter of Phillippe IV., King of France in 1314, and whose line, seated on the throne of England, did not cease to hold this claim all through the Stuart reigns. In this manner, apart from his French title of Duc de Chatelleraut, the Duke of Hamilton represents the French royalty.

The Longueuil Family

There is another family that is a great favorite because its history ever since the beginning of Canadian history is connected with the most glorious epochs of the country. Charles Lemoyne Seigneur de Longueill, was one of the founders of Montreal in 1642, his castle, lordship and town of Longueil, founded by him, being opposite Montreal on the St. Lawrence. His son, the first Baron de Longueuil, was administrator for Canada for the King, Louis XIV. One of his brothers, the Seigneur of Iberville, was the founder and first governor-general of Louisiana, for the King; another brother, the Seigneur of Bienville, was the founder of New Orleans and third governor-general of Louisiana; a third, the Seigneur of Chateauguay, was the military commander who captured Pensacola from the Spanish; a fourth was the Seigneur of Serigny, afterward Marquis de Loire in France and governor of Louisiana. The third Baron de Longueuil was a military leader and governor of the district of Three Rivers in 1745. In 1756 he left his only child, a little daughter, at home in his castle of Longueuil, to march against the English, and died fighting bravely for the safety of Canada; his brother was the one who raised volunteers in Montreal, when so many had refused, and marched to the relief of Fort St. John, which was besieged by Montgomery in 1775 and was the first adjutant general of Canada under the Act of 1791. The only daughter and heir of the third baron married Capt. Alexander Grant, a noble Scottish exile in the French service, who had fought for Prince Charles

Edward Stuart at Culloden who was a cavalier of the Stuart Order of the Mountain Eagle and a confidant of Prince Charles.

Descended from him is the present Baron de Longueuil, who is President of the Seigneurial Council of Canada,

The Imperial Hohenzollerns.

The House of Hohenzollern furnishes the most illustrious and legitimate topic in this consideration. In the Treaty of 1763 the acknowledgment of the King of France legitimated the succession of King George III to the throne in Canada to be held as it was held by "the Kings his predecessors." Now if the laws of England and many of the Provinces of France recognized the right of the Plantagenets to the French throne—although descended from the eldest daughter [instead of from a son] the same precedent is established for children of the marriage of Emperor Frederic of Germany and Victoria, eldest child of Queen Victoria, last legitimate Sovereign in Canada. Besides the Imperial Hohenzollerns are the official representatives of the Emperor Charles V. who established the old Empire in America. This brief history and this discussion by officers of the Seigneurial Order and others, show how fatal it is for the future greatness of a country for foes to arise antagonistic to rights inhering in the constituion and determined to over-ride or ignore them. It is not the law then that rules, and in this case, when those discriminated against are the aristocracy, their antagonists, dishonest and corrupt politicians, are beheld to be bringing on the state for their own profit the rule of ignorant multitudes, who once taught that their will is supreme, and not the fundamental and constitutional law, will speedily reduce all government to a species of legalized robbery and oppression.

But the Seigneurs have felt that they might be able to muster force enough within the Empire to crush this local faction and have laid their plans accordingly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

A DEPARTMENT

Foreword

A magazine of an historical character is necessarily less in touch with its readers than one of a more popular nature. Records of the past have a serious dignity, a mellowness and far-away aspect that appeal to the student more than to the general reader. But history, considered rightly, has to do with everything that develops human nature, and a consideration of the intellectual forces at work that are at each instant preparing the way for changes of circumstance, and consequently, for national changes,—a scrutiny of the tendencies of social and moral motives that often "falsify history," are no insignificant items in our duty. "Let me make the ballads and I care not who makes the laws," said France's shrewdest wit, and the historian who disdains to recognize the value of the drama, of the poetry and fiction of his period as epoch makers, is lacking in the breadth of understanding that he ought to have. It requires a nice discrimination, a cultivated spirit, to distinguish between the ephemeral and paltry and the permanent and vital, in art, literature and the drama. Most that is presented to our consideration as evincing a national spirit is lacking in the elements that justify existence; commercialism, not the critical sense, fathers literature, now, as always, and some fine periodicals cater to a supposed taste of their supporters, the supposition being based upon the increase or diminishing of their subscription list after the publication of certain kinds of material.

Now, if it is possible to discover, by inviting the most unlimited criticism of specimen pieces of contemporary literature, the real taste of the times, a service will have been done to history. Emotions govern the world; tastes, instincts, likings and aversions inspire action everywhere. The difficulty is to have an honest expression. What a difference it would make if each of us spoke out his real thought, the one belonging to his individual mind, and not a reflection of the fashion of his generation! Most of us are withheld from that miserable "not worth while"

feeling which is the enemy of self-respect and the retarder of progress. But we wish to make it worth while, to the readers of this department, to become sincere and outspoken critics; we wish to stir up the indolent to the duty of realizing what is the trend of the intelligence of the day in our country, and what sort of art is produced spontaneously, in response to a demand for unconventional, natural productions.

We propose to give, from time to time, as occasion shall offer, a short story in these columns, of a wholly unconventional character. It must reflect some particularly American phase of life, or some trait that is peculiarly the outcome of our civilization. Local color is sought, but not insisted upon. And a strong, clear delineation of character is especially desired. Will our contributors who can produce fiction send us stories, of the best description, of from two to three thousand words? For each one found suitable, payment will be made, thirty days after publication. But the writer must be prepared for having his production most mercilessly and thoroughly criticised. He will be as a lamb thrown to the lions, and his cherished defects will be held up to ridicule, his tender fancies coldly bruised by hostile fingers, and all his illusions regarding his effort torn away. Favor to none; honest rudeness in the interest of truth and discovery, is the treatment that shall be accorded to all.

To effect this the stories shall be published ANONYMOUSLY. And the best of the criticisms, which we trust will pour in, concisely worded, and pointed with all the wit and epigram their writers can command, will be published in this department, also, anonymously. In the twilight at first, we enter the arena to fight and contend so that we may learn to know one another by our sinews, and not by some factitious circumstance of environment. Say, then, one and all, just what you think, "even if it contradict the truths of yesterday." Be yourselves, and defy the fashion you have been taught to observe.

Readers will confer a favor upon the editor by bringing this new departure to the notice of their literary friends; those especially, who are noted for their originality and seriousness in their writings. We want the best material, and especially that which is characteristic and unique, but not grotesque.

To-day we publish a story from a well known American author. You are invited to cut it up without mercy; to praise anything you may find excellent, but not to spare defects. Write while the impression of reading is fresh, and your energy aroused, and send in your letter at once.

Stories and letters for this department may be directed to the

editor personally, so as not to become delayed in general mail. Address,

Mrs. Florence Hull Winterburn,
Editor AMERICANA,
945 St. Nicholas Avenue,
New York City.

FIRST STORY

AFTERWARDS

On a certain quiet street in the most beautiful city in the world, stands between two tall neighbors, a little brick house; whose ample porches, covered with flowering vines, give it the air of a charming small woman supported on either side by a man in stiff evening dress.

From the upper window, environed with roses and clematis, there used to appear frequently the handsome face of a young woman, like a rare passion flower in the centre of a bouquet. But it is long now since those languishing dark eyes looked down upon the commonplace panarama of the street. One day passers missed the wistful face from the window, and on the next broad crape streamers hung over the bright little brass door knob, and lowered shades shut out sympathetic interest as well as idle curiosity. The house presented an aspect of perfect impenetrability. No one was observed going in or out except the doctor and the undertaker; both men of wood. And the picturesque cottage all at once took on an air of brooding mystery.

Whoever had been in the neighborhood on the previous evening however, would have witnessed a scene of confusion in strong contrast with the calm that succeeded it. The veiled sunset of a November evening was merging into twilight when a tall, sallow man of gentlemanly appearance, put his latchkey into the front door, and entering, slammed it after him. His sombre eyes, at once ferocious and timid, sought through the lower rooms without finding their object. A glance into the kitchen deepened his disgust with the assurance that the servant had gone out, leaving the dinner to burn on the stove. The horrible odor of scorching potatoes penetrated through the house.

Possibly he expected all this, for he showed no surprise; rather a grim satisfaction, as he mounted the stairs to his wife's bedroom. Even then, a sight that would have startled a stranger, met his eyes without causing him astonishment or alarm.

Prone upon the floor lay the form of a woman. Her abundant, silky dark hair fell like a black mantle over her white gown. A small hand, exquisite in shape, was clenched upon one temple, and the other covered her heart.

Sudden, ungovernable rage possessed the husband. He gave a strong push to the insensible figure with his foot, then seizing it by the arm hauled it across the room and flung it upon the bed.

"Feigning again!" he muttered, standing over it with gleaming eyes and upraised fist. Did the blow fall? The lovely white form seemed to be shaken by a slight nervous thrill, and slowly the heavy eyelids were raised. For one second those wonderful dark eyes gazed into his own fierce ones, then the light faded out of them. They remained open, staring; and he, starting backward, gave a loud cry whose hoarse and hollow echo returned to him, as if another self mocked his terror.

A cowardly impulse made him look toward the door. There stood a burly, unkempt woman with a cautious, selfish face that held suggestions of the power that arises from entire absence of sensibility.

"Call a—a—doctor!" gasped the man, struggling for self-control. "Mrs. Turpin is in a deep faint!"

"A deep faint indeed; I make no doubt," said the servant significantly, advancing to the bed, from which he carefully kept at a distance. "She will never faint again—and you know it," she added, fixing a bold gaze upon the husband which he tried in vain to meet resolutely.

"The doctor—the doctor, woman! And send for my sister. Can't you see to things, instead of standing there staring like a fool?"

"You had best be civil, Mr. Turpin," the woman answered in a tone of malice. She descended the stairs with deliberation, but once outside ran here and there as if distracted, calling upon friends and even upon strangers for help.

"Hurry for the doctor—the minister—the coroner." Mrs. Turpin is dead."

In a few minutes there was a curious crowd about the premises; several strangers even penetrating to the room next to that of the dead woman, where the husband sat in a strong arm-chair which shook with his trembling; as he rolled his head about, uttering groans and broken exclamations.

Distorted as it was by suffering there was something noble about the man's face. His eyes mutely entreated for sympathy from those who had gathered about, and his feverish hands clung to any hand which was extended to him, as if in this period of despair he had cast pride from him and yielded himself to the desperate need of human sympathy.

As commonly happens when accident has thrown wide open the doors of a house hitherto exclusive, persons who had never been admitted, now pretended an intimacy with the family which gave them the right to scrutinize their most private possessions. Not content with looking and handling, some kleptomaniacs departed with souvenirs of value. This pilfering was carried on for two hours, when the arrival of the sister of the distraught husband at once cleared the premises of strangers, and restored order and harmony to a household apparently upon the point of disorganization.

Everything now straightened out. The directions of the doctor—a stranger; whose hasty diagnosis assumed that of which he was ignorant—were faithfully attended to, and by diplomatic management a coroner's inquest was declared unnecessary.

The usual offices due the dead were decently performed; the impertinences of the sullen servant rebuked, and the brandy, which had begun to circulate freely, locked up.

"The first thing he must do is to dismiss that servant," said the sister to herself. Shrewd, calm, and loving, this woman now became the good angel of her brother, who permitted her to regulate everything according to her strict notions of propriety. But as she lived in the country and wished to return home as soon as possible she requested that the funeral should take place on the next day but one, to which he assented. As it was to be entirely private there was no need, the provincial sister imag-

ined, for delay. She had only been slightly acquainted with her sister-in-law, whose character had appeared to her frivolous, and she set down to the credit of a marvellously loving nature, the terrible despair of which Turpin gave unmistakable signs, and whose violence she now undertook to check.

Late in the night they sat together in the dining-room, dimly lighted by a single gas-jet. Their chairs were drawn close to each other, so that without effort she could bend over to stroke his hair or cheek. Ordinarily, she was not a demonstrative woman, but there was pitiful appeal in every glance he cast about him. Her heart ached for a grief that bore so mysterious a resemblance to remorse.

"I can't believe she's really dead," he whispered brokenly. "There! Did you hear that? It sounds like her voice? So many, many times in the night she has waked me calling 'Husband!' "

"You were always good to her, brother. A kind, indulgent husband. I used to think you waited on her too much, and that she took a little advantage of you—poor soul!"

"I always bought her everything she had a fancy for, if I had the money. She was extravagant, Phemie. She kept me poor. But Lord! what a fine woman she was! How splendid she looked when she dressed in that blue satin she got for your wedding. She was born for society. But that takes money. I wish I had taken her to a concert or an opera once in a while. She was fond of music."

"Not many men of your means would have done as much as you did, brother. She never had to put her hand to any work. A servant always in her kitchen. And then, the principal thing is that you were so loving to her. A woman thinks of that most of all."

He moved uneasily, starting at the motion of his shadow upon the closed door of the parlor; where she lay.

"I tried to be good to her, God knows! But—but she tried me terribly, Phemie. You never saw her in one of her bad spells. That accursed morphia! How she ever got the habit is more than I can say. I've known her lay for hours—a whole day, and things going to rack and ruin about the house. It was enough to turn a man to drink. And yet I never took too much."

He repeated this more vehemently as her mild face remained passive.

"Any is too much," she said presently, with a sigh. "But any way, brother dear, it never made you harsh to her. I've seen you carry her about like a baby when she was ailing, and you bought her more books and magazines in a month than I see in a year—not that I complain," she added cheerfully.

"Yes—yes. A—h!" he grasped her hand hard, his eyes dilating. "Phemie, she's not dead! Oh, how can I bear this? Shall I always see her before me—with her dead face—opening her eyes? Perhaps—perhaps, the doctor was mistaken? Maybe it's catalepsy, Phemie? For God's sake don't let them bury her alive!"

"Hush, poor brother. No fear. Let us say a prayer together. We'll never see Leonora again till we meet her in heaven."

They sat there the night through. Sometimes the tired woman would fall asleep for a few minutes, awaking with a reassuring smile upon her lips as if she felt his fear even in her sleep.

He was alternately restless and in a state of stupor all the next day, and the second night was worse than the first. Her firmness and good sense alone kept from him the brandy for which he was wild. Once, when she was busy in the parlor Ursula, the Swede servant, came softly to him with a bowl of soup. As she put it on the table she slyly drew from under her apron a cup half full of rank, cheap whiskey.

"I know what you're needing," she said, in a coarse, masculine voice incapable of low notes. "That'll put some heart into you."

She was shrewd enough to raise the window to let the strong odor of the whiskey escape.

"And now eat the soup; it's full of onion," she said with a chuckle.

He ate a little. She leaned toward him familiarly. "Don't you be fearsome, now. No soul knows the truth but myself. And I'll keep close. Less'n you make me change my mind," she added significantly as she carried away her cup and bowl.

And this was the first mesh of the net the bold, cunning mind cast over the timid, superstitious one.

She was careful not to let him forget that there was a secret between them. When he stood next morning beside the open grave and watched the coffin descend into the bowels of the earth his soul made a desperate effort to cast off the weight which was dragging it down into regions of despair. He sought to remember only his early loving relations with the dead woman; to bury with her body the hideous picture which had been for forty hours continuously mirrored on his aching eyeballs. But even as he raised his head his pathetic glance encountered the mocking gaze of Ursula, who stood back habited in a decent black gown, which he recognized as one his wife used to wear.

Phemie was compelled to go home as soon as the funeral was over. She entreated him to return with her, but he refused.

"I must go back to business to-morrow. I don't know just what I'll do, yet. Maybe I'll sell the house, and come out to you later."

But whatever he did he knew it would not be that. The rose-embowered cottage now became his sepulchre. November winds tore the vines and no dainty hand retwined them. The white muslin curtains became dingy from the smoke of Ursula's pipe as she sauntered through the rooms in her master's absence, appropriating many little things which were useful to her. She was more careful now of his comfort. The potatoes were no longer scorched. Often there was an excellent pie to tempt his appetite. But he drank heavily. With an iron constitution and stubborn will he was able to attend to his business after his mental balance had been almost destroyed. Logical and stern by day, he was every night the prey of superstitious terrors.

The sight of Ursula sitting soberly in the kitchen rocker with a piece of knitting was not unwelcome to him when he entered the house late at night. Gradually, he fell into the habit of talking with her; finding in her hard literalness and coarse humor an antidote to the poison of his own fancies.

After awhile she established herself in the dining-room. She was now quite well dressed, and her abundant reddish hair lay neatly about her head. Like many men who care more for fine points in a woman than for delicate loveliness, he was fond of

seeing a good suit of hair, tastefully arranged. Ursula, however, never let him see her pipe.

When spring came she believed she might expedite matters. She understand Turpin very well.

"He hasn't much feeling," she thought; "but he has a great deal of vanity. He hates to have to think anything bad of himself. Also, he is afraid to be alone."

So, she told him with downcast eyes, that having had a good offer of marriage, she was obliged to leave. If it were not that it was a woman's duty to settle herself, she would never think of going from him.

Turpin was angered, perplexed, then conciliatory. She repeated that she must go.

"Well, I'll marry you," he cried at length. "I see that's what you want!"

It was done. Phemie, who had been unable to leave her home for months, hurried to town almost too soon after her confinement. She had experienced a presentiment that gave her nervous strength. After an hour's interview with her brother in the little parlor (from which Ursula was locked out) she tottered out to her hired carriage, declining support. From a florist's she drove to the cemetery, carrying a wreath of purple heartsease.

Turpin had caused a handsome monument to be erected over Leonora's grave, but before Phemie could read the name she was obliged to kneel down and pull up handfuls of tall weeds.

"Dear," she murmured, as she laid the wreath on the mound, "I believe now it was *you* who loved!"

AN UNACCREDITED ROMANCE

By Myrtis Jarrell

THOSE, who have read the attractive volume,—published for the "Bibliophile Society" of Boston—entitled "The Romance of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, John Howard Payne and Washington Irving" will, perhaps, be interested to know of another romantic episode in the checkered life of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," which proves that his "dying forlorn and dejected without ever having tasted the sweets of a home, which appeared to him only in poetic vision," was not due solely to his unrequited love for the widow of the poet Shelley.

For this later and hitherto unaccredited romance belongs to that period of his life, which may be included between the date of his return to New York—after having been disillusioned by the discovery that Mrs. Shelley encouraged him only "as a source of an introduction" to Washington Irving—and that of his departure, as American Consul, for Tunis. It was, indeed, during a visit to Georgia in eighteen hundred and thirty-four for the sake of studying conditions among the Indian tribes that were being collected, at that time, by military aid and removed to their reservation, that Mr. Payne fell in love with Mary Hawarden, the only daughter of General Edward Hawarden (the name has been contracted in America to Harden), a wealthy and prominent citizen of that state, who resided in the town of Athens. Since he brought with him letters of introduction to the young lady's father, who was the appointed Commissioner to treat with the Cherokees and Creeks, it came about that he was invited upon his arrival to her home.

"After spending a few days with us," to quote from her own account, "he and my father, accompanied by Ex-Governor

Lumpkin and Colonel Rockwell, left in my father's private carriage for North Georgia," where they were entertained by Ross, the Indian Chief.

John Howard Payne was then in his forty-fifth year, and broken in health and spirits. He is represented as having been dressed in the height of the prevailing London fashion, a circumstance to which Miss Harden attributed the suspicious attitude towards him of ignorant whites in North Georgia, who were totally unacquainted with such attire. This adverse opinion, aggravated by his evident sympathy with the Indians, became indeed, so confirmed as to cause his arrest and imprisonment on the charge of his being a spy. Whereupon, the injustice of the proceeding as well as the insult offered in this harsh treatment of his guest aroused a feeling of outrage in General Harden, who immediately took measures expedient for his release, and returned with him to Athens. An incident related, in connection with that unhappy occurrence, by Miss Harden, who had it, undoubtedly, from Payne himself,—of his standing one Saturday evening beside the window of his adobe prison in that remote district and listening to the guard's soft humming of "Home, Sweet Home," as he passed back and forth below, shows how universally his famous song had, even then, taken its hold upon the hearts of men, while its author was disregarded and, in that instance, at least, abused. Rather a common example,—alas! of the world's return for priceless benefactions. To that unhappy occurrence, on the other hand, his intimacy with the fair daughter of his host was, indirectly, due. For, according to her own statement, poor Mr. Payne was so deeply mortified by the insult that "no inducement could persuade him to meet guests." He never left his room at the tavern except to go to the post-office or to General Harden's home, where in response to gracious hospitality the lonely wanderer felt free to enjoy, during a three months' stay in that community, some of the delights and comforts of a charming home-life.

Mary Harden was, then, eighteen years of age—a dark-eyed, dark-haired, brilliant girl, whose countenance bore traces in contour and features of the descent, through her mother's family, from renowned Pocahontas. But, though handsome in face and

form, her rare charm lay—so all, who knew her, declare,—in a beautifully cultivated mind. She was both intellectual and accomplished. For her father not only bestowed upon his daughter those advantages afforded by wealth and gentle birth but he also directed her education with care. And, throughout a residence of some duration in France he took pains to procure the services of the best masters for her cultivation in music and in French. Consequently, it was no marvel that she became, thus early in life, an interpreter of taste and skill in the works of classic composers,—and a scholar in French. Nor was she less advanced in the knowledge of her own language and its literature. When one considers, moreover, that her charm of mind, and of personality was further enhanced by elegance of breeding and manners, one does not wonder that John Howard Payne, who declared the union of superior intellectual endowments with charm of character so rare, should have found pleasure in the society of this gifted girl.

It is, unfortunately, only by casual glimpses that one is enabled to follow the course of their friendship: One morning, when she was employed with her water-colors, he begged for a sketch, of which, when it was finished, "he was extremely proud." One afternoon they strolled in the garden, where dark evergreens contrasted pleasantly with the gorgeous masses of bud and bloom in formal flower-beds. Again, one gets a glimpse of the girl reading aloud to Mr. Payne from Shakespeare's plays. And, there is now shown, in the house where she lived, a rose-wood table, at which they used to sit of evenings, when engaged in Miss Harden's favorite game of chess.

"He was," according to her account, "the easiest, most charming of companions. Although much older than myself, he took a wonderful fancy to me. I was fond of music and often played and sang for him the familiar words of his own sweet song."

He related to her, one is told, the dreary circumstances under which he wrote the song in London, and, as their friendship became more intimate, confided the story of his pathetic life. Then, in a letter to General Harden, written in New York, two years later, one finds this interesting passage:

"For your daughter's flattering request about "Home, Sweet

Home,'' do me the favor to offer her my best thanks. I will write it out for her in my best school-boy hand, whenever I find an opportunity of sending it post-free. No one deserves a 'Sweet Home' better than she does and no one would be surer to make any home, however, sweet, still more so by her goodness and her genius.''

But, he hastens to add that although in some places her mere request would be more than compensation for sending the song, yet he belongs to a region, where one is ''not in the habit of doing things without large profits,'' and demands that she send him in return a sketch for his album.

From these brief glimpses, however, one gets no clue to Miss Harden's real feeling toward the melancholy poet. And, there is no record, so far as I am aware, either of Mr. Payne's subsequent visits, or of their future correspondence, with the exception of the following letter, which reveals in so courtly a manner, his love for her:

''Madame, I did for a long time indulge in the fallacious hope that fortune would have favored and placed me in a more suitable situation for making this communication to you. I have unfortunately been disappointed and have endeavored to calm my feelings and submit to my fate, yet the more I have strived to do so the more have I been convinced that it would be useless for me any longer to attempt to struggle with the sentiments I feel towards you.

I am conscious of my own unworthiness of the boon I desire from you and cannot dare ask you to give a decisive answer in my favor now, only permit me to hope that at some future time I may have the happiness of believing my affection returned; but at the same time I conjure you to remember in making-up your decision that it is in your power to render me happy or miserable.

Having frequently through the kind permission of your honored parents the pleasure of being in your society, I every day find it more necessary to come to some conclusion as to my future conduct, for when I was obliged to leave you, it was only to renew the agitation of my mind and to contemplate the image of

one too dear to me to resign forever without making an effort I was unequal to when in your presence.

You will perhaps tell me this is presumptuous on my part and true it is, I have nothing to offer you but a devoted heart and hand; however, be assured, Madame, whatever your decision may be, present wish for your happiness and welfare shall be the first of my heart.

I have felt it essential to my peace of mind that I should inform you of the state of my feelings, satisfied that that, and your amiableness of heart will plead my excuse.

I entreat you to reply to this letter if but one word, indeed I am sure, if you knew how anxiously I shall await your answer, compassion alone would induce you to send me an early answer.

Allow me Madame to subscribe myself,
Your very humble and devoted admirer,
John Howard Payne."

General Harden, it is thought, did not encourage Mr. Payne's suit to his charming daughter. There is no proof of the girl's having encouraged it herself. We know only that both she and her lover died unmarried.

Nothing affords a more beautiful insight into the character of the woman than her well-bred reserve and delicacy with regard to this celebrated friendship. A striking instance of this is shown in an incident relating to the manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," which was mentioned in the author's letter to her father. No person is known ever to have seen it except Miss Harden's cousin and heir, who attests that upon her own request—in Miss Harden's old age, and long after Mr. Payne's death,—she was allowed to *look at*—but not to touch the paper or read it in full.

"I saw," said the lady to me, "that it was the manuscript in question, signed by John Howard Payne. And I saw, moreover, —that which explained my cousin's evident hesitation to show it to me—love-messages interspersed between the stanzas." The gentlewoman felt, naturally, that communications which revealed her lover's most intimate sentiments toward herself were to be enshrined within her own confidence.

Mary Harden's old age was peculiarly pathetic for its loneli-

ness. Having been deprived of her fortune by the ravages of war, and of her family by death, she spent her last years in seclusion, devoting herself to those pursuits pertaining to that which is intellectual and aesthetic, rather than in adapting herself to the manners and ideas of a new generation. To the last she retained her vigor of intellect—and that for which she was no less distinguished, rare personal charm.

The house in which she lived, though now modernized, and curtailed of its fine grounds, together with the old-fashioned garden, is still preserved, and revered both for her sake and as the scene of this romance in the life of John Howard Payne—our famous American, with whom the poet Gray alone may share the universal love of mankind, the one as author of the world's "Elegy," the other, of the world's best-beloved song.

EDITORIAL

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Individual and National Limitations.

When one is young the idea of a boundary to desire or achievement is inadmissible. Time and space seem endless, and energy unlimited, and the fresh imagination, looking far along the life path, sees millions of opportunities, dancing like specks in the sunshine; so common that they may be lazily viewed and a choice made at our leisure, since an eternity of days stretch out, and hope sees beyond the horizon. Youth is extravagant of all its resources because it emulates Nature, the great prodigal who scatters and wastes everywhere, and without a hint that she means to gather up the fragments after awhile, and work them all over to new uses. The beginning, whether it be in the career of an individual, or in the life of a nation, is marked by entire lack of economy and husbandry, and there is a pitiful similarity in the checks and hindrances that come to teach the lesson of carefulness, and suggest that "infinite" and "endless" are terms invented by gamblers, to be viewed askance by those who intend to make real progress along the path of civilization. The difference between a savage and a civilized man is seen in nothing more clearly than in the incapacity of the former to understand the idea of fair exchange. He has seized without payment what he wished for, and life is only a fight with animal sinews, and a grasp upon treasures spread wide before him, in field and stream; what means the niggard who would barter when the universe is his, if he has but the courage to take possession? But the civilized one knows that on the con-

trary, only the mere bit of concrete earth he can measure, and the treasures he knows the uses of belong to him, or can ever be won by him, and to the prodigality of the other he opposes the keen calculation of the mathematician who has learned the number of stars one can see in the vast heaven are but a simple four thousand, though they appear like millions, and that there are limits to gain, to capacity to work, and to possession, as there are to life and to space.

Civilization, then, is only the evolution of economy in conduct. We learn by experience not to waste our energy and our moral power; to husband our mental and physical strength, because when once gone there is no more to come. We comprehend by the slow degrees of enlightenment that education affords, that we can do thus much with the span of an ordinary life, and that an hour wasted, an opportunity thrown away is so much deducted from the total of our power. There are no compensations, in the stern adjustment of eternal justice. But alas! we only know this when half our time is gone; and every man lives his life as if no one had ever lived before him, and all the lessons of vicarious experience count for less than nothing in the exhuberance of youthful beginnings; to waste and repent is the law of immaturity everywhere.

"The life of individual man," as Draper grandly states, "only foreshadows social history." Nations are only beings of a vaster shape, with like passions, like temptations, and with fixed limitations to development and civilization. A young nation exhibits the same recklessness of its resources that a spendthrift youth shows, entering into an hereditary fortune. The earth is so rich, the extent so vast, living so easy, and the end of all things so far away! How boundless, a hundred years ago, seemed the western continent; how unlimited our wealth, and how many millions could be supported on our shores! Let Europe send its hordes, let all take up the land at pleasure, and cull a crop a year, then abandon the old site for a new place, easier to till. Let the great flocks of wild fowl be targets for rifle practice, and the hordes of cattle be slaughtered to make a holiday. Cannot Nature fill up the gap in a night! The old story of the Spanish soldier gambling off the image of the sun

in gold for an hour's pleasure at cards has been repeated too often in America to need dwelling upon here. We have spent a very prodigal youth, and furnished an edifying spectacle to the sage old eyes of Europe. As yet, the news that is getting to be whispered among us, that we are nearing the end of our rope, has not penetrated abroad. We are still looked upon as a nation of millionaires, with an unexplored west at our backs, and forests and mines as in fairy lore. Yet, we know ourselves, that our wonderful forests are diminishing fast; that bird and beast are no longer innumerable in our calculation, and that the day is approaching when there must be a check put upon our national extravagance, or want will be at our door. Have we attained the degree of civilization when economy and wise prevision are possible? Are we near enough to the stage of equilibrium for us to begin to exercise judicious oversight over expenditures of our agricultural resources, and put a stop to exploitation of our people by the cupidity of a horribly precocious infant giant who has taken up his abode amongst us—the giant Trust? Despite her prodigalities America has the freshness and energy of a country with a long and happy career to run. Spread-eagleism has hurt her somewhat; she has squandered in a short time the wealth that was meant to last for generations yet unborn. But if we are within sight of the lesson that the great World University offers to every nation—that of wise economy of its resources—what a magnificent career may yet lie before us! "Experience comes, but wisdom lingers," but let us hope that it is about to enter into our sphere.

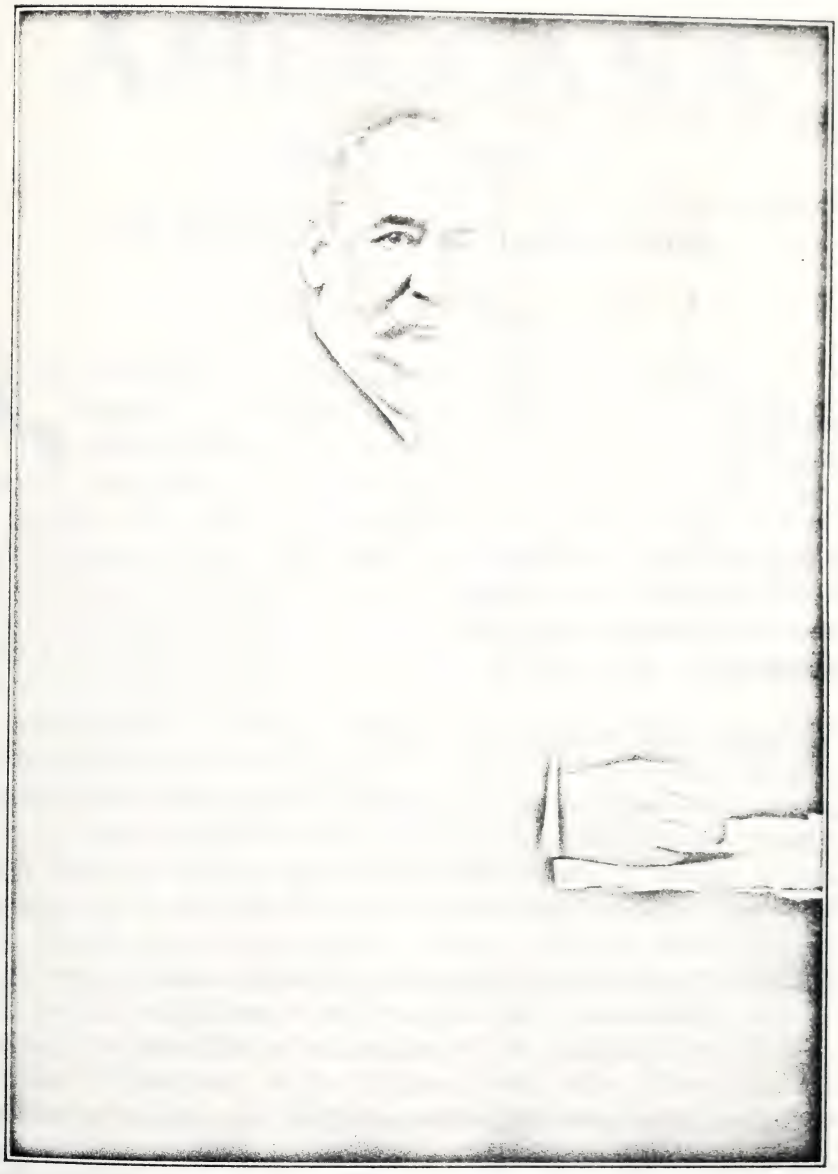
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DAVID H. MOFFAT



AMERICANA

May, 1910

MR. MOFFAT AND THE MOFFAT ROAD

BY LELIA M. TINSLEY

SOME one has said that "antiquity is the aristocracy of history." However that may be, it is a well established fact that the halo of benevolence gives distinction to current history. No brutal nor internecene wars mar to-day. Armored with science, invention and art, man battles for the coveted possession of life, liberty and happiness for his neighbor as well as for himself. The vast majority are faithful armor-bearers in benevolent warfare, but unto only a favored few scattered here and there over the face of the earth, is given the genius of generalship.

And David H. Moffat of Denver, Colorado, is one of them. As railroad magnate and capitalist, Mr. Moffat has become the generalissimo of development and progress in the land of the Golden West. Leaving his birthplace, Washingtonville, Orange County, New York, in 1851, at the age of twelve years, to become a messenger boy in the New York Exchange Bank of New York City, Mr. Moffat thus entered upon a career which his spirit and energy were to make splendid in the annals of his country's history. His boyish ambitions were from the first pronounced, and attracted the attention of a member of the banking firm of A. J. Stevens & Company of Des Moines, Iowa, who offered him the position of teller. Mr. Moffat accepted, but very soon thereafter during the year 1855, he received an offer from the Bank of Nebraska, and at once went to Omaha there to assume the more responsible duties of cashier.

They were days during which war within threatened the nation, and the country's credit sunk to naught under the strain of it. Struggling with such misfortune, Mr. Moffat, after a period of four years, decided to close the bank that no man connected therewith might suffer loss. First satisfying the depositors, he then divided the surplus among the stockholders and faced the world, seeking employment.

Possessing the adventurous spirit of youth, the West enticed him, and boarding a mule wagon, Mr. Moffat started out on a pathless destiny across the Western plains, traveling a distance of more than five hundred miles before he reached Denver, Colorado, then nothing more than a prospector's settlement where gold dust was used in place of coin as a means of exchange.

Here it was that Mr. Moffat pitched his tent. He had found a pleasant land in which to dwell, and at once was he cured of his wanderlust. Every day of his life since has been devoted to converting Colorado into a place of peace and plenty for the peoples of his home and all nationalities who have gravitated Westward. The pages of Western history are replete with his achievements accomplished mainly through banking, mine development and railroad building.

The long and disastrous war between the States of North and South had scarcely ceased, and a reunited country assured, before Mr. Moffat interested himself in organizing the first national bank within the confines of Colorado, known as The First National Bank of Denver, which, with a capital stock of $200,000, threw open its doors to the public on May 10, 1865.

Disposing of his interests in a small book store, Mr. Moffat assumed the responsibilities of cashier, serving in that capacity until the year 1880, when he was elected president, and as such he has presided continuously to the present day, watching the while the deposits of the bank swell to the gratifying figure of $23,000,000.

The First National Bank of Denver claims seniority of all other national banks in Colorado, and well may it also lay claim to being the source of Colorado's development. To it has Colorado turned in every emergency; The State is dotted here, there and everywhere with smaller banks born of The First National

Bank; railroad lines trace their source to it; mines of gold, silver, and the vast beds of coal have been unearthed through its instrumentality, and by it the melting snows of the mountains and the waters of many mountain lakes have been conveyed to the desert lands of Colorado, converting them into fertile, productive fields.

But by such achievements The First National Bank does not live alone in the hearts of the people.

During the days of national adversity when the financial panic of 1893 rested as a terrible blight on the country, The First National Bank more than all other banks of Colorado, proved its mercy as well as its strength, calling forth and placing in silent and unostentatious evidence the human fellowship of David H. Moffat. Commerce and labor appealed to it and not in vain; the financial life of many a man was protected against ruin during that and other crises by the sagacity, the advice, and withal the kindliness of its president, and it is a proverbial saying in Denver to-day that "during the panic of '93, David H. Moffat foreclosed no man."

As an illustration of his interest in the people of Colorado, Mr. Moffat on one occasion during that distressing period, received a telegram from the president of a bank in a neighboring city that a "run" was in progress and there were not sufficient funds to cope with the demand. Without one moment of delay, Mr. Moffat chartered an engine and by a special agent, sent funds in abundance to save the bank from ruin.

During that same period of woe to all capital, The First National Bank of Denver, like all other banks throughout the country, was threatened with a "run," and in response, Mr. Moffat said to the depositors—"Come. You can draw out your money only once, and The First National can stand that."

They did not come. They knew that the word of David H. Moffat was as good as the nation's bonds on which the bank was founded.

And so the wealth pouring into the coffers of The First National Bank of Denver to-day, proves not only the solidity of the great financial institution, but likewise proves that the people of Colorado pay tribute to Mr. Moffat as a benefactor.

The success of The First National Bank, however, did not en-

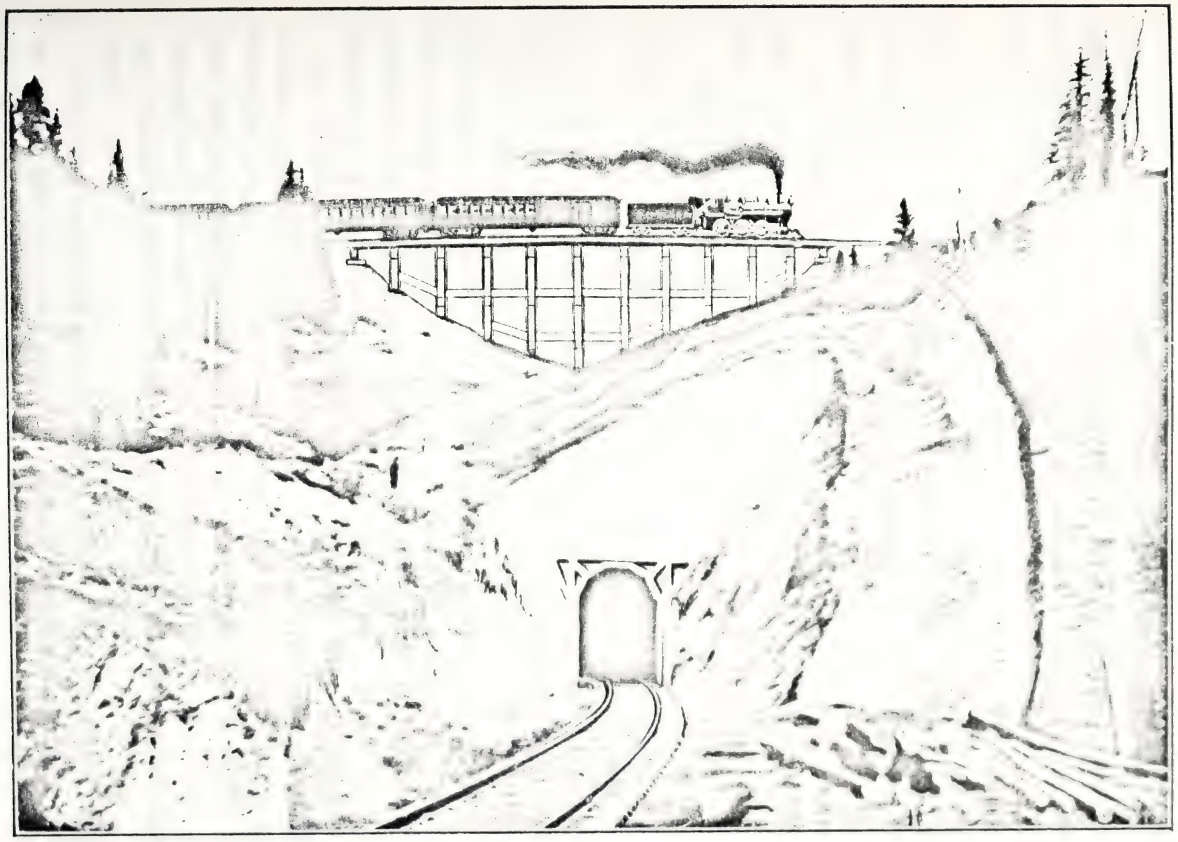
gage the entire attention of Mr. Moffat. Associated with the late Mr. Evans, territorial governor of Colorado, he built in 1869 the Denver-Pacific Railroad from Denver to Cheyenne, Wyoming, there connected with the main line of the Union Pacific. This first feat in railroad building by Mr. Moffat is of especial interest to Denver, since it marks the first of many lines which now lead out in all directions from its depots.

Following in the wake of this achievement, there began on a practical scale the development of the vast gold, silver, coal and lead mines of Colorado. Railroads became an immediate necessity, and at once Mr. Moffat summoned a conclave of able associates to begin the construction of the Denver & South Park Railroad up Platt Canon one hundred and fifty miles to Leadville, Colorado, from which point the mines ever since have been dispensing to the world from their inexhaustible stores of precious metals and minerals.

A short railroad line from Boulder, Colorado, to the coal beds of Marshall, Colorado, next engaged the spirited energies of Mr. Moffat. Scarcely had he accomplished the success of this enterprise before the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad passed from the hands of a receiver into his control. He broad-gauged miles and miles of its tracks; built branch lines to nearby mines wherever seemed to him expedient, and having elevated the road to a divident-paying institution, relinquished his control in 1891, and turned his attention to the construction of the Florence & Cripple Creek Railroad, which was to lead to the fabulous gold mines of Cripple Creek, Colorado, whose output has already exceeded $125,000,000.

Throughout this period of railroad weaving, Mr. Moffat was acquiring large interests in the various mines in whatever territory he pushed his lines. At Cripple Creek, the world-famed mining district, where he has for many years held large interests, he built the first successful cyanide mill to treat the ores taken from the mines at that point.

While his hands were marking development throughout this State of great though hidden wealth, Mr. Moffat gave attention of practical value to the political interests of Colorado, and to the local welfare of his home—Denver.



LOOPING THE LOOP ON THE MOFFAT ROAD

At one time he served on the staff of Governor Evans, and his influence in municipal affairs, though silent and unheralded, has been and still is powerful, and exercised with the single purpose of placing Denver on the solid foundation on which it now stands as one of the most prosperous cities on the continent.

Prominent among local enterprises has been The Denver City Tramway Company with its stretches of 223 miles in all directions throughout the city, giving a service which even a metropolis might envy, and enhancing the value of the property where dwelled the "squatter" a few short years ago.

But of peculiar interest to Denver and adjacent territory, is The Denver Union Water Company which Mr. Moffat, with several able associates, organized during the year 1870.

Nature, perhaps, has not placed before any other city so many obstacles in the way of an adequate water supply as those with which Denver has had to contend; and in all probability, no city is more indebted to her reservoirs for growth and beauty. At the time of the organization of the water company, Denver contained less than 5,000 inhabitants; it stood far out on the desert plains; its unpaved streets were deep in dust, and its lots and outlying acres were infested with cactus and sage brush, ant hills and prairie dog villages. The burning sun and the rainless clouds hung above the treeless town and no drop of rain fell to nourish a tender leaf or a sprig of green grass.

Mr. Moffat went to the Rocky Mountains fifty miles away to secure purity and volume of water; he was able, after expending enormous sums of money, to perfect the plant, but a just reward has been attained in the exquisite beauty into which Denver has budded and blossomed. Its streets are bordered by wide parkings whose velvety turf hold its verudre beneath long avenues of trees.

Claiming to be the city of light, Denver has an equal right to be called the city of beautiful lawns, and all has been accomplished by means of the 44,000,000 gallons of water used by her each day. The Denver Union Water Company has truly made the dry land to flourish.

And yet upon this multitude of achievements Mr. Moffat did not retire. His acute foresight had long before revealed to his

energies that the interests of Colorado and adjacent States could not afford to suffer the waste of time required in reaching the Pacific Coast by the circuitous routes which are now the dependence of transportation.

In addition to this drawback to Western progress, the interests of not only the West but of the nation at large were impeded by a vast territory of varied wealth lying dormant in Northwest Colorado. Throughout the ages Nature had kept this treasure land locked and barred against the invasion of man. It is true that now and then some individual reckless of limb and life and proof against dense solitude, scaled the impregnable ramparts on guard, and gained access therein, only to find himself hedged in with the wealth which could mean no more to him than did the golden coins to Robinson Crusoe which he found in his pockets when washed upon the shores of the uninhabited island.

And so these solitary invaders lived a warring neighbor to wild beasts with not even the warwhoop of an Indian to break the dull monotony. The one bright achievement of life was the flocks of sheep grazing 'round and 'round the mountain tops and the large herds of cattle which were tended on the fields of plenty in the beautiful Yampa Valley, and which were started fat-fleshed and well-favored up and down miles and miles of rugged mountain steeps only to reach some distant shipping point looking as if they had arrived to take the part of the lean-fleshed and ill-favored kine in the drama of Pharaoh's Dream.

It was evident that a railroad was necessary to awaken activity in this idle land of hidden and wasted plenty. But how a railroad could find its way was the problem to which there seemed no solution.

The great Continental Divide lay a lofty wall of adamant between Denver and the vaults of wealth on the other side. Wise men, bold and successful along the highway of Eastern enterprise, came out to confer with Mr. Moffat. They looked with solemn awe towards the mighty range compared with which China's Wall is but a molehill. These wise men had gone mountaineering on level ground, and their verdict was in accordance with their wisdom,—"Impossible! And if possible, the game would not be worth the candle."

But David H. Moffat took an appeal from this decision to the higher court of his vast experience, debating, measuring, calculating, until at last the survey of a railroad leading direct from Denver through the coveted ground to Salt Lake City, Utah, was fixed in his mind there to remain until the graceful engines were hailing his success from the crest of the Continental Divide.

Accordingly in 1902, and in the sixty-fourth year of his age, an age when wealthy men usually retire to spend their remaining years in peace and rest,—Mr. Moffat began a work destined to be not only the realization of his dreams, but likewise to be an achievement worthy of an especial chapter in the history of railroad building,—the construction of The Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railway, a cognomen which has been sent into retirement by the voice of Colorado which has christened it "The Moffat Road."

The railroad world stood aghast before this heroic undertaking, for it knew that the difficulties confronting Mr. Moffat consisted not alone in tunneling mountains or climbing from base to summit the Continental Divide. Mr. Moffat, too, was fully alive to the fact, being aware that he was surrounded on all sides by competing lines and their affiliated coal companies who could enter Wall Street and in a day bring therefrom millions to the defense of their lines and their beds of lignite and bituminous coals against the boundless deposits of bituminous and anthracite of the northwest territory awaiting the advent of The Moffat Road.

But Mr. Moffat was not deterred, neither was he discouraged. Into the store house of his immense personal fortune he went for the wherewithal, and single-handed began the work of surveying the line. The survey continued up the mountain side across the Divide, and down into the fertile regions of Middle Park as far as the natural amphitheatre formed at the Eastern entrance to Gore Canon, where the right of way was at once contested by the United States Government which had planned to convert this fertile spot into a monster reservoir, the waters of which were to find an outlet through Gore Canon down the Grand River to the arid lands of Mexico.

Colorado was up and armed, and marshalled by David H. Moffat, presented its strength in legal battle before the Supreme

Court of the United States to retain Gore Canon as a home rather than as a foreign missionary.

Colorado won, and in peace and unmolested has The Moffat Road since continued to find its way into the wealth of the Northwest territory.

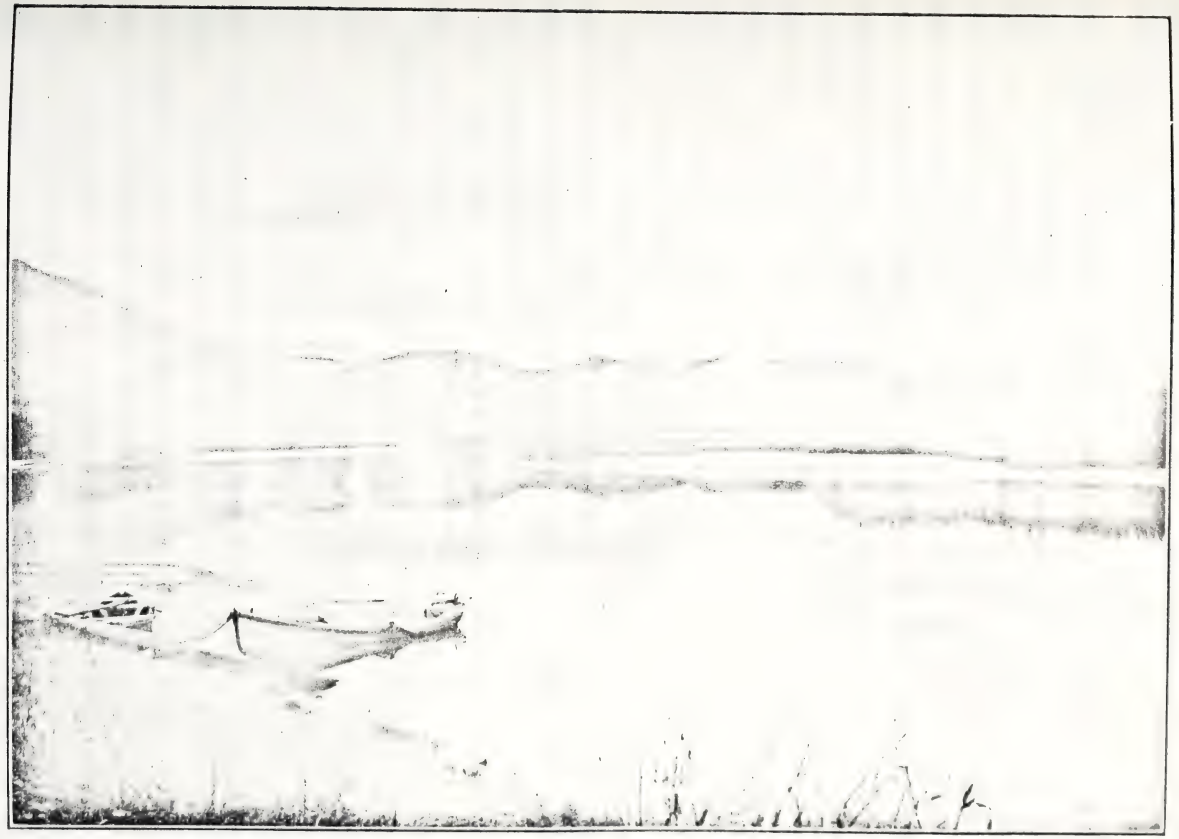
And now what can be said in description of this wonderful railroad that justice may be done such an enterprise?

In the annals of railroad construction the history of The Moffat Road is pre-eminently unique. Its tracks are now laid a distance of 214 miles, having successfully overcome the worst topographical difficulties with which it had to contend. In that short distance are included 55 tunnels, twenty-nine of which come within a space of 14 miles, the longest being 1750 feet, the shortest about 100 feet, the highest 11,400 feet above sea-level, while two others attract especial attention on account of the reverse curves surveyed within them.

The tunnel exciting supreme interest, however, is the one over which the road passes on its descent from the Continental Divide on the Western slope and continuing in its downward course, comes back to pass through the tunnel, making a perfect loop, and having the appearance of a snake in the act of swallowing itself.

In addition to this multiplicity of tunnels, a company has been organized to build through the main range at a cost of five million dollars, a tunnel six miles in length at an altitude of 9,100 feet, which will shorten the distance of the line 23 miles.

Notwithstanding the topography of the country from which one would infer that long, slender and dangerous trestles would play a prominent part, The Moffat Road with an eye single to durability and economy, has laid its road bed on solid ground, tunneling projecting mountain ridges to gain straight alignment, thus avoiding the continual expense of damage and repair incident to long, high trestles. A surprising and pleasant feature of the road, when taking into consideration the difficulties Nature has laid in the way, is the smoothness and ease with which the train glides over 2885 cross-ties in every mile of travel; there is no jolting, no swaying from side to side, and from the motion



EAGLES NEST RANGE, FROM KREMLING, COLO.—MOFFAT ROAD



the traveler is quite as comfortable as if skimming over the rails traversing the plains below.

A master hand is revealed in the marvelous engineering of The Moffat Road from end to end, but emphasis pre-eminent is given to the technical knowledge, the skill, and withal the patience and perseverence of the engineer when the road leading out from the mining town of Rollinsville, begins its curves round and round, back and forth, never exceeding a grade of four per-cent., forming what is popularly called the "Giant's Ladder," including in its curves a circle of Yankee Doodle Lake, until at last it reaches the crest of the Continental Divide 11,660 feet above sea-level, at an elevation never before attained by any broad-gauged railroad in the United States, and from that height passengers look down into the sparkling waters of Yankee Doodle Lake just 650 feet below, yet which they have traveled away from over the road a distance of more than four miles.

Here it is that the train coming to the land of perpetual snow, enters a long shed built as proof against storm and drift, and wherein is operated according to the agent in charge "the highest telegraph station in the world."

The train pulls out of the shed only to throw a marvelous panorama before the eyes of the traveler.

Somewhere in the pages of literature it has been written that the sincerest prayer ever uttered by man was in the one word "O." Here one feels it to be an impressive truth. What other exclamation of surprise, of thanksgiving or of adoration could so well express the profound emotions of the human heart when beholding the surrounding walls of sapphire cut by dark gorges, as they lead away into a distant world of azure, of radiance and of rainbow glory! The labor of His fingers are there and yet hath He ordained all to the service of the children of man, placing the mountains and the wealth thereof into their keeping.

But were the peculiar and difficult feats of engineering, and the wild, rugged and awesome beauty of the bordering territory its chief sources of merit, The Moffat Road would merely be the crowning ornament in railroad building. But it is something more and much more. It is a pathway leading through riches into a wealth whereof the limits cannot be estimated.

A chief characteristic of the road from a commercial point of view, lies in the fact that there is not a mile of the line not bounded by abundance and variety of commodities necessary to progress and to comfort.

Leaving Denver, The Moffat Road enters Clear Creek Valley over which hang the everlasting sun and cloudless sky, yet which irrigation has defied, converting the region into a garden of vegetables, fruits and flowers, while roundabout the cattle graze on a thousand hills.

In the midst of this beauty and only thirteen miles from the city limits, the Leyden Coal Mines, ten million tons strong, empties out of the earth into the markets of the West, one thousand tons each day.

Running away from the plains and climbing skyward, the road enters at once a land of clay, various in kind and of fine quality: limestone, cement, building stone, road metal, gypsum, artesian water, and evidences of oil. Here, and continuing to the end of the line, science and profit go hand in hand; the learned geologgist can read as from the pages of a book, the past history of Nature in her own handwriting, telling in glowing sketches the tragedies of volcanic turmoil; and he is enabled to unite with the man of industry in presenting to commerce a grand exhibition of what the past has done for the present and for the future.

Passing from the land of clay, the road enters the forest-covered mountains which border the line all along the route, the lumber available for commercial use being estimated at more than five hundred million feet. The busy buzz of the saw mill, therefore, echoes from the surrounding heights, and the traveler thinks there can be nothing but timber until he observes a trail creeping into the dense darkness of the forests, and at once he knows that a coal, gold or other mine is somewhere near.

Ascending and descending the Continental Divide, Nature breaks the ruggedness by a tranquil valley known as Middle Park, redolent with haying, alive with herds of Hereford cattle, and musical with the waters of Grand River,—the home of the mountain trout. Here, too, hidden away in the granite walls roundabout are deposits of gilsonite, grahamite, sulphides of iron, copper and zinc.

Following the course of Grand River, The Moffat Road leads through fertile ranches to Sulphur Springs, occupying the centre of Middle Park, and whereunto have gravitated sufferers from all parts of the world, seeking the curative powers of the excellent waters.

On the hills above roam the deer, antelope, and grouse, and in winter when snow lies long and heavily on the ground, they come down to feed on the hay and grain laid for them by the wardens of the game laws.

Continuing its course, the road passes the town of Kremmling from which lead out five rich and fertile valleys heretofore given over to the Herefords, but since the advent of a railroad have been converted into fields of varied produce. Kremmling stands at the Eastern entrance of Gore Canon, the walls of which tower hundreds of feet above and have been traversed only by the rare mountain sheep that jump from cliff to cliff above and away from the ravages of the hunter's shot and shell.

Miles and miles does the road glide through this deep, shadowy canon, gradually ascending along the ledges until the traveler arrives at a point where he can look up to behold the lofty, snow-capped peaks above, or down into the black chasms below, speechless and reverent before this terrible upheaval by Nature, unless there should break in on the solemnity of the moment, as it did on one occasion, that irrepressible American sense of humor from a rural homeseeker who said—"They tell me that the Almighty he made heaven and earth in six days and thet on the seventh day he rested; right here's whar he muster wound up on Sad'dy night."

Still keeping to the ledges, gliding gracefully out of one tunnel into another, the road at last ascends to a cut where lava blackening the steeps, tells that in a past not so remote, a volcano poured forth its fire and brimstone, sprinkling its burning substances over the outlying mesas which now blossom with the products of dry farming.

Leaving behind the land where in times past rocks have been rent asunder and the deeps have overflowed them The Moffat Road leads out into what is known as Yampa Valley, and the Yampa Coal Fields.

Twelve hundred miles in extent, the Yampa Coal Fields lie there as a Jack Horner Christmas Pie, and like Jack Horner, The Moffat Road puts in its line and pulls out the wealth and says—"What a rich road am I."

In the location of the valley and coal fields, Nature seems to have purposely chosen the geographical centre of that part of the United States lying West of the Mississippi River, thus giving a perfect location for the general distribution of their varied wealth.

Yampa Valley comprises only a small part of Routt County, Colorado, which lays undisputed claim to being the richest county in natural resources in the United States. There are vast acres of agricultural and pastural lands, all underlaid with the finest quality of bituminous and anthracite coals, while northward and only a few miles away are the gold mines of Hahn's Peak and vicinity.

Mr. Marius R. Campbell of the U. S. Geological Survey, gives the probable available tonnage of this field as 39,000,000,000. The estimate, after a careful examination by mining experts, has not been contradicted.

So far The Moffat Road has reached only to Steamboat Springs just on the borders of the Yampa Coal Fields. This little town is one of Nature's favored spots. The scenery is inspiring and beyond the power of pen or pencil to portray. The climate is delightful, giving that elixir which can be enjoyed only in high altitudes. The mineral springs number more than one hundred and fifty, and embrace within their analysis sulphur, soda, lithia, iron, some hot, some cold, and all merrily chugging and bubbling, and taking rank with the famous springs of this and foreign countries.

Eighty acres of marble locally known as onyx, surround Steamboat Springs, and here, too, are grown in great abundance the luscious strawberry which ripens in August.

The survey of The Moffat Road beyond Steamboat Springs passes through the heart of Routt County's riches and enters the Unitah Basin in Eastern Utah, designated now as "The Hydrocarbon Fields of the Moffat Road."

In addition to the agricultural products of this region, there



INTO THE DEPTHS OF GORE CANON, MOFFAT ROAD



are inexhaustible stores of hydrocarbons, in which are classed those compounds containing hydrogen and carbon, such as gilsonite, or crude bitumen; elaterite, or mineral rubber; petroleum; ozocerite, or mineral wax, and others.

In the Unitah Basin, as all along the line, the sportsman finds his paradise; deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep and mountain lion; prairie chickens, sage chickens, and grouse; wild ducks, geese, snipe, brant, and swan; curlew and plover; doves and Virginia qail; and mountain trout without number.

And so at a cost of $12,000,000 taken from his private fortune, Mr. Moffat has built 214 miles of railroad, and the traffic coming over it daily, placing the road on a paying basis, is the best proof of his masterly foresight.

But Mr. Moffat has done more than merely to build the most wonderful railroad within the confines of his country. He has opened up a vast empire whereunto are gravitating homeseekers from the ends of the earth; the Swede will neighbor with the Patagonian, and all will enjoy the protection of the flag of a liberty-loving and enlightened people.

In a study of the life and achievements of Mr. Moffat, a question of vital interest to American people presents itself,—that of government ownership of railroads.

Well might the State of Colorado ponder whether she would have been served so well had she been dependent upon the government to traverse her mountains with railroads rather than upon his progressive and energetic spirit.

In any event, no man possessing an honest and well-balanced mind, can deny that Colorado has found a benefactor in David H. Moffat.

A HERO UNHONORED FOR 116 YEARS

BY LITTELL MC CLUNG

WHILE the nation has honored John Paul Jones by building a magnificent chapel at Annapolis, which will soon contain his remains, the little town of Salem, Roanoke County, Virginia, has also done honor to another long-neglected hero—General Andrew Lewis—whose part in the thrilling curtain raisers of the Revolution had vital effect on the great drama that followed.

A striking coincidence is that there was as much controversy in a limited section about the burial place of General Lewis as there was over the grave and identity of the founder of the United States Navy. Fortunately in the former case there was a life-long resident of Salem to whom the grave of General Lewis had been pointed out by the last survivor of those who attended the burial.

In September, 1781, General Lewis, ill of fever, resigned as Brigadier-General in the Continental Army and set out for his home, Richfield, then in Botetourt County, now a part of Roanoke County Va. But, becoming worse on the journey, he stopped at the residence of a Captain Talbot, about fifty miles from his own home.

There in a few days he died.

Immediately after his death the body was taken to Richfield and interred on an eminence that overlooked Roanoke Valley. The grave was inclosed by a fence, but this finally decayed and all traces of it disappeared. The burial place itself would doubtless have been obliterated had it not been for the thoughtfulness of the late Frederick Johnston, of Salem. About three-quarters of a century ago the spot was pointed out to him by Col. Elijah McClanahan, then a very old man, and the last surviving witness of the funeral. Mr. Johnston, hoping to preserve the spot, placed

large, rough stones at the head and at the foot of the grave. On one of these he marked with paint the name of General Lewis and on another the initials A. L.

In 1895 a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was formed at Roanoke and chartered as the Margaret Lynn-Lewis Chapter in honor of the mother of General Lewis. The Daughters at once decided to remove the remains of the Indian fighter and Revolutionary hero to East Hill Cemetery at Salem.

But about this time warm arguments arose as to where General Lewis was buried. The impression with a good many was that his remains rested where he died. But Mr. William McCauley, a local historian, in turn had been shown the grave by Mr. Johnston, who now was dead.

Mr. McCauley and Col. Thomas Lewis, a descendant of General Lewis, went to the spot and in their presence the remains were disinterred. The hero's bones were found perfectly preserved and also those of his son Charles, who had been buried beside him. The town of Salem donated a lot in the center of a large circle in East Hill Cemetery, which was a part of General Lewis' extensive farm at the time of his death. In this the remains of both General Lewis and Charles Lewis were interred April 5, 1897, in the presence of the members of Margaret Lynn-Lewis Chapter.

The Daughters, anxious to further honor the memory of the following. They corresponded with the ancient allies of the neglected hero, determined to build a monument to him. After several years they raised a sum necessary to erect a beautiful obelisk which bears this inscription:

GENERAL ANDREW LEWIS
1716-1781
Pioneer Patriot

Hero of the battle of Point Pleasant, which was the most closely contested of any battle ever fought with the Northwestern Indians:—was the opening act in the drama whereof the closing scene was played at Yorktown.

This battle was the culmination of a series of bloody fights with the Indians in which Lewis, then a major, played a heroic part. Nearly six feet tall, of powerful physique, and as fearless

as a lion, he was an ideal Indian fighter. He was with Braddock in his campaign of 1755 and distinguished himself in the battle in which the English general was defeated and killed. The following year he led the Sandy Creek expedition against the Shawnees. All through the French and Indian wars, which culminated in 1763, Major Lewis was known as one of the most intrepid men in the army.

In 1774, when there was another outbreak on the western frontier, he was made brigadier-general. He set out for Camp Union, now Lewisburg, W. Va., with about a thousand men. At Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River, he encountered an Indian army composed of the Delawares, Iowas, Wyndots, Mingoes, Cayugas and Shawnees commanded by Cornstalk, a celebrated Shawnee chief.

The battle lasted from daylight until night and was one of the bloodiest ever fought with the Indians. But General Lewis' victory was so complete that the then vast state of Virginia was never again subjected to any serious incursions from the powerful Northwestern Indians.

The battle of Point Pleasant itself and the treaty that followed had tremendous influence on the destinies of the Continental Army in the great struggle with England. General Lewis became one of Washington's warmest friends, and shortly after the Revolution began he was put in command of a large force sent to defend the country bordering the Chesapeake Bay. While in the lowlands of Virginia General Lewis was seized with the fever that ended his life.

For 116 years his remains lay in a neglected place, unhonored by his countrymen. But now, under an imposing shaft, the hero sleeps in one of the loveliest spots in Southwest Virginia.

JOEL BARLOW'S ORATION AND HOW THEY CELEBRATED THE FOURTH OF JULY A CENTURY AGO

BY CORA BACON FOSTER

THERE has never in the history of international politics existed a more dramactic situation than prevailed in the summer of 1809 in Europe and America. Napoleon the prestidigiteur of nations without a navy had placed great Britain and her colonies in a state of blockade by his Berlin and Milan decrees, Great Britain in retaliation had by orders in Council blockaded the Atlantic coast of continental Europe excepting only Sweden, Jefferson, as a measure of protection, had placed an embargo on all American shipping, which was slightly relaxed by the later non-intercourse act. A British man-of-war had overhauled the American frigate Chesapeake as she was leaving port, killed some seamen, removed some so called deserters from the British navy and forced a return to Norfolk for repairs; the British commander who had been temporarily relieved from duty afterward received a promotion; no apology or reparation had been made for the outrage. As a consequence of the supression of commerce and manufactures the people of the civilized world were in distress and poverty. The streets of American sea-ports were grass-grown, the fleets of merchant-men were rotting at the wharves, the hardy mariners had become enforced tillers of the soil, the warehouses were filled to repletion with stores waiting shipment.

During the brief term in power of the liberal Grenville ministry the son of the Chancellor—the great, Scotch orator Erskine—was appointed to the post of minister at Washington vacated by Anthony Merry who had been recalled for conspiring with Burr. David Montagu Erskine was a sanguine, enthusiastic

young man of great ability but inclined to rely over much on his own judgment. Having an American mother and an American wife he naturally was much in sympathy with the United States, his ambition was to restore good feeling and amicable relations between the two countries, as had probably been expected by Greenville and his associates; unfortunately this ministry was soon forced to retire and in the re-organization the foreign office fell into the hands of Canning, a brilliant but stubborn and narrow statesman.

From him Erskine received certain propositions to lay before the new administration of James Madison. He made a free interpretation of these propositions and after an almost continuous conference of two weeks with the president and secretary of state pledged his government to a compact by which the obnoxious orders in council should be abrogated after the 10th of June in the case of American commerce, the United States government would not farther press reparation for the Chesapeake affair, no mention was made of the impressment of American sailors from American shipping. Why did Madison complicate matters by the following wording of his reply to the overtures?—"I am authorized to inform you that the President accepts the note delivered by you in the name and by the order of His Britannic Majesty, and will consider the same with the engagement therein, when fulfilled, as a satisfaction for the insult and injury of which he has complained. But I have it in express charge from the President to state that, while he forebears to insist on the further punishment of the offending officer, he is not, the less sensible of the justice and utility of such an example, nor the less persuaded that it would best comport with what is due from His Britannic Majesty to his own honor."—and what could have induced Erskine to accept and forward such an insinuation?

The National Intelligencer published in April the notes exchanged between the secretary of state and the British envoy and the president's proclamation permitting unrestricted trade with Great Britain. Never were announcements more joyfully received, even the Federalists commended Madison's statesmanship. Merchantmen were hurriedly made seaworthy, mer-

chandise was hustled into their holds and within an incredibly short space of time more than a thousand sails were scudding across the Atlantic. The irate French minister, Turreau stormed and raged in vain.

There was probably some doubt in the minds of our statesmen as to the outcome but they shrewdly accepted the situation without comment.

National feeling awoke throughout the country, in all localities unusual preparations were made for elaborate celebrations of the Fourth of July, notably in Washington, where Congress was still in session. The District Democrats and Washington Federalists observed the day, each in their own way; the latter by a dinner at Long's Hotel which was attended by the leading men of the party and many strangers of distinction. At dawn of the perfect summer day there was a grand salute at the Navy Yard, followed by many discharges of artillery during the day. The "national armed vessels in the harbor" were in full dress; the stars and stripes floated from public and private buildings. Early the streets about Dr. Lauries church of F street were thronged by the populace waiting to see the dignitaries as they should arrive and enter for the formal exercises there. And indeed the equipages of the time, cumbrous but showy, the four high spirited horses, the gayly liveried coachmen and footmen were well worth standing an hour or so in the hot sunshine to see, even without the glimpses of lady and gentlemen occupants. The congressmen and officials who came by twos and threes on foot through the dusty walks were openly ridiculed for their parsimony. But when the coach of General John Mason dashed to the very steps before halting and the handsome owner in the showy uniform of a general of militia gallantly assisted his ladies to alight, approval smiled from every face. More sedately came the elegant coach of Mr. Joel Barlow "Esq.," drawn by four superb grays, his servants in sober livery of green. The crowd removed their hats as the dignified, portly gentleman—"Washington's most distinguished citizen"—leisurely assisted his wife, a remarkably modish woman, and her pretty young sister and was received with every mark of respect by the members of the committee in charge of the ser-

vices. Soon came Mr. Robert Smith, secretary of state, with his coach filled with gayly dressed ladies, one among them be-in his niece, Mme. Jerome Bonaparte, Mr. Gallatin's plain carriage was drawn by two quite ordinary animals—"looking like himself" remarked a bystander. Unexpectedly to all the British minister, Mr. Erskine, came in an open carriage and all had the opportunity to see his beautiful haughty wife, so seldom seen in public. He was received with loud acclamations by the crowd and by the somewhat embarrassed greetings of the members of the committee—the presence of a British minister at a Fourth of July celebration was then an unprecedented event. But for the president were reserved the loud huzzas as he approached in his coach, accompanied by his wife and escorted by the Washington troop of horses. As the four beautiful bays came to a stop the air was rent by the prolonged cheering, the militia band played a patriotic air; the little man was almost dignified as he passed into the building with his graciously smiling lady on his arm; it was probably the happiest day of his two administrations. Much disappointment was expressed at the absence of the French minister with his gilt coach and gorgeous liveries. We are told that the spacious church was greatly crowded with the official set, their friends and strangers of distinction. It was a notable and picturesque gathering, the men with queues, cuffed stocks and very, very high collared coats with gold buttons, the women in dainty muslins, short and scant, in waist and skirt, their classic heads inclosed in quaint flower and plume decorated bonnets, their shouders covered by long flowing scarfs, their hands and arms encased in long lace mitts.

After an anthem by the choir and a prayer by the reverend Dr. Laurie, General Mason, in a sonorous voice, read the Declaration of Independence prefaced by a few historical reminiscences then introduced the orator of the day, Mr. Joel Barlow Esq., a man famed in his time, a literateur living a life of elegant seclusion at Kalorama, whose wise counsels had great weight with Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin. That he was a man of almost prophetic insight, the following lines from his "Columbiad" attest;

"From fair Albania, tow'rd the falling sun,
Back thro' the midland long teeming channels run
Meet the fair lakes their beauteous tewns that lave,
And Hudson join to broad Ohio's wave."
* * * * * * * * * * *

"Ah, speed thy labors, sage of unknown name,
Rise into light and seize thy promised fame;
For thee the chemic powers their bounds expand,
The imprison'd lightning waits thy guardian hand,
Unnumbered messages in viewless flight,
Shall bear thy mandates with the speed of light."

The well rounded periods of his oration, delivered with a perfectly modulated voice held the attention of his auditors to its close. It had been anticipated that he would speak of our international entanglements and of the happy reconciliation with England, but he chose for his theme far other subjects. Mr. Gallatin had lately made to the senate his wonderful report upon the roads, canals and natural resources of the nation, which Mr. Barlow rightly interpreted as the most important topic for national consideration. The oration was a plea for national education and for internal public improvements.

To quote a few paragraphs;—"The thirty-three years of our national existence which has brought us to our present condition, are crowded indeed with instructive facts and comprise an interesting portion of history. But they have only prepared the gigantic infant of a nation to begin its own development. They are only the prelude to greater events that seem to unfould themselves before us, and call for the highest wisdom to give them their proper direction."

"But our respect for the memory and the persons of all our leaders will be best evinced by the pious culture we bestow on the rich heritage they have secured and are handing over to our possession."

"While we, the present race, are able to call ourselves the nation, we should be sensible of the change that has devolved upon us. We have duties to posterity as well as to ourselves. We must gather up our strength to encounter these duties. Yes, my friends, we are now the nation. As such we have arrived at that epoch when, instead of looking back with wonder upon our

infancy, we may look forward with solicitude to a state of adolescence, with confidence to a state of manhood. * * * To prepare the United States to act the distinguished part that Providence has assigned them, it is necessary to convince them that the means are within their power."

"Nations are educated like individual infants. They are what they are taught to be. They become whatever their tutors desire and invite and prepare and force them to become. They may be taught to reason correctly; they may be taught to reason perversely; they may be taught to reason not at all. The last is the case of despotism * * * The first * * * if it ever existed, or ever is to exist, must be ours."

"What then are the interests of this nation which it becomes us as private citizens to recommend to the great body of the American people on this auspicious occasion? The most obvious and I believe the most important are comprised in two words; and to them I shall confine my observations. PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. These two objects, though distinct, in the organization which they will require, are so similar in their effect, that most of the arguments that will apply to one will apply equally to both. They are both necessary to the preservation of our principles of government, they are both necessary to the support of the system into which those principles are wrought, the system we now enjoy."

"Public improvements, such as roads, bridges and canals are usually considered only in a commercial and economical point of light; they ought likewise to be regarded in a moral and political light."

"To despair of preserving the federal union of these republics, for an indefinite length of time without dismemberment is to lose the the highest hopes of human society, the greatest promise of bettering its condition that the efforts of all generations have produced. The man of sensibility that can contemplate without horror the dismemberment of this empire, has not well considered its effects. And yet I scarcely mingle in society for a day without hearing it predicted, and the prediction uttered with a levity bordering on indifference; and that too by

well disposed men of every political party. * * * I am not yet so unhappy as to believe in this prediction. But I should be forced to believe in it if I did not anticipate the use of other means than those we have yet employed to perpetuate the Union."

"The means to be relied upon to hold this beneficent union together must apply directly to the interest and convenience of the people; they must at the same time enable them to discern that interest and be sensible of that convenience. They must receive a Republican education; be taught the duties and rights of freemen."

"Each American freeman is an integral member of the sovereignty; he is a co-estate of the empire, carrying on its government by his delegates. The first right he posseses after that of breathing the vital air, is the right of being taught the manaegment of the power to which he is born."

"A universal system of education is so far from being a matter of indifference to the public, under our social compact, that it is incontestibly one of the first duties of the government, one of the highest interests of the nation, one of the most sacred rights of the individual, the vital fluid of organized liberty, the precious aliment without which your republic cannot be supported."

"Every citizen is a voter; it is essential to your institutions that he should be a voter; and if he has not the instruction necessary to enable him to discriminate between the characters of men, to withstand the intrigues of the wicked and to perceive what is right, he immediately becomes a tool for knaves to work with; he becomes both an object and an instrument of corruption; his right of voting becomes an injury to himself and a nuisance to society."

"The first monies laid out by the government on roads and canals would be a reproductive property; it would be constantly sending back more money into the treasury than was taken from it for this purpose. So that all the advantages of every kind, public and private, present and future, commercial and economical, physical, moral and political would be so much clear again; there would be nothing destroyed but errors and

prejudices, nothing removed but the dangers that now threaten our invaluable institutions."

"The greatest real embarrassment we labor under at present, arises from our commercial relations; the only point of contact between us and the unjust governments of Europe. By their various and violent aggressions they are constantly disturbing our repose, and causing us considerable expenses. In this case what is to be done? We cannot by compact expect to obtain justice, nor the liberty of the seas from those governments; it is not in the nature of their organizations. Shall we think of overpowering them in their own way, by a navy stronger than theirs; brutal force against brutal force, like the ponderous powers of Europe among themselves? This at present is impossible; and if it were possible, it would be extremely impolitic; it would be dangerous, if not totally destructive, to all our plans of government, improvement, and even to the government itself.

Has then a beneficent Providence, the God of order and justice, pointed out another mode of defense, by which the resources of this nation may be reserved for works of peace and the advancement of human happiness? Has the genius of sciences and of art raised up a new Archimedes to guide the fire of Heaven against the fleets that annoy us? I cannot but hope it has; not by the ardent mirror, but by means altogether more certain, less dependent on external circumstances, capable of varying and accommodating the mode of attack and defence to all the variety of positions and movements common to ships of war.

I know not how far I may differ in opinion from those among you who may have turned their attention to the subject to which I now allude, or whether any person present has really investigated it. But I should not feel easy to lose the present occasions (the only one that my retired life renders it probable I shall ever have of addressing you) to express my private opinion that the means of submarine attack invented and proposed by one of our citizens, carries in itself the eventual destruction of naval tyranny. I should hope and believe, if it were taken up and adopted by our government, subjected to a rigid and

regular course of experiments, open and public, so that its powers might be ascertained and its merits known to the world, it would save this nation from future foreign wars, and deliver it from all apprehension of having its commercial pursuits and its peaceful improvements ever after interrupted. It might rid the seas of the buccaneers both great and small that now infest them; it might free mankind from the scourge of naval war, one of the greatest calamities they now suffer, and to which I can see no other end.

These opinions may be thought hazardous. But I beg my fellow citizens to believe that I have examined the subject, or I should not hazard them. Several of the great arts that are now grown familiar in common life were once thought visionary. This fact should render us cautious of making up our judgment against an object like this, in the higher order of mechanical combinations, before we have well considered it. With this observation I drop the subject; or rather I resign it into abler hands; the hands of those who have the power, as well as the inclination to pursue the best good of our beloved country.

I should not have introduced it in this place were it not for its immediate connection with the means of commencing and prosecuting that vast interior improvement which the state of our nation so imperiously demands; which the heroes of our Revolution, the sages of our early councils, the genius of civilization, the cause of suffering humanity have placed within our power and confided to our charge."

Thus we find that the subject of submarines was in the public mind long ago. The one referred to was the invention of Robert Fulton and of which he was most sanguine. Barlow had financed the experiments in France which barely escaped being successful.

After the benediction the President and his wife, escorted as before by the "Horse" preceded the assembly to the presidential residence where they, according to the usual custom, received all who came to pay their respects to the head of the nation. The approach to the north entrance had recently been completed so for the first time the guests entered by that way

to be received by the president and Mrs. Madison in the drawing room.

It was the first general reception of the new administration and all were curious to see the wonderful new furnishings that had cost more than $5,000. The transformation of the bleak and bare rooms elicited much pleasant comment, although now and then a surly Democrat would deprecate the extravagance of the outlay; Mrs. Madison had not spared her private purse in the decorations and the effect of the yellow satin and damask was certainly good.

Each guest received a cordial greeting from the president and a bright word from the queenly woman at his side. In the dining room (the present "green parlor") capable Jean Sioussat served ices and cooling drinks to all. At one o'clock the president and the heads of the departments proceeded to the south portico to review the parade of the District militia.

From the Georgetown Museum of July 11th we learn that "At the dawn of day the Washington Light Infantry and Georgetown Independent Blues paraded in the center of the town and fired seventeen rounds; they then partook of a bountiful breakfast served by the patriotic ladies of the vicinity and at nine o'clock the Blues were again under arms and at ten under the command of Lieut. Hollingshead took up their march for the city where they joined several uniformed companies of Washington, horse and foot. When the line was formed on the square north of the president's residence the Washington Light Horse commanded by Lieut. Johns on the right of the whole, Capt. Smith's Rifle company on the left and Capt. Burch's artillery in the center—the others with a handsome company of patriotic Washington youths in their respective stations in the displayed column. At twelve Gen. Mason escorted by a detachment of the Washington Horse appeared and passed the line in review. A federal salute was then fired by the artillery, the troops were formed in solid column, marched around the presidential residence and saluting the president returned to the parade ground from whence they filed off to their respective places of entertainment. The Washington Light Infantry and hosts the Independent Blues dined at Mr. Ruth's tavern in Georgetown

where a handsome provision was spread for them. The utmost harmony and good humor prevailed."

At two o'clock the gentlemen left the president's residence for one or the other of the banquets spread in honor of the Day. The president remained to preside at his wife's large dinner-party of ladies only. For once the meek little gentleman was the life of a social occasion, repartees flew fast between host, Mrs. Barlow and Mme. Bonaparte and laughter ruled the board. After leaving the table the ladies were shown the improvements in the house; Mrs. Erskine, a skilled muscian, gave many selections on the fine piano forte, Mrs. Madison played merry dance music, her sister, Mrs. Cutts, sang to the accompaniment of the new guitar and finally they all went to the theatre.

Under the direction of the Democratic committees of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria Mr. Lindsay had prepared a sumptuous banquet in the new Center Market House, music was furnished by the Marine Band under the leadership of Carusi while Capt. Burch had stationed a detachment of his company of artillery with a cannon near by for the salutes. Mr. Joel Barlow, Esq., presided with the assistance of Gen. Mason and Capt. Smith of the militia. Every seat down the three long tables was occupied; among the guests were Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. Albert Gallatin, Mr. William Eustis, Mr. Paul Hamilton, Mr. Ceasar Rodney, Mr. Gideon Granger, Senators Giles, Poydras, Crawford, Smith, Pope, Representatives Cutts, Eppes, Alston, Nicholas and prominent men of the party resident and visiting in the District. After the invocation Mr. Barlow rose and proposed "The Day" which all drank standing and which received a salute of one gun, Gen. Mason proposed "The cardinal principles of Democracy" which was received with great applause and three guns, 3rd "The President of the United States," three guns and the president's march; 4th "The memory of George Washington," three guns and a dirge; 7th "Our beloved fellow citizen Thomas Jefferson," three guns and three cheers; 12th "Our armies and navies, just enough and no more," one gun. The seventeen set toasts were followed

by thirteen volunteers. Such as were not too greatly "fatigued" then rose to join their families in the Theatre.

Meanwhile a number of the citizens of the city without distinction as to party sat down to an elaborate spread at Long's elegant Hotel where the utmost harmony and hilarity, we are told, prevailed. Mr. Robert Brent, mayor of the city, presided, assisted by Mr. Elias B. Caldwell and Mr. Thomas Munroe. Among the guests were Mr. Pope of the Senate and Mr. Howard, Mr. Lyon and Mr. Lewis of the House with most of the leading Federalists of the three cities. Not so many toasts were proposed as at the Banquet but they were similar in sentiment. Music was rendered by an excellent band and by patriotic and convivial songs by gentlemen of the party.

At a specially announced late hour the spacious theater was crowded from pit to gallery by the elite of Washington society including President and Mrs. Madison who looked uncommonly handsome in her white and scarlet satin turban. The bill offered by the enterprising manager was an extraordinarily attractive one and well worth the price of admission both as to quality and quantity.

The bill;—

WASHINGTON THEATRE

In Honor of the Day

The public are respectfully informed that on this evening the doors will open at Seven and the performance commence at Eight o'clock.

On Tuesday evening, July 4, 1809, will be performed a celebrated Comedy, in Three acts, called

The Point of Honor, or the School for Soldiers.

After which will be presented an Entertainment, called

The Independence of Columbia,

Consisting of Singing, Dancing and Recitations, to commence with Mrs. Madison's Minuet and Allemand (as composed by Mr. Francis) by Mr. Francis and Mrs. Wilmot.

Music by Messrs. Reinagale and Palesier.

Song—"The Bonny, Bold Soldier," Mrs. Seaymore.

Recitation—"The Standard of Liberty," Mrs. Barrett.

Comic Song—"Giles Scroggin's Ghost," Mr. Jefferson.
Dance, (Hornpipe)—Mr. Harris.
Song—"Columbia, Land of Liberty," Mr. Jacobs.
A Characteristic Dance, by Messrs. Francis, Harris, Briers, Miller, Jacobs, Wilmot, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Dow, &c., &c.
Grand Emblematic Transparency, representing Liberty, Columbia, Justice, &c., &c., &c., to which will be added an admired
Farce in Two Acts, called
THE SPOILED CHILD.
Admission, Boxes One Dollar—Pitt Three-quarters of a Dollar.
Tickets to be had at the office of
Dunmore and Cooper, Eleventh St., near Pennsylvania Ave.

———————

After witnessing the spirited rendition of this varied programme the enthusiastic audience retired to seek repose from the fatigue and excitement of the great day. No casualties were reported as the result of temerity with fireworks. In a few weeks the dream of peace was disturbed and the old depression settled upon the people, but the respite, short as it was, had proved a blessing to traders and politicians.

Children evidently had no part in the early celebrations of our National Birthday. In fact there is but one mention of children in all the accounts of social life in the young Washington. President Jefferson advised French Minister Turreau to put away his gorgeous turnout "else the boys in the street will follow after him as a sight."

HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

By Brigham H. Roberts, Assistant Historian of the Church

CHAPTER XXI

Mob Violence at Hiram—The Coming of Brigham Young—Revelation and Prophecy

LIGHTS and shadows closely intermingle in the history of the Church in the new dispensation. Following close upon the Vision recounted in the last chapter was perpetrated one of the cruelest and most cowardly outrages of mob violence in the history of our country. Quite a number of men in Portage county followed Exra Booth in his apostasy, among whom a very bitter spirit of opposition to Jospeh Smith developed. So far as one may judge nothing had occurred that gave the least color of justification for the unexpected out-burst of violence; except that Elders Rigdon and Smith had been more than usually active and successful in their public ministry in Hiram and vicinity. The alleged "public exposure of Smith's methods," by such men as Booth and Ryder, another apostate,[1]

1. According to "Hayden's History of the Disciples on the Western Reserve," Mr. Ryder was much perplexed over "Mormonism," and for a time was undecided whether to join the Church or not. "In the month of June," (1831), writes Mr. Hayden, "he read in a newspaper an account of the destruction of Pekin in China, and he remembered that six weeks before, a young 'Mormon' girl had predicted the destruction of that city." J. H. Kennedy, in his "Early Days of Mormonism," (Scribner's & Son 1888), refers to the same thing, and adds: "This appeal to the superstitious part of his nature was the final weight in the balance, and he threw the whole power of his influence upon the side of 'Mormonism.' His surrender caused an excitement almost equal to that which followed the fall of Rigdon?" (pp. 103-4).

The initial point of his apostasy is equally interesting. It appears that some time after his baptism he was ordained an Elder of the Church; and somewhat later informed by a communication signed by the Prophet Joseph and Sidney Rigdon, that it was the will of the Lord, made known by the Spirit, that he should preach the Gospel. Both in the letter he received and in the official commission to preach, however, his name was spelled Ri--d-e-r, instead of R-y-d-e-r and it was soberly stated in the "History of the Disciples on the Western Reserve" (Hayden), that he thought if the "Spirit" through which he had been called to preach could err in the matter of spelling his name, it might have erred in calling him to the ministry as well; or, in other words, he was led to doubt if he were called at all by the Spirit of God, because of the error in spelling his name! The same circumstance is referred to in "Kennedy's Early Days of Mormonism."

JOSEPH SMITH

President Joseph Smith was in person tall and well built, strong and active; of a light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, very little beard, and of an expression peculiar to himself, on which the eye naturally rested with interest, and was never weary of beholding. His countenance was ever mild, affable, beaming with intelligence and benevolence; mingled with a look of interest and an unconscious smile, or cheerfulness, and entirely free from all restraint or affectation of gravity; and there was something connected with the serene and steady penetrating glance of his eye, as if he would penetrate the deepest abyss of the human heart, gaze into eternity, penetrate the heavens, and comprehend all worlds—PARLEY P. PRATT



THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

From a recent (1910) painting by L. A. Ramsey, Utah.

Published by consent of the Artist.



"coupled with *rumors* of immoral practises in the fold," do not justify a resort to mob violence, though Linn in his "Story of the Mormons," cites these as the causes of the outrage upon Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. There was nothing in the Booth Letters to the *"Ohio Star,"* even if all Booth there alleges against the Prophet were admitted as true that would give any color of excuse for resorting to violence; and equally lame is the appeal to "rumors of immoral practises in the fold;" and the further excuse suggested by Hayden, in his "Early History of the Disciple's Church in the Western Reserve," is equally unconvincing, *viz,* the assertion that after Elders Smith and Rigdon left with the Western Mission for Missouri, in 1831, papers which they left behind them and which fell into the hands of the people of Hiram, "revealed the horrid fact that a plot was laid to take their property from them and place it under the personal control of Smith, the Prophet;" and that "some who had been the dupes of this disception determined not to let it pass with impunity."[2] The experience of men in all reforms and revolutions, and more especially where such movements involve religious prejudices or principles, can be appealed to as showing that there is no bitterness so intense, no hatred so unreasoning as the bitterness and hate of the apostate; and in the early spring of 1832, those who had turned from the faith, with some others, assaulted Elders Smith and Rigdon under the following circumstances:

For some time the Prophet and his wife had been broken of their rest in caring for twin babes, then about one year old, and afflicted with the measles. Emma Smith had taken these babes—children of John Murdock's, the mother having died shortly after their birth—to rear, hoping that they would fill the void in her life occasioned by the death of her own twin babes born on the same day as the Murdock twins. On the night of the 24th of March, after long watching over one of the babes, the Prophet at the solicitations of his wife lay down on a trundle bed to get a little sleep. The next thing he was conscious of was the screams of his wife, and found himself in the hands of a dozen ruffians and being carried out of the house. Naturally he did not submit quietly, but resisted with all his might. He was over-

2. See work cited in the text, page 221.

powered, however, and beaten and choked into insensibility. Recovering from this first attack, he was carried past the orchard towards the meadow. On the way he saw Elder Rigdon stretched out upon the ground, and apparently dead. He expected the same fate for himself, but expressed the hope to his captors that they would not kill him. There seemed to be some uncertainty among the mob on this point. A consultation was held, after which the Prophet was again assaulted, his clothing torn from him, his body scratched and beaten, and covered with tar and feathers. In the brutal process one man tried to force the tar paddle into his mouth; another a phial, supposed to contain aqua-fortis, but broke it in his teeth. All this was attended with horrible oaths and imprecations such as might be expected from friends incarnate engaged in such a lawless, brutal proceeding.

After the departure of the mob the Prophet tried to rise and make his way to the Johnson house, but fell from exhaustion and the effect of his beating. After he began to recover his strength he removed some of the tar from his lips that he might breathe more freely. A second attempt to reach the house was more successful. On seeing him covered with blood and tar his wife fainted. Meantime his friends having gathered at the Johnson home, they spent the rest of the night in cleansing his lacerated and bruised body.

Elder Rigdon had apparently suffered more even than the Prophet, or else had less strength to endure the ordeal. He had for sometime lived in a small house not far from the Johnson residence. From this he was taken by the mob and dragged by the heels held high while his head dashed over the hard frozen ground, until he was rendered unconscious. For several days he was delirious, and in his mania seemed desirous of killing his best friends.

The mobbing took place on Saturday night. The Prophet had an appointment to preach at Hiram on Sunday morning, and all bruised and scarified as he was, he appeared before the congregation, held the appointed service; and in the afternoon administered baptism to three converts. In the morning meeting several members of the mob were present, known to the Prophet through the inadvertent use of some of their names during the mob's pro-

ceedings,[3] and in other cases known to him by their close contact with him in the struggle he made against their assaults. They were not all an ignorant rabble, but among them were prominent Campbellites, Methodists and Baptists. Simonds Ryder, apparently, was their leader; and the Prophet declares that Felatiah Allen, Esq., supplied a barrel of whiskey to render the mob, numbering between forty and fifty, reckless.[4]

In order to get a proper understanding of the events which make up the history of the Church during these and subsequent years it is necessary to note the fact that in creating two centers of activity for the Church,—Independence, Missouri, and Kirtland, Ohio, there had arisen a rivalry and something of jealousy between the two places. The foundation of the Church membership in Jackson county consisted of the first converts of the Prophet in Fayette and Colesville, New York; whereas at Kirtland the foundation of the Church membership consisted largely of the following of Sidney Rigdon. The New York group, besides being the Prophet's earliest friends and first converts had followed him under the commandment of God from New York to Ohio, almost in one body; and thence, under his direction, from Ohio to the western boarders of Missouri. True, the Prophet had also come from Ohio to Missouri, and had assisted the New York Saints in locating the city of Zion and dedicating the site of the future Temple of God, still the Prophet had largely devoted himself personally to the saints at Kirtland, and to the affairs of that centre of Church activity. Here he had met a number of influential men. Besides Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge, there were Sidney Gilbert and Newel K. Whitney, prosperous merchants; Frederick G. Williams, Titus Billings and the Johnson family. True, some of these Kirtland leaders had been stationed at Independence, but chiefly as leaders; Edward Partridge as Bishop; Sidney Gilbert, in charge of the Lord's storehouse; William W. Phelps, as "Printer unto the Church," while Oliver Cowdery, the only one of the early New York Group recognized by appointment to official position, was ap-

3. For instance at one point in the proceedings one mobber called to another —"Simonds, Simonds, where's the tar bucket?" "I don't know where tis," answered another, "Eli's left it"—referring doubtless to Simonds Ryder, the Campbellite preacher before referred to, and Eli Johnson, two of the mob leaders.

4. History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 264-5 and foot notes.

pointed his assistant.[5] Recently also, January, 1832, at Amherst, Ohio, the Prophet had been appointed and ordained President of the High Priesthood, which carried with it also the office of President of the Church;[6] and on March 20th of this same year Fredrick G. Williams was appointed to be ordained a High Priest and designated as a counselor to the Prophet, unto whom had been given the keys of the Kingdom "which belongeth always unto the Presidency of the High Priesthood."[7] In all this the Saints in Jackson county had not participated. Also some months previous a Bishop—Newel K. Whitney—had been appointed to preside in that office in Kirtland and over the eastern branches. This rapid development in the Chuch organization was something for which the Saints in Missouri were scarcely prepared; and therefore Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Newel K. Whitney were appointed "to sit in council with the Saints which are in Zion; otherwise Satan seeketh to turn their hearts away from the truth, that they become blinded and understand not the things which are prepared for them."[8]

Accordingly, on the first day of April, 1832, the above named brethren, with Peter Whitmer and Jessee Gause added to the company, started for Missouri. To escape their enemies in Hiram and Kirtland, who still breathed out threatenings against them, they went *via* of the Ohio river—boarding a Steamer at Steubenville to St. Louis; thence by stage coach to Independence where they arrived on the 24th of April.

A general council of the Church was immediately called and the Prophet was acknowledged as President of the High Priesthood of the Church, Bishop Edward Partridge in behalf of the Church giving to him the right hand of fellowship. "The scene was solemn, impressive, and delightful," says the Prophet.[9] Thus the action of the Amherst conference was ratified by the Church in Zion.

A grievance between Elder Rigdon and Bishop Partridge,

5. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 57: 11-13.
6. See *ante,* Chapter XX. This was on 20th March; Rigdon was not named as a counselor, until about one year later, March 8th, 1833, and neither was ordained until March the 18th of that year. (See Hist. of the Church. Vol. I, Ch. XXIV).
7. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 81: 1-3.
8. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 78: 1-10.
9. History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 267.

which had resulted in estrangment and hardness, was amicably settled during the intermission between the forenoon and afternoon of their council; and when the Saints met together in the afternoon the Prophet received a revelation which opened with the pleasing announcement that, "In as much as you have forgiven one another your trespasses, even so I the Lord forgive you." But they were warned against further transgressions, and this important principle was announced: "I the Lord am bound (i. e. to fulfill his promises) when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise."[10]

A central board of control over temporal concerns as pertaining to the management of "the affairs of the poor, and all things pertaining to the bishopric, both in the land of Zion and in the land of Kirtland," was appointed by this revelation, Joseph Smith, Newel K. Whitney, Sidney Rigdon, Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris being named as the board; and for their services in managing these important temporal interests they were to have equal claims upon the properties handled every man according to his wants and his needs, "in as much as his wants were just."[11]

The council ordered that a three thousand edition of the "Book of Commandments" be printed instead of an edition of ten thousand, as at first contemplated; also that the selection of hymns that had been made by Emma Smith in fulfillment of her appointment be corrected and published by W. W. Phelps. It was also arranged that the brethren engaged in merchantile pursuits in Kirtland and Independence, respectively, be united in one firm; the store in each place being regarded as a branch of the one firm. Still it was resolved that each of these branches should have a separate company name. The name of the branch in Zion was to be "Gilbert, Whitney & Company," and the one in Kortland "Newel K. Whitney & Company." W. W. Phelps and A. S. Gillbert were appointed to draft the bond for the united firm. A. S. Gilbert and Newel K. Whitney were appointed to be the agents of the new firm, one operating at Independence, the other at Kirtland. It was also resolved that whenever any spec-

10. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 82.
11. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 82: 11-17.

ial business should arise it would be the duty of the united firm by its branches at Independence and Kirtland, to regulate the same by special agency. It was also resolved that the United firm negotiate a loan of fifteen thousand dollars at six per centum. The firm of Newel K. Whitney & Co. was appointed to transact the business. While this last measure was adopted by the council there was manifested some opposition to it.[12] It was the effort of the Prophet in all these transactions, according to his own words, "to so organize the Church that the brethren might eventually be independent of every incumbrance beneath the celestial kingdom, by bonds and covenants of mutual friendship, and mutual love."[13]

During this visit to Missouri the Prophet spent two days with the Colesville Saints, located in Kaw township, twelve miles west of Independence. These were his earliest friends, and his firts converts. These had befriended him while translating the Book of Mormon, housed him and fed him. These stood by him when mobs in New York pursued him; and furnished him the means of defense when haled before the courts at Bainbridge and Colesville. These had followed him from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to the western borders of Missouri. These left all to follow the voice of the Master revealed through him. How they must have believed in him! How trusted him! How he must have loved them—how sweet his reunion and communion with them!

Before the brethren left Jackson county on the return journey to Ohio, Sidney Rigdon preached what the Prophet called "two most powerful discourses;" "which," he continues, "so far as outward appearance was concerned, gave great satisfaction."

In June 1832 the first number of the *"Evening and Morning Star"* issued from the Church press. It was of royal quarto size, and of course was to be devoted to the propaganda and support of the doctrines of the New Dispensation. It was the first periodical published by the Church, the first of that long series of periodicals since published in many lands and in many languages. A prime means this periodical literature has been of both advocacy and defense of the truth. Looking over the pages of this

12. History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 270.
13. Ibid, p. 269, 270.

pioneer periodical of the Church its defects are easily apparent. Chiefly they consist in a bad choice of matter and a lack of orderly and simple setting forth of the events in which the work of the Lord in these last days had its origin, together with a turgid style which was the vice of nearly all American literature of the period. And yet one can readily understand the cause of these defects. The Editors and publishers were anxious to plunge at once into the midst of the things God had revealed, apparently unmindful of the fact that the world to whom the "Star's" message was addressed was unfamiliar with the events with which the work began. That the Prophet, though having had no training in journalism, keenly felt the defects of the "Star" is evident from the reproof he administered to its Editor after the publication of several numbers of the first volume: "We wish you to render the Star as interesting as possible, by setting forth the rise, progress, and faith of the Church, as well as the doctrine; for if you do not render it more interesting than at present, it will fall, and the Church suffer a great loss thereby."

About this time a new group of men appear at Kirtland destined to wield a great influence upon the History of the Church. These were Brigham Young,[14] Heber C. Kimball,[15] and Joseph

14. Brigham Young came of an honorable ancestry. His great grandfather, William Young, was among the original proprietors of Barrington and Nottingham, New Hampshire; where he is first heard of in 1721. "These towns were settled by men, or children of men, who had shown faithfulness and bravery in the Indian wars. The lands were given these men by the Government in recognition of this service. Wm. Young had a number of free-holds in these towns, and bought several others. * * * He resided in later years in Boston, but died in Hopkinton, Massachusetts. In his will in Middlesex County Record he leaves about $10,000.00 to his wife and daughter and minor son, and names Rev. S. Barrett as the guardian of the latter." (From Genealogical Chart, Brigham Young Family).

Brigham Young's grandfather, Joseph Young, was a physician and Surgeon in the French and Indian War, and was accidently killed when about forty years of age. Brigham's father, John Young, was born in Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, in 1763. He led a very circumspect, exemplary and religious life from early youth, being a member of the Methodist Church. At sixteen he enlisted in the American Revolutionary War, and served under General Washington through three campaigns in Massachusetts and New Jersey. About two years after the close of the war he married Nabby Howe, daughter of Phineas and Susannah Howe. In 1801 he moved from Massachusetts to Whittingham, Windham county, Vermont, and here Brigham was born, on the first of June, 1801. He was the ninth child and fourth son of His father's family; and was early taught by his parents to live a strictly moral life; it was not until he was in his twenty-second year, however, that he gave serious thought to religion. He soon afterwards joined the Methodist Church. On the 8th of October he married Miriam Works, daughter of Asa and Jerusha Works, and for a number of years followed the trade of carpenter and joiner, painter and glazier. In the spring of 1829 he made his home at Mendon, a small town some fifteen miles south and east of Rochester, in Monroe coun-

Young an elder brother of Brigham Young's. The first two were destined, subsequently, to be associated together for many years in the Presidency of the Church; the first will conduct the great exodus of the church from the confines of the United States to Mexican territory—now the valleys of the state of Utah; the second will become the first Apostle to carry the New Dispensation of the gospel to a foreign nation,—England—in 1837. The last of the three, Joseph Young, was to become the head of that body of Priesthood that constitutes the body of the propaganda of the Church—the quorums of the Seventy.[16] All three of these

ty, where his father had also come to reside. A year later he saw for the first time the Book of Mormon, a copy that was left at the home of his brother, Phineas Young, by Samuel H. Smith, brother of the Prophet. In the fall of 1831, Elders Alpheus Gifford, Elial Strong and others appeared in the vicinity of Mendon, preaching the restored Gospel as revealed through Joseph Smith the Prophet, and Brigham believed their testimony. In company with his brother, Phineas, and Heber C. Kimball he visited a branch of the Church in Columbia, Bradford county, Pennsylvania. The three brethren remained with the branch of the Church about a week, during which time their faith was much strengthened in the mission of the modern Prophet. On returning to Mendon, Brigham Young in company with John P. Greene started for Canada to find Joseph Young, above mentioned, and then a preacher in the Methodist Church. On meeting his brother, Brigham related what he had learned of the New Dispensation, and Joseph rejoiced at hearing the glad tidings. Together they returned to Mendon, where thy arrived in March, 1832. Joseph Young was baptized on the 6th of April following, and on the 14th of April, Brigham was baptized by Eleazer Miller, and confirmed a member of the Church at the water's edge; and almost immediately afterwards he was ordained an Elder in the Church. During the summer of 1832 Brigham preached in Mendon and vicinity and assisted in raising up several branches of the Church. On the 8th of September his wife died of consumption, leaving him with two small children, both girls. After the death of his wife he made his home with Heber C. Kimball, the latter's wife taking in charge his motherless babes.

15. Heber C. Kimball, the second member of the group, was born June 14, 1801, in Sheldon, Franklin county, Vermont. His parents were American born, though of Scotch extraction, the ancient name of the family being, it is believed, Campbell. His opportunities for acquiring an education even of the common school order were extremely limited. At the age of nineteen he was apprenticed to his elder brother, Charles, to learn the potter's trade. He served some two years as an apprentice and then worked for his brother as a journeyman potter. While yet in the employ of his brother they together moved to Mendon, Monroe county, where the latter established a pottery. While living here Heber married Vilate Murry, of Victor, a town near Mendon, but in the adjoining county of Ontario. Soon after his marriage he joined the Baptist church. Three weeks later, and some time in the winter of 1831, a number of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints began preaching in the town of Victor, and Heber C. Kimball and a number of the Youngs attended their meetings. Then followed the visit to the branch of the Church in Columbia, Pennsylvania, mentioned above. After his return from Columbia he was baptized by Alpheus Gifford, on the 15th day of April, 1832. During the summer of 1832 Heber C. Kimball was ordained an Elder and with the Youngs labored part of his time in the ministry, and succeeded in raising up several small branches of the Church.

16. These are the assistants of the Apostles in the foreign ministry of the Church, and now (1910) number 156 quorums of seventy members each, making a body of men, when the quorums are full, of more than ten thousand. Of this organization more will be said later.

men had become members of the Church in the spring of 1832, and now in the month of November of that year, they came to Kirtland, and for the first time met with the Prophet.[17]

The activities of the Prophet during the remainder of the year after his return from Missouri to Kirtland in June, consisted principally of first, a hurried journey to Albany, New York, and Boston, in company with Bishop Whitney who had been required by revelation[18] to visit those cities, chiefly as the Bishop of Kirtland and the eastern branches, and to negotiate the loan of fifteen thousand dollars authorized by the action of the brethren at Independence in the early part of May; second, continuation of the work of revising the English Bible; and third receiving sundry revelations of profoundest importance. One of these revelations received on the 22nd and 23rd of September dealt with the matter of "Priesthood," of which explanations have already been given.[19] Instruction was also given to the ministry of the Church, to the effect that in going into the world to preach the gospel of the kingdom the elders go without purse and script, taking no thought for the morrow for what they should eat or drink or where withal they should be clothed—"let the morrow take thought for the things of itself." Also the manner in

17. The circumstances of this first meeting between the Prophet and his successor are thus detailed by Brigham Young in his Autobiography, published in the Millennial Star (1863) Vol. XXV. No. 28: "In September, 1832, Brother Heber C. Kimball took his horse and wagon, Brother Joseph Young and myself accompanying him, and started for Kirtland to see the Prophet. We visited many friends on the way, and some branches of the Church. We exhorted them and prayed with them, and I spoke in tongues. Some pronounced it genuine and from the Lord, and others pronounced it of the devil. We proceeded to Kirtland and stopped at John P. Greene's, who had just arrived there with his family. We rested a few minutes, took some refreshments and started to see the Prophet. We went to his father's house and learned that he was in the woods chopping. We immediately repaired to the woods, where we found the Prophet, and two or three of his brothers, chopping and hauling wood. Here my joy was full at the privilege of shaking the hand of the Prophet of God, and receiving the sure testimony, by the spirit of prophecy, that he was all that any man could believe him to be as a true prophet. He was happy to see us and bid us welcome. We soon returned to his house, he accompanying us.

In the evening a few of the brethern came in, and we conversed upon the things of the kingdom. He called upon me to pray; in my prayer I spoke in tongues. As soon as we arose from our knees, the brethren flocked around him, and asked his opinion concerning the gift of tongues that was upon me. He told them it was the pure Adamic language. Some said to him they expected he would condemn the gift Brother Brigham had, but he said, No, it is of God, and the time will come when brother Brigham Young will preside over this Church. The latter part of this conversation was in my absence." Millennial Star, Vol. XXV, p. 439.

18. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84: 111-116.

19. See Americana for January, 1910, p. 20.

which they should deliver their message was dictated: "Neither take ye thought before hand what ye shall say, but treasure up in your minds continually the words of life, and it shall be given you in the very hour that portion that shall be meted unto every man."

The saints were sharply reproved, and more especially those living in Zion—Missouri. "And your minds," said the Lord addressing the Prophet and the six Elders in whose presence the revelation was received—

"Your minds in times past have been darkened because of unbelief, and because you have treated lightly the things you have received; which vanity, and unbelief hath brought the whole church under condemnation. And this condemnation resteth upon the children of Zion, even all; and they shall remain under this condemnation until they repent and remember the new covenant, even the Book of Mormon and the former commandments which I have given them, not only to say, but to do according to that which I have written, that they may bring forth fruit meet for their Father's kingdom, otherwise there remaineth a scourge and a judgment to be poured out upon the children of Zion: for shall the children of the kingdom polute my holy land? Verily I say unto you, Nay."

The promise of the spiritual blessings of the gospel were renewed and emphasized:

"As I said unto mine apostles I say unto you again, that every soul who believeth on your words, and is baptized by water for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost;
And these signs shall follow them that believe;
In my name they shall do many wonderful works;
In my name they shall cast out devils;
In my name they shall heal the sick;
In my name they shall open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf;
And the tongue of the dumb shall speak;
And if any man shall administer poison unto them it shall not hurt them;
And the poison of a serpent shall not have power to harm them;
But a commandment I give unto them, that they shall not boast themselves of these things, neither speak them before the world, for these things are given unto you for your profit and for salvation."

Some parts of the revelation will rank high as inspired literature, of which the following prelude and Anthem is an example:

"I the Almighty have laid my hands upon the nations to scourge them for their wickedness: And plagues shall go forth, and they shall not be taken from the earth until I have completed my work, which shall be cut short in righteousness; until all shall know me who remain even from the least unto the greatest, and shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, and shall see eye to eye, and shall lift up their voice, and with the voice together shall they sing this new song, saying—

"The Lord hath brought again Zion:
The Lord hath redeemed his people, Israel,
According to the election of grace,
Which was brought to pass by the faith
And covenant of their fathers.

"The Lord hath redeemed his people,
And Satan is bound and time is no longer;
The Lord hath gathered all things in one:
The Lord hath brought down Zion from above:
The Lord hath brought up Zion from beneath.

"The earth hath travailed and brought forth her strength:
And truth is established in her bowels:
And the heavens have smiled upon her:
And she is clothed with the glory of her God:
For he stands in the midst of his people:

"Glory, and honor, and power, and might,
Be ascribed to our God; for he is full of mercy,
Justice, grace and truth, and peace,
For ever and ever, Amen."

Towards the close of 1832 a great political crisis arose in the United States. The "protective tarriff" law passed in 1828 by Congress was from its inception distasteful to the South —to the Cotton-growing states—as being inimical to their in-

20. The above Prelude and Anthem is set to music by Arthur Shepherd, under the title "The Lord Hath Brought Again Zion," Baritone Solo and Chorus for mixed voices. It is published by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Mr. Shepherd has won a number of high honors from Eastern Musical Institutions for his compositions. Among them being the Paderuski prize for the best orchestrial composition in the year 1906. He was a teacher in the New England Conservatory of Music; and last year won the prize at the "Federation of Musical Clubs" at Grand Rapids Michigan." "The Lord Hath Brought Again Zion" is pronounced a masterpiece of musical composition.

dustrial and commercial interests; and when in the Spring of 1832 additional duties were imposed on foreign goods, it led to rebellion in South Carolina. A State convention was called and met on the 19th of November, the Governor of the State being made the President of the Convention. That assembly declared the late tarriff measure unconstitutional, and therefore null and void; and proclaimed that any attempt to enforce the collection of duties in the port of Charleston, would be resisted by arms, and result in the withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union. The state legislature meeting directly after the adjournment of the convention enacted laws in support of these determinations, military preparations were begun and civil war seemed inevitable. But Andrew Jackson was then the chief executive of the nation, and met the crisis by issuing a proclamation on the 10th of December, denying the right of any state to nullify any act of the national government, and warned those formenting rebellion in South Carolina that the laws of the United States would be strictly enforced by military power if necessary. The prompt action and the well known firmness of President Jackson checked the rising tide of rebellion, and in February, 1833, Henry Clay introduced his compromise tariff measure gradually reducing the obnoxious duties, and for a time the agitation ceased.

It was during this agitation, namely on the 25th of December, that Joseph Smith received a revelation on "War." Naturally a mind as active as the Prophet's would be exercised by a question so important and far reaching as this threatened rebellion in South Carolina, and thus he delivered himself upon the subject:

Revelation and Prophecy on War

"Verily, thus said the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place; For behold, the Southern States shall be divided againt the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other

nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations; and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations.

And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war: And it shall come to pass also, that the remnants who are left of the land will marshal themselves, and shall become exceeding angry, and shall vex the Gentiles with a sore vexation:

And thus, with the sword, and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquakes, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed, hath made a full end of all nations; that the cry of the saints, and of the blood of the saints, shall cease to come upon into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, from the earth, to be avenged of their enemies. Wherefore, stand ye in holy places, and be not moved, until the day of the Lord come; for behold it cometh quickly, saith the Lord. Amen.[21]

Once afterwards the Prophet made allusion to this prediction of War Between the States, namely at a meeting in Ramus, Handcock county, Illinois, on the 2nd of April, 1843, when he said: "I prophesy, in the name of the Lord God, that the commencement of the difficulties which will cause much bloodshed previous to the coming of the Son of Man will be in South Carolina. It may probably arise through the slave question. This a voice declared to me while I was praying earnestly on the subject, December 25th, 1832.[22]

In addition to these revelations given in the closing months of the year 1832, one more was given on the 27th of December, which the Prophet himself called the "Olive Leaf," which he explained to mean, "The Lord's Message of peace to us,"—the Elders and Saints in Kirtland. It is a revelation of peculiar power and beauty,[23] dealing with lofty spiritual themes, and deep philosophical questions, as well as giving practical instructions for the saints, as a topical outline will show:

The Lord declares his acceptance of the saints and renews upon them the promise and gift of the Holy Spirit; gives assurance of the resurrection of the dead; proclaims "the Spirit and

21. For comments on this Revelation and Prophecy see notes end of chapter.
22. History of the Church, Vol. V. Ch. XVII., Doc. and Cov., Sec. 130.
23. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 88.

the body" to be the "Soul of Man," that the resurrection is the redemption of the soul; that the redemption of the soul is "through him who quickeneth all things, in whose bosom it is decreed that the poor and the meek of the earth shall inherit it."

The final sanctification of the earth is proclaimed, that those worthy of a celestial glory may possess it; for this intent was it created, and those inhabitants of the earth who have not been able to abide a celestial law cannot receive a celestial glory, and hence must receive another, even a lesser glory, and inhabit another kingdom.

The co-existence and eternity of matter and extension or space is affirmed:

"All kingdoms have a law given: And there are many kingdoms; for there is no space in which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or a lesser kingdom."

Here is not meant by "Kingdoms" subjects and ruler and territory; but worlds and world-systems, and these extend everywhere throughout limitless space. This was said by the Prophet in 1832. It was said in another way over three-quarters of a century later by Earnest Haeckel:

"Through all eternity the infinite universe has been, and is, subject to the law of substance:

"The extent of the universe is infinite and unbounded; it is empty in no part, but everywhere filled with substance."

"The duration of the world [i. e. universe] is equally infinite and unbounded; it has no beginning and no end; it is eternity."[24]

The universality and sovereign power of law is proclaimed, the latter first:

"Verily, I say unto you, that which is governed by law is also preserved by law, and perfected and sanctified by the same. That which breaketh a law, and abideth not by law, but seeketh to become a law unto itself, and willeth to abide in sin, and altogether abideth in sin, cannot be sanctified by law, neither by mercy, justice, nor judgment. Therefore they must remain filthy still. * * * Unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions.[25]

24. Riddle of the Universe." Ernest Haeckel, p. 242. Harper & Brothers, 1900. See his whole chapter xii, on the "Law of Substance."

All beings who abide not in those conditions are not justified. For intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence; wisdom receiveth wisdom; truth embraceth truth. * * * Verily I say unto you, He (God) hath given a law unto all things by which they move in their times and their seasons. And their courses are fixed; even the courses of the heavens and the earth, which comprehend the earth and all the planets: And they give light to each other in their times and in their seasons, in their minutes, in their hours, in their days, in their weeks, in their months, in their years: all these are one year with God, but not with man. * * * Behold, all these are kingdoms, and any man who hath seen any or the least of these, hath seen God moving in his majesty and power."

The imminence of God, by His spirit, in the infinite universe is proclaimed in this revelation. It may be inferred from the passage just quoted; but it is explicitly taught in the following beautiful passage referring to Christ and the Spirit of Christ. The Christ is represented as having descended below all things "in that he comprehended all things, that he might be in all and through all things, the light of truth, which truth shineth:"

"This is the light of Christ. As also he is in the sun, and the light of the sun, and the power thereof by which it was made. As also he is in the moon, and is the light of the moon, and the power thereof by which it was made. As also the light of the stars, and the power thereof by which they were made. And the earth also, and the power thereof; even the earth upon which you stand. And the light which now shineth, which giveth you light, is through him who enlighteneth your eyes, which is the same light that quickeneth your understandings; Which light proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space. The light which is in all things; which giveth life to all things: which is the law by which all things are governed: even the power of God who sitteth upon his throne, who is in the bosom of eternity, who is in the midst of all things."

Also this revelation declares the infinite universe to be inhabited by sentinent beings. The worlds and world-systems of the universe and God are likened unto a man possessing a field into which he sends forth servants to labor. And unto the first he

25. Sixty three years after this revelation was given Henry Drummon in his introduction to his work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," said: "One of the most striking generalizations of recent science is that even laws have their laws," which is but another way of saying what is said in the passage of the text, that "unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions."

says, "Go ye, and labor in the field, and in the first hour I will come unto you, and you shall behold the joy of my countenance." So he said unto the second, and unto the third, and unto all. "And thus they all received the light of the countenance of their lord; every man in his hour, and in his time and in his reason. * * * Therefore, unto this parable will I liken these kingdoms [the worlds and world-systems of the infinitely extended universe] *and the inhabitants thereof;* every kingdom in its hour and in its time and in its season,"—will be visited by its creator—, "even according to the decree which God hath made."

Surely these be lofty themes! This is knowledge worthy of God to reveal; worthy a world to receive, and by it be enlightened.

NOTES: COMMENTS ON THE REVELATION ON WAR

1. TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE REVELATION: The Revelation and Prophecy on War of December 25th, 1832, was not immediately published. The Elders engaged in the missionary work of the Church, however, obtained manuscript copies of it, and in their missionary journeys carried it with them and read it to their congregations in various parts of the United States. In Vol. XIII of the "Milleniel Star," published in 1851, pp. 216 and 217, is an advertisement of a new church publication to be called the *Pearl of Great Price.* In the announced contents is named this revelation of December, 1832, with a statement that it had "never before appeared in print," Subsequently, but in the same year, the *Pearl of Great Price* with this prophecy in it, was published by Franklin D. Richards, in Liverpool, England. Copies of the first edition of this work are on file in the Historian's Office at Salt Lake City.

I am careful to make these statements that the reader may have ample assurance that the revelation and prophecy preceded the event of the great Civil War. The revelation containing the prophecy was given on the 25th of December, 1832. The first shot fired in the great American Civil War was fired early on the morning of April 12th, 1861. Hence the prediction preceded the commencement of its fulfillment by twenty-eight years, three months and seventeen days. Ten years before the war began, the prophecy was published in England and circulated both in that country and in the United States. There can be no question, therefore, as to the prophecy preceding the event.

2. THE REBELLION BEGAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA: There was practical rebellion in South Carolina at the time the revelation on

war was given, as appears in the text of this chapter, but it is singular that twenty-eight or nine years later, when hostilities broke out in the war between the states, in every act of rebellion leading to that war, South Carolina took the initiative, in evidence of which the following facts of history are set forth:

Deeming her interests threatened, and the institution of slavery doomed if Abraham Lincoln was elected, on November 5th, 1860, the legislature of South Carolina met to choose presidential electors, and Governor William H. Gist in his message to that legislature recommended that in the event of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency, a convention of the people of the state be immediately called to consider and determine for themselves the mode and measure of redress. He expressd the opinion that the only alternative left in the event of Lincoln's election was "the secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union."

On the 10th of November, 1860, the United States Senators from South Carolina, James N. Hammond and James Chestnut, Jr., resigned their seats, being the first of the senators to take that step.

On the 17th of November, 1860, an ordinance of secession was unanimously adopted by the Legislature of South Carolina, the first act of the kind by any of the states.

On the 24th of November, 1860, South Carolina's Representatives in Congress withdrew; they were the first representatives to do so. (Cooper's American Politics, p. 88).

Members to a state convention for the purpose of considering the method and measure of redress in the event of Abraham Lincoln's election, were chosen on the 3d of December, 1860; the convention was assembled in Charleston. (Lossing's History of the United States, p. 546).

On the 20th of December, 1860, the convention passed the ordinance of secession and Governor Pickins—just elected—announced on the same date the repeal, by the good people of South Carolina, the ordinance of May 23d, 1788, by which South Carolina had ratified the Federal Constitution, and declared "the dissolution of the union between the state of South Carolina and the other states under the name of the United States." The governor's proclamation also announced to the world "that the state of South Carolina is, as she has a right to be, a separate, sovereign, free and independent state; and, as such, has a right to levy war, conclude peace, negotiate treaties, leagues, or covenants, and to do all acts whatsoever that rightly pertain to a free and independent state. Done in the eighty-fifth year of the Sovereignty and Independence of South Carolina. (Cooper's American Politics, Book I, p. 88.)

The act of rebellion on the part of South Carolina was completed. She was followed in the act of rebellion by ten other Southern States, as follows—I take the date on which the state conventions passed their secession ordinances to be the date on which the rebellion of the respective states was completed: Mississippi, January 9th, 1861; Florida, January 10th; Alabama, January 11th; Georgia, January 19th; Louisiana, January 26th; Texas, February 1st; Virginia, April 17th; Arkansas, May 6th; North Carolina, May 20th; Tennessee, June 8th, all of the same year, 1861. (Lossing's History of the United States, p. 547, note 2). And thus truly the Southern States were "divided against the Northern States."

Not only in these several acts of rebellion did South Carolina take the initiative, but actual hostilities was begun by her, and the first gun in the war between the States was fired from her shores.

On the 11th of April, 1861, General Beauregard in command of the Confederate forces in Charleston demanded the evacuation of Fort Sumpter. Mayor Anderson refused to comply with the demand, whereupon, early on the morning of the 12th of April, General Beauregard opened fire on the fort from his batteries of about thirty heavy guns and mortars, to which the guns of the fort promptly replied. The bombardment lasted thirty-two hours; and then Major Anderson capitulated, though the fleet from the north was within view during the bombardment. "This was the beginning of a war between the states of the Federal Union, which has been truly characterized as 'one of the most tremendous conflicts on record.' The din of its clangor reached the remotest parts of the earth and the people of all nations looked on for four years and upwards, in wonder and amazement, as its gigantic proportions loomed forth, and its hideous engines of destruction of human life and everything of human structure were terribly displayed in its sanguinary progress and grievous duration." (Stephen's History of the United States, p. 610).

3. The Southern States Called Upon Other Nations, and Upon the Nation of Great Britain in Particular, for Assistance in the War Between the States: As early as May, 1861, the Confederacy sent commissioners abroad to seek recognition and aid from foreign powers. William L. Yancy, of Alabama; P. A. Rost, of Louisiana; A. Dudley Mann, of Virginia; and T. Butler King, of Georgia. Mr. Yancy was appointed to operate in England, Mr. Rost in France, and Mr. Mann in Holland and Belgium. Mr. King had a roving commission. Subsequently, in October, 1861, the Confederacy appointed James M. Mason and John Slidell, ambassadors to England and France respectively,

to solicit the assistance of the British and French governments in the Southern cause. The ambassadors took passage from Charleston to Cuba in a blockade runner. At the latter place they engaged passage to England on the British steam packet *Trent.* On the 8th of November, 1861, the *Trent* was overtaken by the Federal warship *San Jacinto,* Captain Wilkes commanding; and Messrs. Mason and Slidell were taken prisoners and carried to Boston Harbor, where they were placed in Fort Warren. England promptly resented this violation of the rights of a neutral nation upon the high seas, and the United States as promptly disavowed the action of Captain Wilkes, made an humble apology, and as soon as might be restored Messrs. Mason and Slidell to a British deck, the *Rinaldo,* in which vessel the ambassadors were taken to England, where they prosecuted their mission.

Though Messrs. Mason and Slidell did not succeed in securing the open assistance of Great Britain, yet it is well known that British sympathy was with the Confederate cause; and so far did this sympathy lead England to violate the law of nations that, against the protests of the United States' Minister at the court of St. James, she allowed her war vessels *Alabama* and *Florida,* built by Messrs. Laird & Co., shipbuilders, Liverpool, England, to put to sea. These vessels did immense damage to Northern States shipping. The *Alabama* alone captured sixty-five merchant vessels belonging to the United States; and destroyed some ten million dollars worth of property. Finally the United States warship *Kearsarge* sunk her off the coast of France, near Cherbourg. This Alabama trouble led to ill feeling between England and the United States which was not finally settled until the 27th of June, 1872, when the Geneva Board of Arbitration decided that England should pay to the United States the sum of fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars, an amount really in excess of the demands of merchants and others claiming the loss of property through depredations of the *Alabama.*

4. The War Beginning in the Rebellion of South Carolina Terminated in the Death and Misery of Many Souls: Though it is notorious that it did so, let us consider the fact of it somewhat in detail. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, in concluding the chapter he devotes to the Civil War, in his history of the United States, says: "The Federal records show that they had, from first to last, 2,600,000 men in the service; while the Confederates all told, and in like manner, had but little over 600,000. * * * Of Federal prisoners during the war, the Confederates took in round numbers 270,000; while the whole number of

Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was in like round numbers 220,000. * * * Of these 270,000 Federal prisoners taken, 22,576 died in Confederate hands; and of the 220,000 Confederates taken by Federals, 26,436 died in their hands. * * * The entire loss on both sides, including those who were permanently disabled, as well as those killed in battle, and who died from wounds received and diseases contracted in the service, amounted, upon a reasonable estimate, to the stupendous aggregate of 1,000,000 of men!''

* * * ''Both sides during the struggle, relied for means to support it upon the issue of paper money, and upon loans secured by bonds. An enormous public debt was thus created by each, and the aggregate of money thus expended on both sides, including the loss and sacrific of property, could not have been less than 8,000,000,000 of dollars—a sum fully equal to three-fourths of the assessed valuation of the taxable property of all the states together when it commenced.''

To the terrible loss of life and property let there be added the consideration of the suffering of the wounded and the sick who languished in loathsome prisons; the sorrow of widows and orphans who looked in vain for the return of husbands and fathers, who marched in the fullness of manly strength to the war; the anguish of parents, whose dim eyes looked in vain for sons thrown into unknown graves; and the gentler yet equally tender sorrow of sisters which in the fierce war lost the companions of their childhood. Let all this, I say, be taken into account, and the fact that Joseph Smith was a prophet will be found written in characters of blood to this generation, and witnessed by the heartache and tears of millons!

5. Miscellaneous Items of the Prophecy: In the part taken by Negroes in the War Between the States, many see the fulfillment of the predication of the revelation that ''Slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war;''[26] for of the 2,653,000 soldiers enlisted on the side of the Union, 186,397 were colored, and many of them saw active service in the field against their former masters.

26. The passage means, doubtless, "Slaves, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war, shall rise up against their masters.

In our several Indian uprisings since the close of the Civil War, many see the fulfillment of that part of the prophecy which declares that the ''remnants who are left of the land (the American Indians) will marshall themselves, and shall become exceeding angry, and shall vex the Gentiles with a sore vexation.'' As for the remainder of the prophecy and its fulfillment, which predicts still more extensive and destructive wars—those are events of the future, to be wrought out as God wills.

POETS OF AMERICA

BY WARREN WHITE

II

The Revolutionary Poets

THE most noted name in the literature of the Revolutionary period is that of Freneau. There were two brothers of the name, one, Peter, a journalist and politician of South Carolina, the friend of Jefferson, and a man of education and wit. But his brother, Philip Freneau, has claim to be considered a genius. He produced a great deal that is no longer read, the interest in it being of a transitory nature, but his patriotic poems have an enthusiasm, a fire that make their appeal permanent.

His father was a Huguenot emigrant, who came to this country with some other Protestant gentlemen, and founded the old church of Sant Esprit, in New York; at present the only French Protestant church in the city. The poet was born in January, 1752, and his early education was gained at home, under the supervision of his mother. When he entered Nassau Hall, at Princeton, his scholarship was so high as to call forth the warm eulogium of his teachers. His great friend here was James Madison, and among his classmates were many others who afterwards became eminent as legislators or scholars. At nineteen he graduated and removed to Philadelphia, where he devoted himself to letters. He was one of the "born writers," having composed poems at an early age. But for some time he occupied himself with writings of a political nature. His satires do not amount to much, but his ballads were sung with enthusiasm.

He enjoyed the friendship of Adams, Franklin, Madison and Monroe, all of whom esteemed him warmly. Mr. Jefferson bestowed upon him a place in the State Department, but he preferred a more active life, and relinquished it to conduct a paper

in Philadelphia, called "The Freeman's Journal." It was unprofitable, and he gave it up to take command of a merchant ship, voyaging to the West Indies. His naval ballads, written at this period, are among his best productions. He lived to be eighty years of age, residing chiefly in New Jersey. His house was at the time destroyed by fire, and some of his most valuable poems burnt. But two or three volumes of his writings are in existence, but in all collections of American poetry his ballads must have their place. The following selection gives a good example of this style:

The Dying Indian.

"On yonder lake I spread the sail no more!
Vigor and youth and active days are past—
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast:—
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange and all is new;
Companion to the airy throng!—
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

Ah me! What mischief on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—
Such is the picture in my boding mind!
Fine tales indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills;
But when did ghost return his state to shew?
Or who can promise half the tale is true?"

One of the most successful Revolutionary poems was "McFingle," a satire in imitation of Butler's Hudibras, and which at once attained immense success, being published both in this coun-

try and England. The author, John Trumbell, was the son of a Connecticut clergyman, and was so wonderfully precocious that at the age of seven he passed his entrance examination in Latin and Greek, for Princeton College, but "on account of his extreme youth" his entrance was deferred for a few years. But at thirteen he could no longer be kept back, and began a career of uninterrupted successes, surpassing all his competitors for honors, and producing theses that have been printed as models of composition, worthy of much more advanced age. The classics still had undisputed sway in education, and the study of letters was ridiculed, but it is evidence of the originality of Trumbell's mind that he steadily fought for progress in this, and persevered in writing poems in English; finally justifying his position. He was said to be hardly less serviceable to the cause of education than to that of liberty. "The Progress of Dulness," whose hero is a country man, sent by his parents to college to learn to become a clergyman, and whose career is one of utter folly and insipidity, is a capital satire, setting forth the uselessness of an exclusive devotion to the classics, and the absurdity of neglecting the mother tongue.

Trumbell was admitted to the bar, but still employed all his leisure time writing. An "Essay on the Times" was flatteringly noticed, and other papers, scattered, unfortunately, were supposed to have had a great influence on the public taste and opinion. In connection with other members of a famous club, composed of such men as Barlow, Lemuel Hopkins and Humphries, he produced a series of papers called "American Antiquities," which were re-published from one end of the country to the other. In the year 1825 he removed to Detroit, where he died at the age of eighty-one years.

From "McFingle," the following extract is given, although a longer quotation than space permits here is necessary to do justice to a style full of eloquence and spirit.

The Character of McFingal

When Yankees, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manoeuvres of parade;

The true war-dance of Yankee reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh and trust the feet,
And work like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chaces:
From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire McFingal took his way,
And, graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.
His high descent our heralds trace
To Ossian's famed Fingalian race;
For though their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great McPherson, with submission,
We hope will add the next edition.
His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted island;
Whence gained our squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and second sight.

Parallel with the career of John Trumbell is that of Timothy Dwight, another precocious genius, grandson of Jonathon Edwards, and son of one of the most exquisite women of her times. This mother early perceived the indications of genius in her son, and it was under her direction that he learned the rudiments of Latin, and laid the foundation for his remarkable knowledge of history and geography. When thirteen years old he entered Yale College, and although delicate in health, he graduated with high honors from that institution in 1769, being only seventeen years old. It should be recollected, in explanation of the possibility of a young man's graduating at an age when our modern youths are scarcely able to enter college, that in those days the exactions were much less severe; Greek and Latin were the essentials, and other acquirements not insisted upon. And in many instances, Latin was made familiar in infancy, at least, in

its elements, being taught as an matter of course, in the nursery, so that it was never the bugbear that it is rapidly becoming to our own generation.

In 1771 Dwight began writing an epic poem in eleven books, entitled "Conquest of Canaan," which he finished before he was twenty-three years old. It is rather correct and finished than eloquent, and has a monotonous regularity about it, singularly free from youthful exaggeration. It was not printed until the spring of 1785, and we can but divine that the reason of its long incubation was a reluctance upon the part of undiscerning publishers. Other poems worthy of notice are "The Prospect," "The Burning of Fairfield," and "The Vision of a Prospect of Happiness in America." They contain pleasant pictures of rural life, but are not remarkable as poems.

It is less as a poet that Professor Dwight is known than as an instructor. It is said that as teacher and theologian he has never been surpassed in this country. Eloquent, handsome, affable and polished, learned and brilliant, he seemed to unite in his single person the qualities most coveted among men. That he was not a great poet is less remarkable than that, amid so many absorbing pursuits he found time to cultivate the muse at all.

From "Greenfield Hill," we select the following bit, as indicating something of the purity and loftiness that were his distinguishing characteristics.

The Country Schoolmaster

Where yonder humble spire salutes the eye,
Its vane slow turning in the liquid sky,
Where, in light gambols, healthy striplings sport,
Ambitious learning, builds her outer court;
A grave perceptor, there, her usher stands,
And rules without a rod her little bands.
Some half-grown sprigs of learning graced his brow:
Little he knew, though he wished to know;
Enchanted hung o'er Virgil's honey'd lay,
And smiled to see discilient Horace play;
Gleaned scraps of Greek; and, curious, traced afar,
Through Pope's clear glass the bright Maeonian star.

Yet oft his students at his wisdom stared,
For many a student to his side repair'd;
Surprised, they heard him Dilworth's knots untie,
And tell what lands beyond the Atlantic lie.
Many his faults; his virtues small and few;
Some little good he did, or strove to do;
Laborious still, he taught the early mind,
And urged to manners meek and thoughts refined;
Truth he impress'd, and every virtue praised;
While infant eyes in wondering silence gazed;
The worth of time would day by day unfold,
And tell them every hour was made of gold."

David Humphreys, the college classmate of Dwight and Trumbell, was inferior to them both as a poet, and there is little in his writings that rises above the "elegant mediocrity" at which he seems to have aimed.

Joel Barlow, another of the same clique, was more of a journalist than an author, but he had a consuming ambition to produce the epic of his generation, and actually did write "The Vision of Columbus," a production too faulty and hastily written to gain the esteem he coveted. It was re-published in London and favorably noticed, but fell into oblivion soon afterward. The poet was, apart from his literary career, in common with many of his countrymen, a remarkable man. He gained fortune and reputation as a merchant, and took an active part in politics. He was appointed by Washington consul to Algiers, and on his return was kindly received by his many friends. He built a splendid mansion on the banks of the Potomac River, which he called Kalorama. The writer has many a time wandered, in childish curiosity, over the famous woods that formed part of this easte, now replaced by modern dwellings, but which at the time of the Civil War were almost impenetrable, and spanned by the trickling of old Rock Creek.

A critic remarks in regard to Barlow that "he would doubtless have been more successful as a metaphysical or historical writer than as a poet." He possessed the qualities of a patient investigator, but lacked the "divine fire," essential to the writer of real verse.

A Quaker poet, William Clifton, produced in a short and suffering life, some work that gave promise of a fine future; but his career was cut short in early youth. His poetry is marked by energy of diction, and harmony, and he wrote more in obedience to a craving for self-expression than for the eye of the public. The small volume that contains his poems was published after his death, and consequently, without his correction. For this reason, they are less finished than would have been expected of a person of his high culture.

Robert Treat Paine was considered in those early days a poet of great promise, and it was believed that his reputation would endure so long as the English tongue was spoken on the earth! Yet, he is dead to fame, as he deserves to be; and only gives another proof of the poor standard of taste of his generation.

It is not always remembered that America's great painter, Washington Allston, was also, a poet of no mean order. But his reputation as an artist so far over-shadows that of the poet that we can advance but little on behalf of the secondary claim. He was one of those who might have succeeded in either line. His descriptive powers are indisputable, and he excelled in that graphic touch which brings the scene before the eye of the reader. From the beautiful poem, "The Sylphs of the Season," the following lines are taken:

"Long has it been my fate to hear
The skave of Mammon, with a sneer,
My indolence reprove.
Ah, little knows he of the care,
The toil, the hardship that I bear,
While lolling in my elbow chair,
And seeming scarce to move:

For, mounted on the poet's steed,
I *there* my ceaseless journey speed
O'er mountain, wood and stream;
And oft, within a little day,
Mid comets fierce, 'tis mine to stray,
And wander o'er the milky way
To catch a poet's dream.

But would the man of lucre know
What riches from my labors flow—
A *dream* is my reply.
And who for wealth has ever pined,
That had a world within his mind,
Where every treasure he may find,
And joys that never die?"

"The Tuscan Maid," is one of Allston's best know poems, and its graceful rythm has seldom been excelled among our American poets. With what a light yet sure touch is portrayed the change that comes over the world with love, to the maiden wrapped in her first sweet vision:

"The things that once she loved are still the same;
Yet now there needs another name
To give the feeling which they claim,
While she the feeling gives;
She cannot call it gladness or delight;
And yet there seems a richer, lovelier light
On e'en the humblest thing that lives."

James Kirke Paulding, a writer of honorable old Dutch ancestry, a native of New York state, is better known by his prose than his poetry, yet some of his contributions to our poetical literature are more than respectable. Among these may be mentioned "Ode to Jamestown," and "The Old Man's Carousal."

John Pierpont, author of "Airs of Palestine," an almost perfect work of art, is notable for the purity and high moral tone of his writings. He was educated at Yale, and passed through the experiences of tutoring and law studies before settling down to his appointed career in the ministry. But his health failed and he was sent abroad to pass several years; an opportunity that had a most beneficial effect upon his literary powers. His visit to Athens, Smyrna and Asia Minor bore fruit in the poems he produced after his return. He was skilled in almost every metre, and his pen moves easily and naturally, obedient to the gentle spirit of this most sweet of our singers. One of the most fairy-like of his compositions is the well known poem, "Passing

Away," which used to be in all the school readers—and should be there yet:

"Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispersing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they fly they say,
'Passing away! Passing away!'"

"The Pilgrim Fathers" is a noble poem of five stanzas, with the same swing and melody that distinguish all of Pierpont's productions. One seems rather to breathe out than to read his poems, they are so full of music. "The Sparkling Bowl" is equal to Moore's songs, and should make us proud of our native bard. He is not among the great, but he may at least be admitted to their company as an honored guest.

Descendant of good old Revolutionary stock, and of excellent English burgher families, Richard Henry Dana is entitled to our consideration as a poet of the genuine American order. Born at Cambridge and educated at Harvard, yet too delicate during his boyhood to spend all his time in study, he lived out of doors, wandering around the rock-bound coast, and listening to the roar of the waves on the beach, searching for the wild and the picturesque aspects of nature. His perfect knowledge of the sea is shown in "The Buccaneer," and other short pieces.

He opened a law office, after finishing his course at Cambridge, was a member of the legislature, and warmly interested in politics, as a man could scarcely escape being, in those times. He contracted an aversion to his profession, however, and closed his office to give his assistance to his relative, Professor Edward T. Channing, in the conduct of the "North American Review," a

periodical destined to an important place among our magazine literature. Dana had high ideals of poetry, believing it something more than a recreation, and following the English "Lake Poets," in his style. Too advanced for his times, his rationalist opinions gave offense to his compeers, and he found himself obliged to abandon his position upon the "Review." In 1825 he published his first poem, "The Dying Raven," and two years afterward, a small volume, entitled "The Buccaneer and Other Poems." It attained some popularity, but brought in little money, and he now entered the lecture field to gain what poetry failed to furnish—a living. His poems, however, continued to be the solace of his leisure hours, and they are worthy of being preserved in our literature. Their diction is pure and vigorous, and their tone high. A short but fine thing is his "Intimations of Immortality," from which these lines are taken:

> O, listen, man!
> A voice within us speaks the startling word,
> "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
> Hymn it around our souls; according harps
> By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
> Of morning sang together, sound forth still
> The song of our great immortality!

BRICK-HOUSE CREEK

A Legend of Long Island

BY THEO. A. TEFFT

WHOEVER has paid a visit to the interesting country around and about Jerusalem, has found a spot rich in legendary lore and romantic story. I mean not the ancient city of the holy land, but the modern Jerusalem, nigh unto Babylon, in the southern part of Queens county, Long Island, which is commonly distinguished and known as Jerusalem South. Here, while that right good penman, Cornelius Van Tienhoven, yet signed himself secretary of New Netherlands, ran the division line between the domain of the Briton and the Hollander. Here was the field of many a border skirmish, and plundering foray; and the musket and the scalping-knife gave frequent occupation to Dutchman, Indian and Yankee. Here are still to be seen the remains of old Fort-Neck, where Tackapuasha, the Marsapeague sachem, was constrained to yield a sullen submission to the conquering arms of the new settlers from Lynn, Massachusetts, under the command of Deacon Tribulation Smith. This was the place that was wept over by the ministers of New England, even as a mother weepeth over her ailing infant, because the land was licentious, and covered with a flood of manifold profaneness. It was the place afterwards designated by Governor Fletcher, in his speech to the New York Assembly, as a place needing a schoolmaster and a minister, because he "didn't find any provision had yet been made for propagating religion."

This, alas! is not all. It is grievous to add, that the neighboring bays and inlets of the sea furnished sad temptations to maritime speculators, which they who were so fortunate as to have money enough of their own, affected to esteem of rather equivocal morality, and which the pressure of the times and

the necessities of the people made in many instances very persuasive.

Not that the Jerusalemites were all pirates. That is a hard name, and one that carries with it the idea of blood and robbery. But people must live; and if a man has his crops all cut off or stolen, or if his house and barn are burned down by the savages, he must, as a matter of course, look out for some other means of livelihood; and certain it is, that about these times, many worthy gentlemen invested much property in divers small craft, yclept brigantines and cutters, wherewith they scoured the sea, paying visits into other vessels, and carrying on a general trade, after a very wholesale and extensive fashion.

One of the most distinguished of the brotherhood, whose names have come down to posterity, was old Thomas Johnson, otherwise, and more familiarly and commonly called, old Colonel Tom. He was a man of unquestioned courage and talent; and though every body knew that his clipper-built little schooner carried a six pounder and a military chest, for some other purpose than mere self-defence, yet there was not a man who was more respected, and walked abroad more boldly than that same Colonel Tom. He had the best farm too, and lived in the best and only brick-house in all Queens county. This venerable edifice is still standing, though much dilapitated, and is an object of awe to all the people in the neighborhood. The traveller cannot fail to be struck with its reverend and crumbling ruins, as his eye first falls upon it from the neighboring turnpike; and if he had heard the story, he will experience a chilly sensation, and draw a long breath, while he looks at the circular, sashless window, in the gable-end. That window has been left open ever since the old colonel's death. His sons and grandsons used to try all the means in their power to close it up, so as to keep out the rain and snow in winter, and to preserve, moreover, the credit of the mansion. They put in sashes, and they boarded it up, and they bricked it up, but all in vain; so soon as night came, their work would be destroyed. A thunder shower was sure to come up, and the window would be struck by lightning, and the wood or brick burned up, or broken to pieces, and strange sights would be seen, and awful voices heard, and bats,

and owls, and chimney swallows be screaming and flapping about. So they gave it up, concluding that as the window looked into the colonel's bedroom, his ghost wanted it left open for him to revisit the old tenament, without being obliged to insinuate himself through a crack or a key-hole.

The location of the house is romantic. A beautiful little stream comes out of a grassy grove in its rear, and after meandering pleasantly by its side, and more than half encircling it, shoots away, and crossing the road under the cover of a close thicket, a little distance off, gradually swells into a goodly creek, and rolls on its waters to the bay. The extraordinary material and uncommon grandeur of the colonel's tenement, very properly gave to the stream the distinguishing appellation of Brick-house creek. It is a quiet, innocent looking piece of water, as ever dimpled; yet does no marketman drive his eel-wagon across that creek, of a Saturday night, without accelerating the speed of his team, by a brisk application of the whip; or without singing or whistling, peradventure, a good loud stave. This is no impeachment of the courage of eel merchants; for any man is justifiable in keeping as far off from a burying-ground as possible; and in fearful truth, when the passing hoof makes the first heavy splash into this stream, of a dark night, it is ten chances to one that the sleepy driver will see a dull, sulphurous flame start up, a few hundred yards to his left, from the spot where lie deposited the mortal remains of old Colonel Tom. That spot is the place of all places for the grave of a man who loved the water during his lifetime.

But Saturday night used to be the time to go down to the creek to see sights. That was the time when the old pirate was sure to have a frolic. There are many most credible people who remember repeatedly seeing his little schooner dashing across the bay with her full compliment of men and arms, sailing right into the eye of the wind; while every now and then the crew's uplifted right hands showed each a brimming goblet, and the air smelt of Jamaica spirits, and then rung with a hoarse hurrah. Just at dawn the schooner would make up Brick-house creek, and run into the grave yard and vanish.

When Jaac Spragg first went down to Hungry Harbor to live

—this was a good many years ago—he used to laugh at all these stories. His aunt Chastity often took him to task, and told him he'd be sorry for his want of faith one day or other; but Jaac stuck to his infidelity, and once he even went so far as to say, that "he'd be hang'd if he wouldn't like to come across this same Colonel Tom." Ben Storer was standing by and heard that speech, and offered Jaac to wager him a quart of rum he wouldn't dare to go eeling the next Saturday night alone, down in the bay below Brick-house creek.

Jaac laughed, and took the bet at once. Saturday night came, and his skiff, jack, and firewood were already.

Midnight arrived, and found Jaac on the brow of his skiff, faithfully shoving about the flats below Brick-house creek, as unconcerned as though he had never heard of pirate Johnson, or what is more, as if he had no rum at stake upon his night's adventure. Jaac was always a bold, reckless fellow, and for fear of accidents, and the night being cool, he had fortified his inner man upon this occasion with a spiritual coat of mail, which made him courageous enough to face the d——l himself.

The time was come to try his pluck. A stranger made his appearance through the murky shade, and paddling his old shattered boat along side of Jaac's skiff, presented in the glare of the jacklight an object of fear and admiration. He was tall, muscular, sun-browned, large-featured, and lank-jawed. His eyes of piercing black were set far back under tremendous arches of overhanging eye-brows. His long, strait, black hair fell in every direction from under a naval chapeau-de-bras, which was evidently much the worse for wear. He was booted to the thighs, and his body was wrapped in a pea-jacket, tied about his waist with a piece of old rope. Around his neck was hung a speaking-trumpet, and a pistol handle peeped from both outside breast-pockets.

"Hilloa, mister, is that you?" He sung out in a familiar, good-natured tone to Jaac, as he struck his oar into the mud, and held on.

Now any ordinary man would have been frightened out of his wits, by this salutation. But Jaac, although he felt rather queer,—for it run in his head immediately that this might be

the old colonel,—answered the newcomer's question without the least trepidation.

"Hilloa, yourself, stranger, I don't know you." Conversation at once commenced, conducted without reserve, and with some shrewdness on the part of Jaac; but all that he was able to get from the man with the cap, was, that he lived up the creek, and had come down to catch a mess of eels. Jaac knew that there was no living man like him that had his habitation about those parts;—as for ghosts he began to have his doubts. But he was nothing daunted. He talked to old Pea-jacket like a catechism-book, and quite a familiarity began to be established. After a while, the stranger yawned, and said he believed it was time for him to go to work so he asked Jaac for a light to set his jack-a-lantern a-going. Jack handed him a fire-brand, which the new comer stooping down, touched to some fireworks in the centre of his boat, and immediately up there started two long greenish shoots of flame, edged with black streaks. It was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; for the light was oppressive to the eyes, and there was an almost choking smoke, and the fire-place was nothing else than a human skull, and the two streams of flame came from the eyeless sockets.

The old colonel—for it was evident now that it was he—having got already, took up his jack, which had only one prong—but that was very sharp, and with a long barb—and began his sport. Jaac had not yet trembled a jot; but now it made his hair stand on end, to see the old man catch eels. When his arrow-like weapon struck the water, there was a hissing sound, as though the iron was hot; and every eel that was drawn out, winding and writhing on the fatal point, screamed and cried as he came into the air, like a little child. The old man shook him off, however, and said nothing. He seemed to be very expert, and presently there was such a squalling and roaring in his boat that one would have thought all the children in Erebus had paid a visit to the bay. The noise at last seemed to disturb the colonel himself, for he turned around all of a sudden, and swore at the slimy musicians a loud big oath; when they immediately left off crying and began whistling. Jaac used to say that he'd "take his affidavit of the fact, that they whistled

a leetle ahead of old Caspar Van Sinderen's niggars; and they're the best whistlers on Long Island, by all odds." It set him a laughing, though, and he was a quaking, and trembling, and laughing all at the same time, for half an hour, so that he lost all hopes of holding himself together much longer; when a gun was heard down among the breakers in the direction of Gilgoa inlet.

"A ship on shore—by God!" exclaimed the old colonel, and he threw down his jack, stamped out his light, kicked his eels overboard, and paddled up towards Jaac. There was a fierce and determined rigidness of the muscles of his face; his teeth were set; his fists clenched; and his eye shot out a terrible gleam, that made Jaac wither away before him. He pulled alongside.

"Jaac," said he; and then he stopped short; fixing his keen, savage eyes upon the almost blinded vision of the poor fisherman, and looking with intense gaze into his face, for more than a minute as though he would read his very soul.

At length relaxing his features, as if satisfied with the investigation he proceeded; "Jaac, I like you; you are a brave man; and I will make your fortune." He then went on and told him that he was satisfied that there was a ship in the breakers, and he proposed that they should row down and get aboard, and kill the crew, and passengers, and secure the cargo. The proposition was so bluntly made, and so startling, Jaac could make no reply. The old man seeing that he had been too fast, sat down and began to reason about it.

"If all men are born free and equal," argued the tempter, "what right have those rich merchants to possess broadcloths, and silks, and specie, while you have none? And if they will not willingly give you your share, haven't you a right to take it yourself? And if they resist you with force, haven't you a right to kill them in self-defence? And what if the law forbid you—what is the law? Is not that law against the constitution of human nature, which takes a poor man's share in the goods of this world, and gives it to the rich? And are not greater crimes perpetrated every day, according to law, than offences are committed against law? And after all, what does this 'vir-

tue' consist in, but in the not being found out? Answer me that," concluded the old casuist, with emphasis; and he stuck his fists into his sides, and threw back his head with an air of triumph.

Jaac scratched his consideration cap, and though he did not wholly relish the morals of his rapid instructor, yet he could urge not a doubt nor a query upon the behalf of his forlorn virtue. Was it cowardice, or was it principle that made him hesitate?

"Come, take a horn," pursued the cunning old seducer, "and cheer your spirits up. You'll be none the worse for a little steam this chilly night."

Jaac took the proffered jug, and being really very thirsty after his long excitement, he drank a good long drink, before he tasted what kind of liquor it was. At last he stopped, and shrieking out, as if in pain, he besought the colonel for some water, for the old rascal had given him something raw, that burned him just as though it were molten lead.

The colonel told him he never kept such stuff, but advised him to cool his throat with a little of his own rum. Jaac did so, and he always said that it was like so much cold water, in comparison with the spiritual beverage to which his companion had treated him.

It was not long before the co-operation of persuasion and liquid fire had gained for Colonel Tom a willing coadjutor in his projected expedition. Jaac's eyes began to swell, and burn, and he felt a vigor in his arm, and a fierceness in his heart, which he never knew before. He started up in his boat, and crying, "I'll go—I'll go—lead on," he led the way himself.

On they pulled towards the inlet, in grim and death-like silence, while another, and yet another gun flashed upon the sky in the south-east, and illuminated the way to the scene of distress.

A half an hour's row brought them into full view of a noble galleon, heaving and pitching, and beating her racked and groaning sides upon a high sand-bank, about a quarter of a mile from the beach. The wind was blowing a gale, and the angry waves washed over her decks, and the cordage creaked,

and her white sails all standing fluttered and veered, as if the crew were so frozen that they could not pull a rope. Just as they turned the point of the inlet, her jib was blown clean off, and fell into the water. Then up rose a wild cry of terror from the wretches on board. It was enough to melt a heart of stone.

Just then the moon gleamed out from behind a black cloud, and discovered our two cut-throat friends. It was a gleam of hope and joy to the perishing crew; "Thank God! there's help." went up from many a happy heart.

"Bring us a rope from shore," sung out the captain of the ship, "we're going to pieces."

The colonel, with all the coolness in the world, took up his speaking-trumpet, and in a voice above the multitudinous uproar of the elements, answered, "ay, ay, sir, we are coming. Hold on."

"Now, Jaac," said he, bending over towards his pupil, "take this cutlass, and when we get alongside, fasten your skiff to the ship, follow me, and go to work. Kill then all—every soul of them."

Although Jaac was now possessed of the soul of a demon, yet he half repented of his undertaking. But it was of no use at this late hour. His destiny controlled him—he had gone too far to retreat.

"Where's the rope?" said the captain, leaning over the ship's side, as they came up.

"Here it is," answered the colonel, discharging a pistol into his right eye, and leaping with a supernatural bound upon the deck, Jaac followed at a slow pace, and found the colonel cutting and slashing away, with great spirit and activity. The passengers were all down in the cabin, at prayers, but the crew were running about the deck, pursued by the old man, and screaming for mercy and quarter. Some ran up the shrouds, others sought the stern or the bowsprit, the long-boat or the hen-coop, and three or four poor fellows made their escape up to the cross-trees. But it was of no use. The old man pursued, and cut them down everywhere, and in every fashion. Jaac stood still, not exactly in horror but in amazement. He was like a living dead man. He could neither act nor speak. He

felt within him all the fire of a murderer, but he didn't know how to begin. He struggled hard, but could not move his hands. While laboring in this distress, the colonel came running up to him, mad enough to tear him to pieces, and asked him "what he was standing there for, idle?"

Jaac started and looked round for a man to kill, but there was not a living soul left on deck. So, being willing to do all he could, he picked up a sailor, whom the colonel had cut down with a sabre gash across his head, and who was not quite dead, and carried him to the ship's side and threw him overboard.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the old gentleman, "Well done for a new beginner. But come, my boy, there's more work to do. Let's take a drink, and go and attend to the women, in the cabin. We'll finish our frolic there, and then see if there's any specie aboard. Drink, drink, my boy, and hurry, for the ship will go apart soon."

The mad potation was renewed, and Jaac raved for blood. One blow with his foot threw the cabin-door off its hinges, and one bound brought him into the room where the miserable passengers, men, women, and children were huddled all together. They were all upon their knees, and one old grey-headed man was praying aloud, with great fervor. They gave a terrible shriek, as Jaac and the colonel rushed in, and crowded like cattle in a slaughter-yard, into a corner of the cabin, offering no resistance against their murderers.

The colonel very quietly took a seat upon a sea-chest and stretching out his arms, gaped long and lazily, and complaining of fatigue, told Jaac that he must kill these folks.

"Certainly, sir;" said Jaac, and he dashed at the crowd, cutlass in hand. But some how or other, he couldn't either strike straight, or else he couldn't get up close enough, or else, fierce as he felt, he didn't after all, want to draw blood; for he kept thrusting and slashing for a long time, and he didn't touch hide or hair.

"Go ahead, Jaac," cried the colonel, sharply. "It's getting late, and we've no time to spare."

On rushed the initiated murderer. The spell was broken that had tied his hands. He had shed blood, and was now in-

satiate as his demoniac instructor. He swung aloft his cutlass over the head of a wretch who came in his way, and who happened to be a pale young man, dressed in black, with spectacles, and who looked like a doctor. But, just as the death-bringing weapon was descending in its swift course, upon its devoted victim, a new figure made his appearance in the scene, and brought salvation where before there was not even hope. This was none other than a large Newfoundland dog, who had before contented himself with howling, but who, now that danger threatened his master so imminently, seemed to acquire a new impulse. He sprang at the breast of Jaac, and fixed his long, sharp teeth deep into his flesh. The pain was severe, but Jaac dropped his cutlass, and clasping his hands around his assailant's neck, throttled him off, and strangled him with the ease that he would have crushed a caterpillar. The beautiful animal fell lifeless from his grasp.

The next person Jaac laid hold of was a young woman, of about seventeen years of age. She was a beautiful creature, and her long hair was all dishevelled, and her blue eyes streamed with a flood of pearly drops, and she fell on the floor, and clung to Jaac's knees, and looked up in his face with such a piteous expression that a very d——l would have spared her life.

"Don't kill that girl, Jaac," cried the colonel, "I want her. Kill that old woman."

"Want her, sir?" replied Jaac, with a hesitating look, at the old reprobate.

"Want her, sir?" iterated the pirate in a voice of thunder. "Ay, don't you see she is pretty? Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed that infernal laugh again.

"Oh! spare me, spare me," cried the fair victim—"save me from that worse than demon; or have pity, and strike your knife into my heart. Is there no mercy for a helpless girl? Have you a sister or a wife? think—oh! think of her!"

Jaac relaxed his grasp; a cold chill ran over him, the perspiration stood upon his brow, and he was near fainting on the spot. He had been married only about a year before, and to a girl so like—,it must, it must have been her sister. He dropped

his hands by his sides, and looked down with a vacant gaze at the lovely petitioner. The appeal was too much for him—he forgot his master, and saw and knew nothing but the face before him, which, strange to say, became every moment more and more painfully familiar. As she urged her appeal more earnestly, and passionately, pleading with a voice well accustomed to his ear, a mist seemed to fall from his eyes—his virtue returned to him—he could not weep, but he groaned aloud; could it be? that countenance! those eyes! that voice! "oh save me, save me, my husband!" shrieked the poor conscious girl, and Jaac in agony clasped to his breat his own faithful wife.

The old colonel did not seem to relish much this discoverey, or the change of conduct on the part of Jaac. He cursed him for a tender-hearted chicken, and commanded him, with a savage voice, to "hand over the girl."

"It's my wife, sir," said Jaac, suppliantly.

"What of that? you fool!" replied the colonel, advancing towards the clinging couple.

Jaac had no idea of surrendering his young consort to the gloating old rascal; so he picked up his cutlass, and made at him. He could strike, now, fair and hard, and he gave good blows too; but they went through his antagonist just as though he were a cloud. The colonel stood still, laughing at him, in his fiendish fashion; and he let Jaac cut him through, up and down, and crossways; still there he stood, sound, and whole, and laughing.

Well, at last he stopped short, and swore he wouldn't wait any longer, and drawing his pistol from his pocket, he struck Jaac with the stock a blow on the temples that sent him reeling against the opposite lockers; at the same time he seized the fainting girl, and bearing her utterly senseless, upon his left arm, he hurried up the companion-way and disappeared.

Jaac was on his feet again in a twinkling, and in hot and close pursuit. The spectre pirate was just shoving off from the ship as he threw himself over her side, so that he was only a few strokes of an oar behind. Then was rowed the goodliest boat race, and for the richest prize, too, that the country had ever seen. The "Raynortown Standard," in giving an ac-

count of the contest, remarked that the odds were decidedly in favor of the colonel at the start, for he was not only ahead, but he carried the least weight, being considerably ethereal himself, and not weighing over a quarter of a pound at the utmost, and having aboard, in addition, only Jaac's wife and his fire skull, that together would not raise a ton; while Jaac, on the contrary, was over a hundred and fifty himself, and had at least twenty pounds of stone, besides his eels, and a very heavy heart to pull with. This inequality however, was somewhat conpensated by the difference of the boats. The colonel's was broad and loggy, and looked for all the world like Charon's old ferry-er, and leaked so badly that Mrs. Spragg's frock got quite wet. But Jaac's was a trim, clean, long, narrow, tight, beautiful skiff. She walked over the top of the waves, flinging back their combing edges like the foam from the neck of a gallant racer. The husband fast gained upon the ravisher. Presently the pirate shot ahead, and created an awful distance between him and the despairing Jaac. When, joy! joy! in his eager speed, he left the safe channel and ran hard upon a sand bar. This good fortune brought up the lost distance of the skiff, and Jaac could almost touch the pirate-craft with his oar, when out jumped the old colonel, and with superhuman force, dragged the young woman out of his reach across the bar, and launced her into the opposite channel. This manoeuver threw the fisherman completely off the course, and he was obliged to back water, and go around the point of the bar. Now came the time for the last desperate struggle. West island, and Wanza's flats, and the Squaw islands, were all passed, and straight before the panting oarsman lay the spectre-pirate's home. There was the creek, glittering in the moon-beams, looking so virtuous and so happy, and there was the little hillock soon to swallow up—nay, nay, one struggle more—Jaac looked to the east, but not a streak of light was yet to be seen. He strained with a desperate exertion. In vain, in vain;—the pirate glided from him at tenfold speed, and a rescue was impossible. Like a vapor the spectre-skiff swept around the bend of the creek, and disappeared behind the high bank. Jaac saw no more; a long piteous scream fell upon his ear, and he became insensible of further suffering.

How long our adventurous friend lay in that condition, it is impossible to tell. But the next afternoon, some of his neighbors knew of the bet, and felt anxious on account of his not returning, went out to look for him. They found him in the bottom of his boat, fast asleep, high and dry, on a mud flat near Gin island. It seems that after he came to himself, he fell asleep from mere exhaustion, and drifted with the tide to the spot where he was discovered. When they waked him up he was quite stupid, and had a very confused, misty sort of notion as to where he was and what he had been about. When he was told that his wife was very much distressed about him, and was at home crying and wringing her hands, about the probable consequences of his fool-hardiness, the poor man was almost disposed to believe he had been drunk or dreaming. Like a prudent man, however, he said nothing, but steered for his house as soon as possible, and went to bed. The neighbors saw from Jaac's mysterious manner that something had been the matter, and the report soon got around that Jaac had an interview with old Colonel Tom.

The next day Jaac was more cool and collected, and he remembered all the occurrences of that fearful night with great accuracy and minuteness. He related the whole matter, without any reserve or hesitation, declaring that he thought it his duty to confess, and that he couldn't die happy unless he unburdened his mind, and that if he must swing for it, he couldn't help it. The good people listened to his recital with fear, and horror, and pity. Three justices met and took his examination, but the thing never went any further. Some say that the state's attorney entered a noble protest on account of Jaac's wife swearing he was home all that night which made an alibi. and that's enough to kill an indictment. Other's, again, wink their eye and look knowing, and say that Jaac was under a high pressure of steam that night. But this was a scandalous insinuation made, no doubt, by some of the friends of Ben Storer, who lost the bet. On the whole it is a very mysterious affair. There's a good deal to be said on both sides, as there is in fact about everything else . As for myself, sometimes, I believe it, and then again I don't believe it, but I think I have always believed the greatest part of it. But that's the end of the legend.

SPECTACULAR FEATURES OF INDIAN CAMP LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST

BY LOTTA ALLEN MEACHAM

ALL Indians love ceremony and display. The tribes of Northwest are no exception to the rule. Strong and lithe of body, possessing handsome tepees, gorgeous trappings, and fleet Indian ponies, relics of the barbarous past, they are able, at every possible opportunity, to reproduce the life to which their hearts and minds still turn. The assemblage of many of these Northwest tribes on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana for an annual visit and season of merry-making, is a fitting occasion for the recurrence of the strange and solemn rites of these native red men. For vivid setting, magnificent costumes, reality of action, and historic subject matter, their sacred ceremonies are comparable with any drama or pageantry of modern times.

On the banks of the Little Big Horn River two squaws are setting up a sweat tepee. They have dug a hole in the ground and are bending the long branches into a frame over it, similar in shape to a large bee hive. The opening is small and low. When all is ready, many blankets are put over the frame and tucked down around the bottom. Five or six thicknesses of woolen blankets keep the steam in and answer in place of the buffalo skin coverings of the not-far-away past. Near the entrance of the tepee several large stones are heating in an open fire; nearby is a bucket of cold water brought from the river. In the shade of a large family lodge those to take part in the ceremony are solemnly watching preparations, their blankets drawn close around them. Each of the bucks holds in his hand a bunch of twigs straight and even, with which to spray the water on to the hot stones. When all is ready, five bucks and three squaws creep through the low door, the hot stones are passed in together with

the bucket of water, and the blankets are let down over the entrance.

Together with the hissing of the water on the hot stones, and the faint clouds of escaping steam, a weird chant arises from within, shrill, solemn, and mystic, for this is the sacred ceremony, the prayer to the sun for health and life. Three times the blankets are raised to emit the stifling steam, an hour goes by, and then the solemn worshippers emerge, nude except for breech clout or scant slip, the perspiration streaming from every pore. For a moment they pause on the bank of the river, their wonderful, bronze bodies glistening like burnished copper in the sunlight, an unconscious mark for the camera man, and then they walk slowly down into the icy water without a tremor. They throw the water over their heads and shoulders, take some in their mouths, dip under a few times, come out, dress, and go their way, confident of another year of life and health.

The open air dance greets the visitor by echo and reflection long before the camp is in sight. It is night, the moon is full, and the firelight within the lodges casts a rosy glow over the camp. Nearer approach reveals many huge bonfires in the open court in the center of the camp blazing high through the evening dusk, and hundreds of bucks, squaws, and papooses dancing gayly among them. The nude bodies are weird and fantastic as they glide about in the firelight or crouch in the shadows, imitating a scouting party.

An old warrior, daubed from head to foot with red paint, wearing a long eagle feather in his hair, his eyes fixed on some far-away scene of carnage satisfying to his pride and honor, rises from the darkness brandishing a bowie knife in one hand, waiving a genuine scalp in the other, a trophy of the fray, and rushes through the crowd singing a shrill song of war glory.

The colorings of the costumes are gorgeous beyond description, and red, yellow, and green paint, bracelets, beads, and all manner of gay decoration are profuse. Young bucks smile on dusky maidens and then look in their hand glasses hanging on their wrists to see that the paint is well distributed and the war bonnet on straight, ere they compete for praise and applause for special feats of dancing. The older ones sit around on the ground

outside the circle zealously watching their off-spring. Many a squaw cannot entirely conceal her pleasure as she sees the attention given her daughter, and not a few chattering ones are doubtless chiding their indifferent bucks at sight of a better dressed girl or an unfavorable suitor.

The pretty daughter of American Horse steals away from her mother's side to join the Owl Dance. As they circle, the partners with arms around each other, slowly moving to the left to the music of the tomtom, she comes in sight of her father; he immediately goes forward, grasps her by the wrist, and leads her shamefaced back to her mother, for he is a haughtly old Indian; his daughter has chieftain blood in her veins, and she must not mingle freely with other tribes, or allow the bucks to put their arms around her. His little son, four and a half years old, is allowed to dance every night, however. His trappings are as elaborate as those of his father, and the eagle feather in his hair is almost as tall as he is. He is a true son of the chief of the Sioux nation, and his dancing education had not been neglected. He can imitate anything he sees about him and execute any of the contortions of the most wiry, but when two admiring little girls try to take hold of his hand in the Owl Dance he is as shy as any other child.

The energy of the musicians, the singers and tomtom beaters, is most commendable, as well as the substantiality of the tomtoms. "The more noise, the better the time," is the key of a successful dance, and judging from the fact that the musicians have to keep a finger over one ear in order that they may not become deaf from their own music, the dance is indeed a most enjoyable one.

The war dance, the scalp dance, the pipe dance, the tobacco dance, and the medicine dance follow one another in rapid succession, participated in by from four to six hundred Indians. Eagle feather war bonnets trail on the ground, gay beaded blankets sparkle in the firelight, skin garments with ermine trimming proclaim the rank of the older bucks, while the young men appear in a comfortable undress of breech clout and plentiful paint, revealing wonderful bodies and lithe muscles. Not a few of the participants in the war and scalp dances have taken active

part in these celebrations after a war raid or a successful scalping of the enemy, and the action is by no means unreal, nor is it hard to imagine that the scalps may still be dripping blood and the enemy lying dead in the coulee not far away.

These strange ceremonies of the native American, set off by the moonlight from above and the ruddy glow of the many camp fires round-about, makes a scene not soon forgotten and not easily described.

But perhaps the most spectacular of all events is the sham battle. The visiting Sioux are given the parade grounds in the center of the camp for their sacred war dance. Above, the sky is clear and blue, the air is soft, and the dim haze of Indian summer days adds a weird atmosphere appropriate for the festivities.

Solemnly, and with courtly dignity, the old warriors emerge from their tepees and gather in the circle, followed by the envious eyes of the younger generation. At the beating of the tom-tom, American Horse, the chief of the Sioux nation, comes forward as master of ceremonies. Only those who have actually taken part in the warfare of by-gone days are allowed a place, and many a warrior bears on his face and arms the proof of his eligibility. Several women, elaborate in elk tooth dresses and bright paint, enter the circle, their faces shining with the pride and dignity of the honor, for to unite with the male warriors in the war dance is the highest honor accorded to an Indian woman. Proudly the warriors keep step to the music, their war trappings glistening in the sunlight. There is nothing too good for this event; it brings out the special wardrobe of skins, beads, and ermine, preserved from the real war days of the participant not much over thirty years ago. A human scalp is the crowning feature of the decoration, and is filled with lesser trophies of the battle days.

Eloquent speeches are made, preference being given to those who possess the biggest scars. The action is realistic and earnest. Cautiously the red man skulks about looking for the enemy; a fierce buck glides noiselessly from the circle, gun in hand, crouches, aims, and fires, throwing up the dust in imitation of smoke. The wounded one staggers, topples over, struggles

for an instant, and is still. His conqueror steals up and hastily takes his scalp in very real pretense. A rescuer appears on the scene bringing forth another fight and another scalping. Part of the action is on horseback and part on foot. There is much mounting and dismounting, much loading of rifles, many shootings, and much "dust powder," followed by grunts of delight and satisfaction from first one side and then the other.

The Crow Indian braves, not to be outdone, gather their war party and make for the hills back of the camp, their beautiful blankets and war bonnets flying in the wind as their ponies dash madly up the hills. They race over the steep slopes, scatter on the bluffs, and scout the surrounding country, while two solemn sentinels on horseback stand guard over the hostile camp below. Satisfied that no other war party is at hand to come to the aid of the Sioux, the Crows gather in the coulee for a powwow. Their leader chosen, and the battle planned, they race down the step ravines, plunge into the camp, and encircle it, riding madly about the dancing warriors and capturing the village. Their horses are covered with foam and dripping with sweat, but the wild Indian ponies seem to fall into the spirit of the fray as their riders try to rival the others in horsemanship and the display of gorgeous trappings. Finally the horses are drawn up in front of the Sioux warriors, salute is given and received, and each Brave returns to his own tepee to dwell in fancy over the days when such life was the real life of the red man.

HERALDIC VISITATION—THE ORDERS

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

INTRODUCTION

I. Before the system of feudal tenure gave stability to aristocracy, it continued its power and influence by means of associating its members together in an order. This order obligated its members to protect and defend each other and to maintain their dominant position, founded on race-purity.

II. After the feudal system was instituted, the hereditary principle of succession, which belonged to members of the former order, was attached to the land, as a feud, and passed from generation to generation with prerogative of nobility.

III. When this landed tenure was broken, as in Canada, purposely as well as illegally, to deprive the aristocracy of rights of existence, and in the United States, the result of the democratic constitution of 1787, the measure failed entirely; for, the impulse created anew the original hereditary order and revived its inherent principle of race-preservation. The Aryan and Seigneurial Order has an emperor for a founder, however, and transmits its visible and authentic titles and arms, registered in a royally-constituted and treaty-recognized college of arms for a definite basis of *caste*.

III

ROYAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE

[Confederated with the Aryan and Seigneurial Order in College of Arms of Canada.]

THIS order was founded by His Royal Highness, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, at Glenfinnan, Scotland, in 1745, for those and their descendants who joined the Royal Standard in the Empire, and stood in arms for King, Constitution and Legitimacy against parliamentary usurpation, that, with dishonorable intent had subverted the an-

cient charters, laws, customs and institutions of the Three Kingdoms and the Provinces of the Empire beyond the Sea.

Prince Charles was proclaimed at the Market Cross in Edinburgh, as the Royal Heir, and his father, James VII, was saluted by the Kingdom of Scotland as Sovereign of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and Virginia beyond the Sea. For in Virginia, his Uncle, Charles II, had been proclaimed King by the Grand Assembly of Virginia, during the governorship of Sir William Berkeley, October 10, 1649, at the time that the Puritan parliamentary usurpation existed in England.

After the destruction of all legitimate rule in Britain by the "Revolution of 1688," the friends and allies of the exiled House of Stuart, indignant at the violation of every plighted faith to the ancient constitution on the part those who were too base both by race, and individual character to respect faith of any sort, and who had come to power in the land—these friends and allies cherished a hope for the restoration of ancient honor to authority in the Realm. Though few, their bravery and integrity had erected about them a greater renown than existed on the throne and in the court and parliament of the charletans and renegades at London who were gorged with the plunder of the Empire.

Prince Charles, heir to the legitimate throne and authority in Britain, determined to rely on the valor and nobility of these cavelier families, and by rallying them about the Royal Standard in battle array to attempt to win victory for truth and honesty.

He landed secretly at Glenfinan, in Scotland, in 1745, where he was met by his friends, the Lords and Chieftains of Clanranald and Moidart, who tried to dissuade him from the hopeless venture of overcoming with the swords of so few, even if so brave and loyal as the cavaliers, the crowned rascality of the Three Kingdoms, that already possessed the army, the navy and the treasury. But Prince Charles begged of their consideration. There was an assemblage of Chieftains, in which assemblage was one of the bravest and noblest of the English houses represented by the heir of the Lords of Widdrington (who was the hero of Scott's "Waverly"). At that gathering the bard to the accompaniment of the harp sang "Flora's Song";

"Ye Sons of the Strong when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the agèd remind ye to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefather's eye,
But it 'roused each high chieftain to conquer or die."

Then Prince Charles reminded the chiefs of Glengary, Clanranald and Slate, who marshalled the greatest number of men, that their ancestor, the Lord of the Isles, (de Ergardia) in the days of Bruce, brought unexpected aid to the cause of Scotish Independence at the Battle of Bannockburn under his banner of the Eagle of the North; that King Robert Bruce, when he rode along the line on that most auspicious day, exclaimed; "Lord of the Isles, my trust is in thee!" that that exclamation the Prince now saw revealed again in the motto of Clanranald, while the Mountain Eagle of the North was yet born in the fourth quarter of the shield of Clanranald and in full in the shield and on the battle-flag of Glengerry. Then the Prince declared that he had the same trust in the descendants as King Robert Bruce had in the ancestor, and that those gentlemen and chieftains who brought their adherents to the cause of Legitimacy under the Royal Standard in support of the Constitution and charters of the Empire should be enrolled, they and their approved generations in the family name forever, as Knights and Companions of the Royal and Military Order of the Mountain Eagle, each one of whom might wear a white rose suspended from an imperial crown. (Logan's "Scottish Gaël").

Remarkable victory followed the southward march of the lit tle band of Scottish clans and the few score of Norman-English and Irish cavaliers who joined them. At Preston Pans, Gen. Cope's veteran English army was swept from the field in a fifteen minute charge of the Highlanders. All foes were dispersed. The north of England was conquered but the little army dwindled away. There was no treasury, no commissary department. Foes were on every side, and it was decided to return to Scotland. Another English army was defeated on the way back, when weary, hungry and wretched the army of the Duke of Cumberland in three extended divisions was encountered at Collodun. Without artillery the Scottish clans charged the cannon and infantry of Cumberland on that fateful day. They smashed through two of

his divisionary lines, but their number had diminished in that fearful charge through two lines of foeman over a mile and half of soggy moor, before they could reach and penetrate the third line, and their energy was exhausted. They were compelled to withdraw, and, still holding the enemy in check, they retired in order and disbanded and went to their homes amid the hills of Scotland. Then commenced the butchery of the wounded by order of the Duke of Cumberland, who was enraged to think that his fine veteran army, fresh from victories in Europe, should have been able to effect so little against so few who were without even the commonest necessaries of warfare. That ignominious rascal was rightfully named the "Butcher." He became afterwards King George II and "graciously" adorned the "Court of the Georges" (see Greville's Memoirs).

A reward of £30,000 ($150,000) was offered to discover the hiding place of Prince Charles by the usurping parliament of England. For the Prince, after this battle and the dispersion of his followers, sought safety with one or two attendants in the lowly cottages of the clansmen of the Isles, and although it was some weeks before the Prince could find ship to take him to France, although English soldiers ransacked the hills in search-parties, there was no one so poor and miserable among the famished clansmen, who would gain a fortune and the consideration of a powerful government by betraying his place of refuge.

It is useless to go over the list of illegal confiscations and executions which followed the failure of this attempt of those who were fighting for a cause, recognized as legitimate by all the Courts of Europe, and whose followers were entitled by International Law to the "Rights of Belligerants" accorded in civilized warfare.

Those confiscations and executions were absolutely illegal; as such they were robberies and murders, and were so adjudged to be on the continent of Europe. But many Sons of the Mountain Eagle escaped to France and entered the army and navy of the allied French and Spanish monarchies; they were to be found afterwards in every court of Europe.

Others who had families and who could not get off to France, on account of the watch kept by the enemy, embarked for the American Plantations. The father of the Earl of Stirling, who was a

general in the war for American Independence, was an officer under Prince Charles. So was MacLeod, Lord Rasey, who was buried at Bennington, Vermont. Among others were Johnston, Marquis of Annandale of North Carolina, Mackintosh of Borlum, of Darien, Georgia. John Erskine-Marr, who bore the Jacobite title of Marquis of Garioch and was of the noble house of Marr, landed at Portsmouth, (Kittery) New Hampshire, and was of the earlier, or Earl of Marr's uprising of 1715-17.

There were in the colonies, before the coming of these, the Cavaliers who had stood in arms in old Britain for King and Constitution with Prince Rupert against the parliamentary Puritan usurpation of 1649, and who had come to Virginia and proclaimed Charles II as King that same year. The Marquis de Ruvigny, descendant of the gallant Sarsfield, has published in London the "Jacobite Peerage" containing the titles granted for valor and devotion, from the time of Charles I to the year 1747 under the White Rose for King and Constitution. To these must be added the Earldom of Dunfermline belonging to Baron Seton of Andria, "attained" for devotion to Legitimacy at an earlier period, and the "Forfeited" Irish baronies of the same epoch.

It is difficult in a first attempt to assemble together all the names of those who stood for Crown and the Charters of the Empire from 1640 to 1787, but the following are those who signed the Act proclaiming Charles II, King of Virginia in the face of the Puritan parliamentary usurpation in England on October 10, 1649;—Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia: In the Grand Assembly, for James City county, Walter Childs, Thomas Swann, Walter Barrett, George Reade, William Whittacker, George Dunston; for Henrico county, William Hatcher; for Charles City County, Col. Edward Hill, Charles Sparrow; for Warwick County, Col. Thomas Harwood, John Walker: for Nansmond County, Col. George Carter, Toby Smith: for Elizabeth City County, Capt. William Warlick, Joseph Robbins: for Lower Norfolk, Bartholomew Hoskins, Thomas Lambert: for Yorke County, Col. Ralph Wormley, Ralph Burnham: for Northumberland County, Col. Francis Poithers, Joseph Trussell.

Under the legitimate dynasty and constitution, the thirteen British colonies of America, beginning with Nova Scotia, had re-

ceived charters, in which the executive royal authority was chief and the parliamentary authority derivitive and confined as the name indicates, to legislative purposes. But after the "Revolution" in England in 1688 destroyed Royal authority and constitutional government through parliamentary usurpation, that usurpation looked to do the same thing in the American provinces by over-riding and bringing to naught the Stuart charters of those provinces and substituting therefore the rulership of a parliamentary faction of the English Democracy.

The American Provinces naturally combined to resist. It was in line of legitimacy to support the charters, in which Home rule was secured by executive power within each colony being autonomous through subinfeudation to the Crown. In this confederation parliamentary interference was tyranny.

The Sons of the Mountain Eagle who had fled to America determined to resist the Hanorverian usurper and his parliamentary "white cockade" and the badge of the Mountain Eagle. At the Stuarts—the Kings of France, Spain and Holland: they wore the first battle of importance—that of Bennington—Gen. Stark led his Scottish regiment in a charge that overthrew in a double engagement on that day two separate forces of the enemy. And the slogan that predominated from the Scottish ranks was "Remember Collodun" and "to Hell with the Usurper." It was by the efforts of these royalists, legitimists, alone that the power of the usurper was broken. Without their aid in procuring the military assistance of France, Spain, Holland and Prussia, American independence could never have been achieved. Without the Scottish bayonets at Bennington under Stark and the Scots of Kentucky at Saratoga under Morgan, the efforts of the other colonists would have been shattered at the very beginning like sticks of rotten wood. The aid of the allies of the Stuarts were Kings who would never have aided in establishing a democratic rabble in authority in America. Those who wore the "white cockade" and the Eagle of Glengerry never mistrusted that the insidious foes of royalty in the colonies—among the religious fanatics and anarchists of New England—among the Yankee Puritan democracy would have been able to have imposed a republican and levelling rêgime a rêgime of dishonorable money-worshippers and race-

haters, in authority. They never thought that Hancock, the defaulting treasurer of Harvard College and Adams, the defaulting tax-collector, Paine, the drunken reviler, and Ben. Franklin the dishonest Postmaster—(See Stark's "Loyalists of Massachusetts.")—would be the type of manhood of the government that better men had fought to maintain. But these demagogues, false, dishonest and full of chicane, plotted with an understanding among their fellows to deceive the honorable gentlemen with whom they were so illogically associated. Adams wrote to Gates in 1776:—"We are held back by the affection for a royal form of government in the southern colonies." Pollard, in his "Lost Cause" wrote:) "There could be no congenialty between the Puritan exiles who sought the cheerless shores of New England and the Cavaliers who drank Confusion to Roundheads and Regicides in their baronial halls of Virginia and the Carolinas."

When the Virginia government learned in 1776, that the underground purpose of the Northern demagogues, in separating from the British Empire was not for legitimacy, but for establishing a democratic rulership, Mr. Braxton was sent to Philadelphia to see if it were too late to forbid the Virginia delegates to vote for separation.

"It is useless to go further than this utter lack of honorable consideration on the part of the Republicans in America. To their party flocked those of a similar mind and congenial origin, who were stimulated by the thought of gaining an office for their votes. From that time the White Cockade of Legitimacy gave place to the black one of the Federalists and the Red one of the Democrats. But strangely enough, the Mountain Eagle became the emblem of the Republic of the United States, in spite of John Randolph's suggestion that a goose would be more appropriate. As for the Royalists, they were as much surprised at the terpidute of the Republicans as was the King of France. And the King of France was so little inclined to credit the fact that he was warming a Democratic viper into life to bite him unto death, that for services to the cause during this war, he erected the Marquisate of Alainville in Northern New York and bestowed it on the Seigneur Chartier de Lotbinière. But in the persons of Tom

Paine and Tom Jefferson, the viper of Democracy entered France to found there the "Sons of Liberty" for the purpose of cutting the throat of the King who had set them free."

"Patrick Henry (nephew of Robertson, the Scotish historian) denounced in the Virginia Convention those who framed the Republican Constitution of 1787, since, as he said, "They had been commissioned to amend the old system not to create a new one."

"President Lowndes of South Carolina—descendant of a Landgrave of King Charles II—declared that he wished for no better epitaph than: "Here lies the man who opposed the Constitution of the United States because it is destructive to the liberties of America." Madison, Mason and Grayson of Virginia moved against republican, democratic government in the same Convention."

"No party was free to form a new government, since all parties had bound themselves by their oaths "lives, fortunes and sacred honor" to maintain the integrity of the provincial charters."—(See "Hon. Matthew Forsyth and the Scottish Influence" American Historical Magazine January, 1908).

But no one could trust the majority of the Yankees. By fraud, by craft, such as they have illustrated in their commercial life, in painted hams, wooden nutmegs, adulterated food, confidence-schemes and "watered" stock, they carried on their polluted political and social careers until in the North, the honorable Scots, especially of the royalists who had settled there, either went into Canada, or South into Virginia and the Carolinas, or again crossed the Sea. Virginia and the Carolinas gradually growing weary of the uncongenial and disgustinng association verged toward civil strive in 1861-5, to free themselves therefrom. The fate of that unhappy struggle has finished their aspiration in the death of the "Chivalry of the South" which perished on the battle field. It should not be forgotten that, at the outbreak of the war of 1861-5, the Charleston *"News and Currier,"* in an inquiry on the form of government most desired by the Southern Confederacy, concluded from the replies received that one modeled after the ancient, legitimist type, transferred from the colonial charters of the Stuart Reign, would be the best. And the Southern Confederacy chose as its battle-flag the Saltire Cross of St. Andrew of

Scotland—the same flag with a red saltire however, on which were charged the thirteen stars for the states that ceceded from the Republican Democracy.

* * * * *

This order of a Mountain Eagle is reorganized for the remnant of that gallant band of Cavalier, Jacobite and Legitimist descendants in Europe and America. The requirements are:—

I. A belief in the principles of legitimacy;—that is in the transmission of the hereditary customs and traditions of ancestry regarding purity of race, supremacy of the Class of Honor in the State over Wealth and Number, and the hereditary rulership of an executive authority, preserving its power to act for the conservation of customary law against legislative infringement; finally the supremacy of the family over its estates, units and dependants.

II. The honorable fulfillment of word and obligation on the part of the candidate and his adherence in support of other members in time of need.

III. A descent in the male line of the family name from a known supporter of Legitimacy, King, Constitution and the Royal Charters of the Provinces of the Empire; from those who joined the Royal Standard of Charles I, including those who rallied about the proclamation of his son Charles II in Virginia in 1649, down through the "Raising of the Standard" in 1715 and 1745, and the defense of the Royal Provincial Charters against the usurpation of 1776-83—except those who openly or seditiously in this defense, schemed for the overthrow of the same in the imposition of democratic rule.

The uniform dress for gentlemen of the Order is the Scottish Highland costume of myrtle green with the Balmoral bonnet, and the Royal Stuart, tartan-plaid except in those instances of members of Scottish families desirous of wearing their own plaid. The Highland broadsword and skene are also worn as well as the decoration of a white enameled rose suspended from a golden crown.

The arms of the Order are:—barry of 13 argent and gules (for the 13 Royal Provincial Charters which were the last governmental relics of the Stuarts). Over all from dexter to sinis-

ter a bendlet, the upper part engrailed in five points or, each point terminating in a white rose, the bendlet commencing on its chief point and ending on its base point. Crest: the black Eagle of Glengerry displayed, charged on the breast with a white rose suspended from a royal-crown. Motto: "My trust is in thee." Supporters: two unicorns of the Scottish arms. The shield, royally crowned.

HERALDIC MARK.

Families of this Order emblazon above the shield a chaplet of nine white roses, five in front view. If any member bears a coronet of any other rank it is placed immediately above this chaplet of roses.

ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE

[Proclamation by Ralph von Cram the Prior, and Alfred John Rodwaye the Registrar.]

To the Companions and Associates of the White Rose in North America

GREETING:

For personal reasons that can only command our profound respect, the first Prior of the North American Cycle of the Order of the White Rose, the Reverend R. T. Nichol, C. W. R., has resigned his office, which, by operation of the charter now devolves upon myself.

In making this, my first official communication to the Cycle, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret for the loss we have sustained through the resignation of one to whom the Cycle, the Order and the Cause itself owe a debt of enduring gratitude. Under his wise and devoted guidance the White Rose has been established on this continent, and has begun that growth and development that now remain in our hands. Let us see to it, that its progress is worthy of its origin, and if in time any meas-

[NOTE: The Order of the White Rose, while not connected in any way with the Order of the Mountain Eagle, except by common sympathy and similarity of requirement and decoration, shows, in this its manifesto, the wish and aspiration of the best people in America. This Order is not in any way connected with the College of Arms in Canada, principally because its requirement does not insist on armigerous Aryan ancestry.—de Fronsac.]

ure of success rewards our labour, let us take care to remember the services of him who was so largely instrumental in making this possible.

I need hardly remind you that although no longer filling the office of Prior, Mr. Nichol still remains a companion, ready to bring all his loyalty and devotion to the furtherance of those objects to which we are consecrated.

It is now three years since the seal was affixed to our charter. During this period a most encouraging number of companions and associates, all men, have come to us; every man being of marked loyalty. The time has been one of preparation: no vigorous attempts have been made to enlist the sympathies of men not already connected with us, no action of moment has been taken, since it was felt that for a time at least we should chiefly consider questions of policy and administration and prepare the organization for the future. Many points have been considered and decided upon and it falls to me to communicate certain of these to you.

In the first place it seemed wise at the outset to admit only men to membership, and until now this course has been pursued. The time has come, however when the reasons that once justified this position no longer exist, and at a session held on the 19th of March, 1899, it was voted that for the future the membership of the Cycle should consist of both men and women. This rule will date from February 8, 1899, the anniversary of the murder of Queen Mary I and 11. In admitting women to the North American Cycle O. W. R., we are making but a small acknowledgment of the great debt owed to them by the Cause of loyalty and honour. Without the record of their steadfastness, self-sacrifice and devotion, the Cause would lose half its roll of glory.

The period of preparations having passed, it has been decided that the North American Cycle shall enter into more active work. A first requisite of this is that we should increase our numbers, and enroll all those that sympathize with our objects and principles. To this end every companion and associate is earnestly urged to enlist the sympathies of all whom he may know that accept the principles of the Order, and to send their names to the Registrar, that blank applications may be forwarded to them. We

wish as soon as possible to establish Cycles in different portions of North America, and thus obviate certain of the difficulties that must necessarily follow from an attempt to extend an homogeneous society over so large a territory. A cycle should certainly be founded in Canada at the earliest possible moment, and we look to those who are resident there to see that their number is sufficiently increased to make this possible.

As a first measure tending toward action it has seemed to us that a small quarterly should be published containing news from various sources pertaining to loyalty, legitimacy and righteous government, comments on current political events, theoretical, historical and literary essays, genealogical and heraldic papers, and all such matter as must be of interest not only to the Order, but to those not actually connected with it. A committee has been appointed to investigate this matter, and if a favorable report is given we hope very soon to be able to proceed with such a publication.

In engaging in a more active propaganda, one thing should be clearly held in mind. While we owe our existence to the Order in Great Britain and are honoured in the intimate connection that exists between us, we are yet established in a distant land, surrounded by different conditions, with new problems confronting us. In the fundamental principles for the defense of which we are constituted, we are at one with the Order throughout the world: loyalty, chivalry, honour, the defence of lawful government and legitimate Princes, denial of the heresy of popular sovereignty, the upholding of the Divine source of power, belief in a monarchical system of government at having Divine sanction and as being the best guarantee of liberty; devotion to the memory of our martyred King and to the Royal House of Stuart—in all these things we must hold with the Order that gave us life, and work earnestly and loyally with it in all things. But in the matter of practical action, the action that is for to-day, that is taken towards the amelioration of local and contemporary conditions, here we must act as the peculiar circumstances may demand.

We must give our loyal sympathy to the work of our kinsmen over seas for the defense of monarchical government throughout the world, and, if it should be so, for the restoration of the rightful

line of monarchs in Great Britain; such of us as live in the territories of the British Crown on this continent must in duty and in honour hold these causes supreme, but for such as live in the Republic of the United States, these latter questions must be secondary to those that press upon us by reason of our personal allegiance.

However much we may deplore the corruption and evil of existing political conditions, whether or not we regret the action that resulted in our separation from the British Crown, even if we may deny, as we must the truth of the democratic principles of popular sovereignty and equal political rights, we are yet loyal Americans owing allegiance to no foreign Prince, citizens of a State that we must hold to be independent and legally constituted, even though its basis be false in theory and unchristian in principle.

I say that the United States is independent and legally constituted. The revolution of 1775, whether or no we may hold it to be unavoidable, is yet an accomplished fact. The result is a new nation, and whatever political changes may occur either in England or America, re-union is neither possible nor desirable, either for the good of this country or that other that gave us birth; a firm and loyal alliance between the two great Anglo-Saxon states will be a surer guarantee of world dominion and a more perfect safeguard of true liberty and righteous society than would be a restoration of the ancient unity and identity. The revolution is an accomplished fact and must be so accepted. Erected in accordance with all civil laws the United States most surely is; it is for us to strive that its foundation be made more consonant with Divine law and with the eternal principles that should govern human society.

The Cause in Great Britain and France and Spain and Italy is clear and simple, but with us it is grievously complicated. An usurping dynasty drove our ancestors to revolt and revolution. An independent government was established that has endured without question and in spite of inconceivable and increasing corruption for more than a century. No Prince claims sovereignty over us, no royal house can demand our allegiance. There is none within our borders that has the right or the power to

overthrow the existing order and establish a dynasty. An hereditary monarchical government is for us an impossibility as far as many can now foresee. This fact we must recognize, and accepting it turn at once to such efforts as may result in making better that which we have.

Two charges may be brought against the government of the United States. First: It is based on a false conception of the nature of power and the essence of sovereignty, and on a foolish theory of political rights. Second: It is corrupt and inefficient in its workings, demoralizing in its influence on civilization. Yet it may be so reformed as to prevent these evil results if the fundamental law is so amended as to place it on the true basis of lawful government, and the organization of the State laid out on lines harmonious with this basic principle. Such reforms are not impossible of achievement, indeed, we have but to turn to the scheme of government laid down by, perhaps, the greatest man this continent has ever known—Alexander Hamilton—to find a system that, even if it does not admit the true doctrine of the source of sovereignty, is yet based very justly upon it. Almost by accident, Hamilton's Constitution was abandoned for the democratic follies of Jefferson, and no man can assail us if we endeavor to reorganize our government on Hamilton's just and noble lines.

Were the Hamiltonian system substituted in place of the false and inadequate Jeffersonian scheme, the second charge that may be made against our government would no longer be possible, for we should then have a system that would be stable, dignified and efficient, the "practical politician" would be eliminated, the civil service would become permanent and no longer subject to the "spoils system;" private legislation and interference in the government by a venal and incompetent Congress would cease, and in all its machinery and methods our government would not differ from that of constitutional monarchies.

We must labour for the establishment of such a "modus vivendi," for existing conditions are no longer tolerable, while they presage the imminent downfall of even such government as we now have; they are the sole safeguard against anarchy. These practical reforms once established, the substitution of just

and accurate theories of civil rights, of individual liberty, of the source of power and of the nature of kingly authority in place of the foolish and illogical ideas that now obtain and are our unwelcome heritage from the dark ages of the eighteenth century, would be a matter of no great difficulty.

I do not mean that the two tasks, the practical and the theoretical, must be separated; they must proceed together, but the practical reforms are instantly imperative while they are also actually possible of immediate achievement, the theoretical reforms demand a revolutionizing of the entire mental temper of the people, a thing doubly hard to obtain. It is our duty to accept the labour that lies closest to hand, entering upon it gravely and reasonably, while at the same time we do all in our power to overthrow the erroneous theories on which our present régime is based, compel the acceptance of the true principles of government and political economy. I shall shortly deal with this subject more in detail, and submit my conclusions to you for your approval. In the meantime this may be accepted only as an outline of the policy of the O. W. R. in America, for which I would ask your concurrence and support.

But it is not for us to regard only our duties as components of the body politic, there is yet another obligation that rests upon us, and one that I must refer to even though I believe it to be firmly accepted by every member of the Order. The White Rose is the symbol not only of loyalty and faithfulness to lawful rulers, and of undying devotion to the Princes of the House of Stuart and the cause for which they suffered, it is as well the emblem of all loyalty of heart, all personal faithfulness and devotion. Those who died for their God and their King in the Great Rebellion, and in the "fifteen" and the "forty-five," were the type of all singleness of purpose, all perfect loyalty, all noble devotion in all relations of life, in all personal and social intercourse. We are unfaithful to the memory that we revere if we do not give all our strength to the labour of standing with them in these qualities that God honours above all else. We cannot lay down our lives for our King, but we can hold them at the service of those that are dependent on us, whether friends or kindred. Without this, our labour is of no avail. With it we

may accomplish much of that for the achievement of which we are constituted.

As our kinsman during the gloom of the interregnum watched and prayed for the Restoration, so do we in a new land, a later time. "For the coming of the Restoration;" this might almost be our watchword, but it is the restoration not only of just and Divinely sanctioned government, of righteous and orderly society, but of all those ideals of chivalry and honour and personal devotion, cast down and destroyed by the anarchy of the last two centuries, the chiefest of which is perfect loyalty to God and His Holy Church.

ORDER OF THE BARONETS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

[Confederated with the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire in the College of Arms of Canada, Hon. Thomas Scott Forsyth, Registered-General.]

The Order of the Baronets of Nova Scotia was organized and named by James VI, King of Scotland, May, 1611. The order was was established in Nova Scotia in 1625 by King Charles I, of Scotland, etc." in order to advance the plantation of New Scotland in America and there to found a colony." A feudal fief with jurisdiction and representation in the council went with each title in the province, and no one was eligible to the order but those having a grand-father (paternal) entitled to armorial rights in the noblesse of Scotland. A Baronet of Nova Scotia was qualified to add supporters to his arms and bear the seal of the province in an escutcheon in his shield. This escutcheon is azure with saltire argent, having an inescutcheon of the shield of Scotland, Royally crowned over all at the center. The same escutcheon was borne as a decoration suspended from an orange ribbon. The last title of this order that was granted was by Queen Ann in 1707. The parliamentary usurpation in Britain is inimical to the order because it is legitimate. In the Gentleman's Magazine of 1775 it relates; "Nov. 20, several Scottish Baronets appeared at Court in the insignia of an order which has lain dormant for near 150 years. It was originally called a Nova Scotian order and has lately been revived" . . . "The Earl of Suffolk, Earl-Marshal, immediately required that the claims of the Baronets to the distinction of wearing the ribbon and jewell of their order should be referred

to His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General for Scotland." The Baronets responded; "Our lives and fortunes we would without fear trust in the hands of your lordship, but we cannot submit our family honors to that body."

Although the parliamentary usurpation has been established by fact in spite of law in Britain, it has been repudiated according to law in America, where the Baronets of Nova Scotia of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order have been re-organized with right to succession to the next of kin (Salic code) in family name, and their arms and rank are valid in the College of Arms under the Clause of May, 1664, of Louis XIV and the terms of the Treaty of 1763.

BATTLE-ROLL OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

[In Aryan and Seigneurial Order. By the Hon. Thomas Scott Forsyth, Registrar-General.]

Lord Dorchester, representing His Majesty, George III, the King, as governor-general, summoned the Privy-Council of Canada to meet him in the Council-Chamber at Quebec on Monday, 9th Nov., 1789, and intimated to said council that it was his desire "to put a mark of honor on those families who had adhered to the unity of Empire and had joined the Royal Standard in America before the Treaty of Separation of 1783."

The Council concurred with his lordship, and it was ordered that;—"The several Land-Boards take course for preserving a Registry of all such persons falling under the description aforesaid to the end that their posterity may be discriminated from future settlers in the Parish-Registers and Rolls of the militia in their respective districts and other public rememberances of the Province as proper objects by their persevering in the fidelity and conduct so honorable to their ancestors, for distinguished benefits and privileges."

And it was also ordered that the said Land-Boards may in every case provide for the sons of those Loyalists as they arrive at full age, or on their marriage, assigning to each a lot of 200 acres, more or less, etc."

The letters "U. E." (United Empire) were placed after the name of each as an inheritable distinction. But the radical government that in times past had conspired against the Crown, Con-

stitution and Empire to sell the country to the enemies of state for personal and party profit, purposely neglected, when in power, contrary to said law and constitution, to continue the registry of distinction so valorously and honorably won by those patrician families. Uniting with the descendants of the Seigneurs of Canada, Baronets of Nova Scotia and other consular nobility of the Provinces holding hereditary privilege and right of race-distinction under the College of Arms of Canada established in 1664, the descendants of the Loyalists were Confederate with these in 1880 in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire under the chancellorship of the late Frederic Forsyth, Viscount de Fronsac, and the Loyalist Registry of the old Land-Boards was incorporated with the Registry of the College of Arms under a council chosen by the Order at Montreal in 1895, and the rights of decoration, arms and representation were demanded by this council to be fulfilled according to the law and constitution of the Empire.

In 1907-8 the Aryan and Seigneurial Order invoked the aid of the Baroness Dorchester, who is the hereiditary President of the Council of the Loyalists, which her ancestor founded; and the Earl of Galloway, one of the principal Baronets of Nova Scotia; who with the Seigneur, the Baron de Longueuil, form the Supreme Council of the Order, and a petition was prepared for the Royal intervention so that these Constitutional and legitimate rights established by law shall be observed. It was decided by the College of Arms of Canada, that, in addition to the letters "U. E." after the name of all descendants, that it was in the spirit of Lord Dorchester's Act that the special distinction of "Banneret of Quebec of the United Empire" be accorded the descendants in the male-line of the family name of those Loyalists who had manifested their loyalty in the higher rank of officers—military and civil—and descended from an armigerous ancestry from Europe. This higher rank is in no way disparaging to the other "U. E." Loyalists. This rank is admitted to the College of Armes and to the Aryan and Seigneurial Order as a continuation of the original distinction already belonging to those thus designated.

Lady Dorchester paid from her own purse for the manufacture of the die for the decoration which is worn by this nobility

of the Order, which decoration is made by permission of the Herald-Marshal of these united orders in each case, by Spink-maker to the King and the Order of the Garter of London, England.

SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE ARYAN AND SEIGNEURIAL ORDER.

Duke of Veragua—Madrid, Spain, Grand-Seigneur of the Empire.

Baron de Longueüil—Po, France, Chancellor of the Seigneurs.

Earl of Galloway—17 Upper Grosvenor St., London, Signer for the Baronets of Nova Scotia.

Baroness Dorchester—Graywell-Hill, Winchfield, Eng., President of the Bannerets of Quebec.

Viscount de Fronsac—Herald-Marshal; Hon. Thomas Scott Forsyth, Registrar-General, Cornwall, Ontario, Canada.

Chancellors—Louis Denys de Bonnaventure, Château Aytré, Charente Inférieure, France; R. P. De Laronde, St. André d' Argenteuil, Canada; Sir John Heron Maxwell, 9 Wilbraham Place, Sloan St., London, Eng.; Baron d' Entremont, Pubnico West, Nova Scotia.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMES OF CANADA

Rev. John Burke Pyke, M. A., 19 Hanover St., Montreal, Canada; Henry Black Stuart, The "Linton," Sherbrooke St., Montreal; Michel Parant Mingan, Seigneur de Mingan, 25 Craig St., Montreal.

H. E. St. George—Official Heraldic-Artist, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

REQUIREMENTS OF MEMBERSHIP.

I. Descent in the male-line of the family-name from a seigneur of the Empire or of Canada, a baronet of Nova Scotia, a banneret of Quebec, or of the consular noblesse (military or civil officers) settled in the Provinces since the passage of the Loyalist Act of Quebec of 1789, who were accredited armigers and members of the feudal aristocracy of Europe.

II. The candidate must be honorable in his word and reliable

in his act; a royalist pledged to oppose the growth of parliamentary usurpation over the royal prerogative and the rights of nobility.

The Order is military; the Seigneurs and Consular Noblesse dress in dark-blue, red facings; the Baronets in myrtle-green with yellow facings; the Bannerets in scarlet with blue facings. The sword is of the cavalry-type. The leggings are tight and buff; helmet of the German pattern with white plume; belts are of gold-lace.

The decoration is a cross of St. Louis of white enamel, charged at the centre with a shield empaling France (royal) and Scotland, surmounted by the Imperial Crown and crest, and engirt by a ribbon bearing the motto; "Dieu et mon Droit." On the reverse, the cross is charged with the Imperial arms of the Emperor Charles V, the founder of the Order. The Seigneurs suspend this decoration from a clasp of seigneural patterns by a blue ribbon; cadet lines not bearing the clasp. The Baronets suspend it from yellow ribbon and baronet clasp; the Bannerets suspend this from a red ribbon and banneret-clasp; cadet lines not having the clasp. The consular noblesse suspend the decoration from a blue ribbon without the clasp.

The arms of the Order; on the breast of the black two-headed eagle of the Emperor Charles V, imperially crowned, and bearing in each talon a sword of Malta, a shield quartering the arms of Great Britain, France (royal), Spain (Castile and Leon) and Holland: over all an escutcheon, barry of 13, argent and gules, having a bendlet or, brochant, engrailed on the upper side of five points, each point terminating in a white rose. Motto: "Imperium in Imperio 1798," [which was the date when the Order took the Royal prerogative up in America that had been cast down by parliamentary usurpation.]

Seal of the College of Arms and of the legitimate government in Canada: a shield empaling France and Scotland (for New France and Nova Scotia). Supporters; dexter, an angel of the arms of Royal France; sinister, a unicorn of the arms of Scotland. The College of Arms uses this seal without the supporters. The Legitimist Council of Canada uses this seal *with* the supporters.

HERALDIC MARK.

The Seigneurs bear, as coronet, a plain gold circlet, the upper rim of which is engrailed in 9 points [five visible, front-view;] on each point a fleur-de-lys and in each space, a pearl. The Baronets bear a similar coronet whose points terminate in a thistle-head with pearls between. The Bannerets bear a similar coronet whose points terminate in roses with pearls between.

The eldest line emblasons the cornoet in gold; cadet lines in silver.

If any member is a Seigneur and Baronet, the coronet has ten points alternating in fleur-de-lys and thistle-heads, five front-view. If any member is a Seigneur and Banneret the ten points alternate in roses and fleur-de-lys. If any member is Seigneur Baronet and Banneret, the coronet has 9 points alternating in thistle-heads, fleur-de-lys and roses.

NOTES.

Outside the confederated Aryan and Seigneurial Orders, and the Royal and Military Order of the Mountain Eagle, the Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose, and the Association of the Manorial and Titular Grantees, are distinguished families entitled to register their pedigrees and arms, and as such to become associate members of the College of Arms of Canada.

These families must fulfill certain requirements and are divided into the following ranks and are registered in the following books; Section I, Registry II; Manorial and Titular-descent in male-line of family name from an ancestor in the American provinces who was a manorial or titular grantee before 1783. Section II, Registry II; Consular Rank-descent in male-line of family-name from first ancestor to America before 1783 who was royal-councellor or magistrate, or who used coat-armor, proven by colonial seals on documents, mortuary-notices, book-plates, family-silver, etc.

Section III, Registry II;—Burgess Rank-descent in male-line of the family-name from a first ancestor to the American provinces before 1783 who was a land-owner and proprietor and an officer military or civil of town, county or province.

Section IV, registry II; Alumnal Rank-descent in male-line of

the family-name from a first ancestor to America after 1783 who was a person of property and consideration and connected by evidence and letters acceptable to the commissioners of the College of Arms with families in Europe of the armorial distinction claimed by the candidate.

HERALDIC MARKS FOR THESE RANKS.

The marks of authenticated recognition for these ranks registered are:—*Manorial and Titular,* a silver octofoil charged with an azure maple-leaf and suspended from base of the shield by white ribbons. *Consular,* an azure octofoil charged with a gold maple-leaf and suspended from base of the shield by azure ribbons. Burgess, an octofoil gules, charged with a gold maple-leaf and suspended from base of the shield by red ribbons. Alumnal, an octofoil vert, charged with a gold-maple-leaf and suspended from base of the shield by green ribbons. For dress-occasions, families registered are authorized to wear rosettes of the colors of their octofoils, each charged with the gold maple-leaf and with ribbon streamers.

JUDICIAL COURT OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS OF CANADA.

This court consists of the Grand-Seigneur of the Empire in America, the Presidents of the Seigneur of the Empire in America, the Presidents of the Seigneurs of Canada, of the Baronets of Nova Scotia, Bannerets of Quebec and Consular Nobility and the Herald-Marshal.

COUNCIL OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS.

The Herald-Marshal, the Registrar-General, the Commissioners, and the officers of the Mountain Eagle, Yellow Rose and Manorial and Titular Grantees to whom the annual reports are submitted for publication on approval.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Each year during the Summer the United Orders and Associates of the College of Arms meet at Cornwall, Ontario, Canada, for ceremonies of investiture in full costume. These ceremonies

are historic in character. One day is set apart for each Order. The rest of the time is interspersed with tourneys, parties, sports picnics, dances, etc., giving to the Annual Assembly the distinction of being the only place of meeting of the heraldic and historic nobility and gentry of America.

THE IMPERIAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF THE YELLOW ROSE SUPREME-COUNCIL

Chief-Regent;—Dr. Joseph Gaston Bulloch, 2122 P. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Vice-Regent;—Mrs. George W. Brown (neé Mary d' Antignac Cuthbert), Washington D. C.

Regent for Great Britain;—Miss Hilda Maud Paterson of Birkwood, Banchory, Scotland.

Registrar;—Miss Jane Cary Fairfax, Washington.

Herald;—Rodney Horace Yale, Beatrice, Nebraska.

Secretary;—Mrs. Robert S. Beale (née Sophia Clarkson Stuart) Washington.

Treasurer;—Ethelbert Fairfax, Washington.

Marshal;—Marcus Benjamin, Washington.

Regent for Colorado;—Lucius Montrose Cuthbert.

Regent for Georgia;—Miss Emma Hamilton Bulloch.

Regent for South Carolina;—Mrs. William N. Heyward.

Regent for Maryland;—Mrs. John C. Wrenshall (née Lettitia Humphreys Yonge) Baltimore.

Regent for Wisconsin;—Mrs Joseph Shepard (née Jane Marie Yale) Beloit.

Regent for Kansas;—Mrs. Martha Gray, Lawrence.

Arms of the Order; vert, cinqfoil in form of 5 armed cross, or; Supporters; two lions rampart, argent. Crest; an Imperial crown. Insignia; a golden cinqfoil charged at the centre with a black two-headed eagle. The cinqfoil is suspended on a dark-green ribbon from an Imperial crown.

Requirements for membership;—Descent from some one of the Imperial, or Royal Houses of Europe, but the candidate's own family-lineage must be in the family-name of European ancestor to America before 1775 who was a landed-proprietor,

a councellor, judge, magistrate or other officer, military or civil, or one who bore coat-armor (proven by colonial seals on documents, mortuary-notices, family-silver, etc). If after 1775, the ancestor must be proven to have been an accedited member of the European aristocracy of feudal origin.

Heraldic Mark;—A family is authorized, on registration in the College of Arms, of Canada, to bear suspended in the centre chief an escutcheon of the Royal House from which the descent is derived, with the Imperial, or Royal, crown of that House over the Shield where the upper lines of the shield and escutcheon join.

Court-Dress;—Black dress-suit, gilt buttons stamped with crown, gilt epaulettes, cocked-hat, yellow plume and silk stockings, short dress-sword, brass-scabbard, cloth of gold waist and sword-belts over vest and under coat.

History;—In Dr. Bulloch's little book on this Order, it states:—"It would appear that before 1806 an order of chivalry was formed in America, known as the Imperial and Military Order of the Yellow Rose, and on the scroll of the order, the following names are found:—Viscount de Fronsac, John Millege, Augusta, Georgia (late Governor); John Irvine Bulloch, Judge Archibal Stobo Bulloch, Savannah; Noble Wymberly Jones M. D., John Glen, Chief-justice of Georgia; Major John Habersham, W. Harden and J. Maxwell, all of Georgia; James de Veaux and John Rutledge, of South Carolina." "This Order was revived May 11, 1908, by Dr. Joseph Gaston Baillie Bulloch (grandson of John Irvine Bulloch and great-grandson of Chief-justice John Glen, and also descended from Dr. Noble Wymberley Jones)—the title of 'military' being left out and the proviso added that none but those of Royal descent shall be hereafter admitted to the Order."

"After several meetings and consultations, the following constitution was adopted and application made for a charter, which was granted under the laws of the United States in the District of Columbia on the 15th of June 1908."

"PREAMBLE"

"Whereas all should keep a perfect record of their ancestry in order that future generations may be able to prove whence

they come, and also be able to connect their record with others, that a true and authentic history may be compiled and a faithful and accurate account be made of descent from illustrious progenitors, so we, bearing in mind our descent, have formed this order to be known as the Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose to be composed of those of Royal lineage."

"NAME"

This order shall be known as the Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose."

"LOCATION"

"The location of the order shall be in the city of Washington or wherever the Chief-Regent may reside."

"OBJECT."

"The object of this order shall be to unite the descendants of all those of Royal descent, male and female, into a body or order of chivalry and is not strictly confined to residents of America, but to all persons of Royal lineage in Europe, America and elsewhere, and to collect and preserve all genealogical and historical data."

"GOVERNMENT."

"There shall be a surpreme council composed of officers of the order, who shall make laws for the regulation of the order (and also an officer for each state or country to be known as Regent) and the following officers;—Chief-Regent, Vice Regent, Herald, Registrar, Secretary, Treasurer, Marshal and such other officers as shall be created by the Chief-Regent or supreme-council."

"QUALIFICATION."

"All ladies and gentlemen of any country who are of Royal lineage and who belong to the Aryan race."

"ROSETTE."

"The rosette shall be a yellow rose with a white five-pointed star in the centre."

"DUES."

"The dues for life-membership shall be ten dollars.

"ADMISSION."

"Admission to companionship in the order shall be solely through the Chief-Regent, except in the case of Great Britain when admission shall be through the Regent of that country."

This modern order, based on the ancient, in requirements of gentility, with an added recommendation of Royal lineage, has not the same political purpose or rather it has not pronounced on any political purpose.

But the ancient Imperial Military Order of the Yellow Rose derived its name from the golden rosette certain members of the old Seigneurial Order of the Empire wore in the South and which many members of the allied Royal and Military Order of the Mountain Eagle assumed in the plan of forming a new Empire in Louisiana, which might continue the splendid traditions of the Empire of Charles V in the New World, and draw from their unwilling union in the new republic, those adjacent Southern States, where as southern historians attest, the cavalier and Jacobite sentiments well ill-mated with the Puritan Yankee democracy of the North and its crude and dishonest schemes of Government and society.

Now what gave a nucleus for organization was the state of affairs in Canada and Louisiana. In Canada after 1791, the violation of the Treaty of 1763, and the Canada Act in confirmation of the same of 1774 by the radicals of Parliament and the stupidity, ignorance and imbecility of the usurping House of Hanover on the British throne in neglecting to maintain the constitutional rights of the crown and noblesse in Canada, made necessary a reorganization in 1798 of the Seigneurial Order of Canada which proposed to take up the matter and maintain the above rights itself, even by force of arms, and to put on the head of a more honorable and legitimate family, the Crown that subsists solely by treaty observation.

At this time Louisiana had received many royalists of the feudal noblesse of old France who had sought safety there, after the

"Reign of Terror" in France had destroyed the base of all government. These, with the descendants of the Seigneurs already in the Province-la Ronde, Villeray, St. Denis, Martin de Lino and others—were hostile to the English, whose ships filled the Gulf of Mexico awaiting an opportunity to wrest the province from Spain, to which monarchy it had belonged since 1763. By the union of these elements, the Order in 1798, became again the Order of the Empire in America and with the direct object of expelling once for all the English democratic and parliamentary usurpation over executive and constitutional government in America. The result hoped for was the restoration of the system of the Empire of Charles V. A branch of the Order was founded at Savannah, Georgia, in which many of the most noble and distinguished of the manorial and consular families of Carolina and Georgia were enrolled. Among them were several of the sons of the Mountain Eagle who had come to Georgia with the Chief Mackintosh of Borlum. But the plan received a sudden reverse when Napoleon caused Spain to cede Louisiana back again to France and then, for fear that the British might seize it, he sold it to the United States in 1800.

When, however, Napoleon learned of the secret purpose and organization of this Order of the Empire, (whose members adopted a yellow rosette as their badge) he regretted his hasty action in selling Louisiana. He had crushed the hydra-headed democracy in France and he looked on its likeness everywhere as the divorce of honor and merit from government and the substitution therefore of the baser passions of ignorant and servile multitudes led by lowborn and dishonest demagogues.

Adams was now President of the United States (referred to by Canning as "that rascal Adams"). Gen. Turreau was Napoleon's ambassador to the United States and it was through Gen. Turreau's letters (published in France) that Napoleon learned of the extensive order that reached from Quebec down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence through the Gulf States to Savannah and Charleston, that planned to save those states from parliamentary and democratical tyranny by ceceding from the Yankee democracy of the North and rejuvenating the Empire of Charles V.

On Sept. 15, 1806, Gen. Turreau received a letter (published in

Les Recherches Historiques de Quebec of 1897) from J. Perreault and Finley de Grospin of Quebec who declared, that (besides their Canadian force)'' in a council they had the promise of support of the Indian tribes of the West to drive the English from the country and place it at the disposal of the Emperor.'' On Oct. 4, 1806, a letter was received from Capt. Turner of Quebec in which it was declared; ''The hour is come to assure the glory of France by the conquest of Canada and Nova Scotia . . . we have concerted all our plans (for the capture of Quebec) . . . we have enough to form a garrison until aid arrives from France.''

Gen. Turreau responded by a note through their messenger—Mr. Johnson—that, before acting it would be necessary for the French to know positively the extent and power of the movement, to judge whether the proper time was at hand; but, that, when the time came, the movement would be sustained and aided to its accomplishment.''

Oct. 27, Perreault and Finley de Grospin responded by pointing out the illegitimate parliamentary régime that had taken the place of legal authority in Canada: ''They treat us as a conquered people. Parvenus tyranize over us. These tyrants avoid the punishment of their thieving and crime by a profession of a loyalty that any vulgar interest might purchase. They are few in number. The greater part of the population languish and suffer. * * * If ever a cause merited the support of justice it is that of the Canadians.''

Col. Aaron Burr offered his services, but was not accedited the Order. His services, no doubt were accepted. In Parton's ''Life of Burr'' is a list of some in the Middle States who were actively interested and who would have migrated from the corrupt and mongrel democratic society of the Yankees. The names given are: Gov. Alston of North Carolina; Gen. John Adair of Kentucky; Mr. Edwards (grandson of Rev. Jonathan Edwards); the Swartouts and Hon. Marinus Willet of New York; Dr. Eric Bollman and Gen. Dayton of Ohio; Col. Dupiester; Gen. Andrew Jackson; Commodore Truxton; Gen. Eaton and ''4000 others'' (p. 411). Col. Charles Williamson, a Scottish Jacobite, was their accredited agent in Europe (p. 412). Matthew Ogden and son of New Jersey; Edmund Randolph

and John Wickham of Virginia, and Luther Martin of Maryland were additional members. One man joined the movement only to betray it; he was Gen. Wilkinson in whom was conjoined the nature of the knave and the confidence-man. The members had $40,000 in their treasury (in case of failure of the greater plan) towards establishing a "barony" on the Washita which they had purchased, where with the élite, they might "continue a society unsurpassed for culture and armed to defend itself" (p. 410-11).

In 1809, the Chavelier Le Blonde de Saint Hilaire was sent by Napoleon on a secret mission into Canada to commence to unite the various forces of the Order for action. On March 24, 1810, the Chavelier and general Le Blonde de Saint Hilaire wrote Gen. Turreau from Utica; "I have arrived yesterday from Canada. I have faith that you will be satisfied with my work."

In May, however, the English parliamentary officials in Canada made discoveries and became alarmed. The governor, Sir. James Craig, put a price on the head of Francis Cazeau (who escaped) and imprisoned the Seigneurs Taschereau and Bedard and Lefrançois and Blanchet.

In Dec. 1810, Le Blonde de Saint Hilaire rendered his account to Gen. Turreau thus: "An expedition against Canada would be equivalent to taking possession. All hearts and all arms, even of the Indians, would be devoted to the Emperor Napoleon. The English are so well convinced of this disposition, that if the French flag appeared at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, that their troops would be obliged to retire on Quebec and Halifax and we would be masters of Lower Canada without burning a cartridge."

In quitting the embassy, Le Blonde de Saint Hilaire promised to return to Canada and put himself under orders for this accomplishment, but he died suddenly (perhaps by poisoning).

Gen. Turreau, on his return to France wrote:—"If the French government wishes a *point d' appui* in the New World, I think it could not obtain it without continental possessions. * * * The possession of Canada would be assured because it would rest in the willingness of the people. * * * Whoever knows

North America will agree that a landing of French troops would produce an electric effect over the Canadians and over the Indian tribes prolonged through the West. I have seen and I have heard. * * * Above all of the regard for His Majesty. * * * Such an event would give new life to the Spanish colonies even. I wish to say, that the two Mexicos, where the English have acquired some commercial influence, would respond against them. * * * The only obstacle to fear is the secret opposition of the United States government. The Yankees hate the Canadians who return it."

In the furtherance of this idea of the Empire of Charles V in the New World, Napoleon, in 1811, by the secret Treaty of Fontainbleue, when he seated his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain, recognized in compensation, Carlos IV as Emperor of the Americas—a title it was Napoleon's wish to make valid. But the disasters of the Russian campaigne, the European cöalition against him, the captivity at Elbe, the last struggle of the "Hundred days," not to mention the loss of his fleet, postponed the denouement, until Waterloo made its reälization impossible.

After that, began the dissolution of the Order of the Empire and its abeyance until re-organized as the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire in America in 1880 by the principal descendants.

From its history, the conception of the Order was grand. It had been revived as a protest against the treachery of demagogues as well against the imbecility of an usurping Royal house. In the United States, the republic had repudiated the war-debt of 1775-83, purposely to rob the colonial aristocracy and as a bid for popular favor—especially in the North. Gen. George Rogers Clarke, who had conquered the North-west and Commodore John Jaul Jones, who, had won the first sea-fight, were robbed and driven into foreign lands, where under monarchical governments their talents were recognized. The era of mongrelism in politics, society and ethics had been ushered in with the Yankee democracy superposed over the broken charters of the old colonies.

But the new Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose preserves the record of this first rally only as a heroic memory, while in the fu-

ture it seeks to aid its families to maintain their race-purity and the qualities by which that race-purity has been illustrated.

ASSOCIATION OF MANORIAL AND TITULAR GRANTEES OF AMERICA.

[Affiliated with the College of Arms of Canada.]

This association was formed in 1910 by the Brent family of Maryland, the nearest heirs and successors of the Lords Baltimore, who were the founders of the Manorial Order of the Province of Maryland. This family of Brent, who themselves had the Manorial Lordship of Fort Kent, is about to obtain through the efforts of Mrs. Dunbar Hunt, 138 E. Fortieth Street, New York City, (nee Brent, daughter of the Hon. Robert J. Brent, late Attorney General of Maryland,) the following charter for the above association:

"The Council of the College of Arms of Canada, by authority to continue the arms and honors belonging with the feudal, manorial and consular distinction of families distinguished under the old Empire and Kingdoms in America and derived from noble European progenitors, valid by treaty and constitutional law in Canada under the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, pledged in unbroken continuity by the King, George III to the King, Louis XV in the Treaty of Cession of Paris of 1763, which pledge agreed that there should be no fundamental change of the rights belonging to the ancient order, "under any pretence whatsoever" being already established by treaties of the previous Kings of France with other monarchs extending back to the Emperor Charles V and the establishment of the Seigneurial Order of the Empire in America, beginning with the Duchy of Veragua in 1540; the above Treaty confirmed by the Canada Act of 1774, the Provincial Acts of 1778 and the Loyalist Act of Quebec of 1789—all these authorities have been consolidated in the above Council through the confederated union of the Seigneurs of Canada and of the Empire, the Baronets of Nova Scotia, the bannerets of Quebec and the Consular Noblesse established in Canada—who alone have inherited sovereign prerogative in such matters according to the 'Ordonances de la Noblesse' decided by the States-General of the old

monarchy, which the Treaty and the above Acts have guaranteed to be the law in Canada."

"Acting under this right of continuation by prerogative, confirmed under seal of King George III by said Treaty and Acts, the Council of the College of Arms of Canada hereby and herewith delegates authority for the re-organization of such families that have held manorial fiefs and titles with haute, moyenne et basse justice in Maryland, Carolina and New York and adjacent Provinces from European Emperors, Kings and Princes from the earliest date to the date of the Treaty of Separation of 1783 in America. This authority to re-organize said manorial and titular families of the Ancient Régime into an order to be known as the 'Association of Manorial and Titular Grantees of America,' given by Arrêt du Conseil in the College of Arms of Canada to."

The arms of said Association shall be, azure, 3 towers argent, mortised sable—2 and I, over the shield a Royal crown. Crest; a cap of maintenance. Supporters; dexter, a unicorn of Scotland; sinister, a lion of England. Motto;—"Foi et Hommage."

"(Signed) de Fronsac, Herald-Marshall."

"Thomas Scott Forsyth, Registrar-General, John Burke Pyke, Henry Black Stuart, Michel Parant-Mingan, Seigneur de Mingam-commissioners."

LORDS OF THE MARYLAND MANORS.

[Affiliated with the College of Arms of Canada.]

In the beginning when Lord Baltimore began the settlement of the colony of which he was, by grant of the King, sovereign lord-proprietor, he decided that an aristocracy was as necessary a part of state as a democracy and that its function must be maintained in independence; that its true Gothic meaning of right to rule should be exemplified. This was in 1634 after he had brought over the first settlers to the shores of the Chesapeake. However, although the Assembly refused to pass his "Bill for Baronies," he possessed sufficient authority from the King as lord-proprietor, to establish manors with hereditary magistracy attached thereto.

But in regard to the power of the lord-proprietor to do these

things:—In the first place, the Statute of Quia Emptores, which had been enacted in the reign of Edward I, in 1290, and which decreed that in all sales, or "enfeoffments" of land the grantee should bear allegiance, not to the immediate lord or grantor, but to the King, was set aside in favor of Lord Baltimore by the King, Charles I, so that in Maryland, Lord Baltimore was sole tenant of the Crown and had the power of erecting manors as though he were the King himself. While allegiance to the King was preserved, oath of office was administered in the name of the lord-proprietor and all writs ran "In the year of our dominion."

Now the lord of a manor has right to hold court and to judge all cases happening within the limits of his manor, except the crimes of murder, counterfeiting and treason. This right is hereditary so long as the manor passes in the family of the grantee, from father to son. If the manor is sold, all rights pass to the purchaser. At first no one could possess a manor but a descendant "of British or Irish"; but in 1683 it was decreed that manors might be held by "any person living or trading, in the province, with the approval of the lord-proprietor."

The ancient records show that the manorial system died out, not because it was unpopular, for no complaints are registered against it, and the benefits as founders of the Province which the lords of the manors conferred on the people, could not be forgotten. But what caused it to decline was the introduction of slavery. Many ignoble and unscrupulous but enterprising persons began to use slaves on their places to do the work. A manorial grant did not authorize slavery. This was in the latter part of the XVII Century and as time progressed, the lords of manors found themselves steadily falling behind in revenue, owing to the small return which their tenants gave them. They were eclipsed in splendor of display by the low-bred but wealthy parvenus whose places were worked by slaves. So one by one, yielding to temptation and the pressure of events, the lords of the manors descended from their exalted position, sold the portion occupied by tenants to those tenants and with this money purchased slaves to work the portion reserved for themselves. In this way the manor disappeared in the plantation.

Those who read this should not forget that the Lords of the Manors of Maryland were the Founders and Patricians of the Province. Lord Baltimore recognized them as such in the writs by which he endowed them with manorial rights. He permitted that any one finding favor in his sight as a proper person and bringing wealth and people to the Province, might acquire such manorial rights with the possession of at least 2,000 acres.

LANDGRAVES AND CACIQUES OF CAROLINA

(Affiliated with the College of Arms of Canada)

From the beginning of Albemarle Sound to St. Marys River and as far in the interior as the French lands of the Mississippi was a fief of King Charles II of Great Britain and Ireland, named in his honor, Carolina. The administration of this fief he delegated to several lords—proprietors at the head of whom was the Duke of Beaufort. The country was divided into 12 counties; each county into 8 seigneuries, 8 baronies and 24 communes. The titles of Landgrave (ranking with earl) and Cacique (ranking with viscount) were granted certain meritorious gentlemen who undertook to civilize the country, settle in it and aid with arms, advice and treasure in establishing and ruling it.

A Landgrave received four baronies and a Cacique two, each with a seat in the provincial council and high-court. Tracts of land of more than 3,000 acres and less than 12,000 might be erected into manors with courtsleet. The communes were divided into lots for tenants to hold of the lords-proprietors if they did not wish to settle on the land of the landgraves and caciques. Every tenant and colonist was abliged to swear allegiance to the King and the Constitution of the Province.

The high-court, or parliament, consisted of at least ten members, one half chosen by the lords-proprietors and one half by the free-holders; but later, seven became the number to represent the lords-proprietors.

This government of which the nobility was the controlling factor, subsisted until 1692, when the King purchased from the lords-proprietors their sovereignty and issued a royal charter

by commissions to the governors. The province became divided into North and South Carolina and the Landgraves and Caciques, although parting with territorial privileges, retained their titles and their right of race-representation, with other aristocracy in the province, being exclusively eligible to the council of the province; the lower house, or Assembly, being created for the representation of the free-holders.

PATROONS AND MANOR-LORDS OF NEW YORK

The States of Holland had the earliest establishments in New York. This territory was called New Netherland and was colonized under management of the Council of the Dutch West Indian Company early in the XVII Century. The colony extended from the Connecticut River to Maryland. True to the feudal law of Europe, the aristocracy was represented in the administration and in fiefs with magistracy. Section III, Charter of New Netherland, Vol. I, p. 370, N. Y. Hist. Coll., Second Series, declares:—"That all such be acknowledged Patroons of New Netherland who shall within the space of four years next after they have given notice to any of the Chambers (or Colleges) of the West Indian Company here (Amsterdam) or to the commander-in-chief there (America) to undertake to plant a colony there of fifty persons to be shipped from here."
* * *

"IV. That from the time that they make known the situation of the places where they propose to settle colonies, they shall have preference of all to the absolute property of the lands which they have chosen."

"V. That Patroons by virtue of their power, shall and may be permitted at such places where they settle their colonies to extend their limits twelve miles along shore."

"VI. That they shall possess forever and enjoy all the lands within said limits * * * and also the chief-command and lower jurisdiction. * * * No person to fish or hunt but by permit of the Patroon. * * * And when one or more may establish one or more cities, he shall have power and authority to commission officers and magistrates."

"XIX. No colonist or servant shall be permitted to leave his Patroon without permission."

The fleets of King Charles II captured New Netherland, and the States of Holland ceded the country to that monarch as a fief with the following stipulations in the Treaty of Breda;— "Security to property, liberty of conscience and of discipline and the maintenance of existing customs." These termes were fulfilled and King Charles II and King James VII (II) created in addition several manorial fiefs after the manner in which those were held by the Dutch Patroons.

Besides their local jurisdiction of territorial sovereignty, Patroons and Manor-lords shared with other colonial aristocracy rights of race-representation in the provincial council.

REQUIREMENTS OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATION OF MANORIAL AND TITULAR GRANTEES OF AMERICA

I. Descent in direct line of the family-name from a manorial or titular grantee, or descent through some daughter of a manorial or titular grantee, provided said descent is in the family-name of an European ancestor to America who was a land-owner or proprietor, a councellor, judge, magistrate, or other officer, or one proven to have right to coat-armor by colonial seals on documents, mortuary-notices, book-plates, family-silver, etc., before 1776. If after 1776, the ancestor must be proven an accredited member of the feudal aristocracy of Europe by testimony of some legally responsible member of the family of which he claims to be a member, supported by other historic evidence.

HERALDIC MARK

The manorial or titular family is authorized on registration of proofs before the Registrar-General of the College of Arms of Canada, to bear the College manorial coronet over the shield, consisting of a gold circle whose upper rim is engrailed into nine points in the form of small squares arranged at an interval of the width of a square apart; each square surmounted by a

pearl with a pearl in each interval; five of these squares are seen from front view.

The eldest line bears this coronet in gold, cadet-lines male of the family name in silver; female-lines, or those descended from daughters, in azure tint. Female-lines in addition quarter the arms of the manorial or titular descent which gives them this right with their paternal coat.

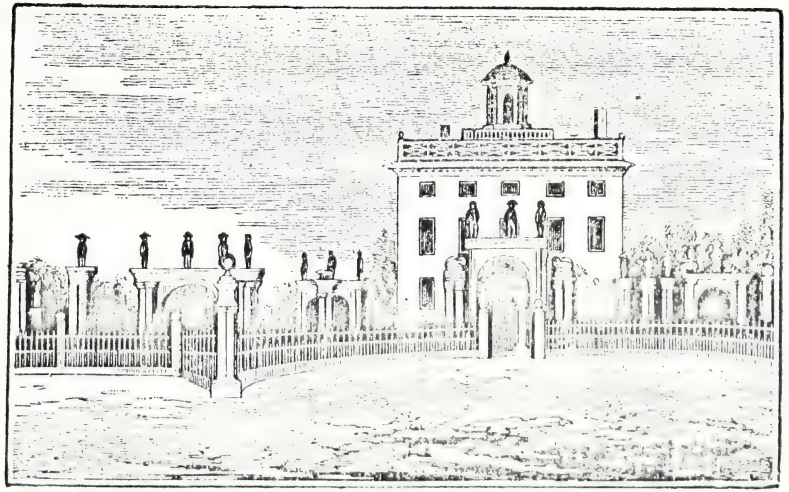
COURT-DRESS

For grand ceremonies and the yearly assemblages of the College of Arms at its Canadian summer court, a black-dress suit is worn with silver buttons stamped with a crown; silver-lace epaulettes, cocked hat with azure plume, silk stockings, short dress-sword in nickel scabbard, silver lace sword and waist belts over vest and under coat.

DECORATION

On cross *ancré* of blue enamel, rimmed with gold and with gold balls on points of cross, a silver tower at center; on the reverse, a scroll with legend; "foi et hommage." the cross suspended by azure ribbon from golden Royal Crown.

(*To be Continued*).



TIMOTHY DEXTER'S MANSION AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

From an old print



JUNE, 1910 No. 6

Americana

Illustrated



National Americana Society
154 East Twenty-Third St
New York

AMERICANA

June, 1910

"LORD" TIMOTHY DEXTER

An Eccentric Pre-Revolutionary Character

BY S. R. KNAPP

SANCHO PANZA never longed to be a governor more ardently than Timothy Dexter yearned to be a lord. If a real title of nobility could have been bought with money, this celebrated magnate of pre-revolutionary days would gladly have paid the cash necessary to gain an authentic patent; but as, unfortunately for him, nothing of this sort was procurable, he adopted the expedient of bestowing the title upon himself, and, so far as practical results were concerned, the self-conferred honor seems to have answered the purpose quite as well as a more legitimate title would have done, for everybody called him "Lord Dexter," and it is thus that he will be known as long as he is remembered.

Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, near Boston, Mass., in 1743. As his parents were of the "pooi but honest" class, he had little opportunity to take advantage of the few educational privileges that were open to him, and, at the age of fifteen years, he was sent to Charlestown, Mass., to become an apprentice to a leather dresser. As it was about this time that the trade learned how to dress skins in such manner that they would remain both elastic and soft, there was a great demand for leather, especially for women's shoes, and, for many years, or almost up to the beginning of the Revolutionary War, there was no lack of profitable employment in this field of industry.

At the age of twenty-one, Dexter went into business for himself, and, later, he married the widow of a leather merchant—a woman who had been left in very comfortable circumstances. So wisely did he manage this money that they suffered few privations during the war time, and were even able to carry out a unique speculation that finally resulted most profitably for them.

As every student of history knows, the period from the peace of 1783, until after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in 1789, was a time of greatest depression. The old Continental money had depreciated in value until it was worth but a trifle more than nothing, while the securities offered by the State of Massachusetts were themselves quoted as worth but two shillings and sixpence on the pound. All this meant great pirvation for the patriotic holders, who had accepted this money for their seven years' services for their country, who could now get little more for it than though it were trash.

It was about this time that John Hancock, then governor of the Commonwealth, and Thomas Russel, a wealthy Boston merchant, began to buy the script in the hope that they might help to restore confidence in the securities, and, when this fact was brought to the attention of Dexter, he determined to follow their example. In taking this step, however, he was actuated by a different motive than the governor and his friends. They made their purchases at reasonably high prices with a view to making better quotations for the securities. He bought at the best bargains that he could make, and as he purchased in comparatively small quantities, he succeeded in getting the money very cheap. In this way he invested, not his own savings alone, but all his wife's money as well, and, when the Hamilton funding system went into operation, he became one of the wealthy men of the nation.

Finding himself a man of vast means, Dexter began to aspire to a position in the upper classes of society, but in this attempt he made little headway. The aristocrats of Boston would have nothing to do with him. Even the upper classes of Salem turned their back upon his pretentions, so, finally, he turned his attention to Newburyport, then, as now, one of the most attractive of sea-port towns.

Here on a high spot, about a quarter of a mile from the river, and commanding an extensive view of the sea, Dexter bought a large house, which he rebuilt into a "palace" which was destined to attract attention as one of the most spectacular private residences in the world.

When this estate was purchased, everything about it was in the best of taste, but it was not to his taste. He first raised minarets on the roof of the mansion, each surmounted with gilt balls. In the garden, which extended several hundred feet along the highway, he set up rows of columns, none less than fifteen feet high, on which to place colossal images carved in wood. Directly in front of the door of the house, on a Roman arch of great beauty, stood the figure of General Washington in his military garb. On his left hand was Jefferson; on his right, Adams, the latter uncovered, for Dexter would suffer no person to stand at the right of Washington with a hat on. On the columns in the garden there were figures of Indian chiefs, military generals, philosophers, politicians and statesmen. In all, there were over forty of these images, and all were in good condition when Dexter died, in 1806. But, while he always took the best of care of them, and regarded them as among his most valuable possessions, he was not at all stable in his selection of those whom he deemed worthy to be so honored. Thus, if he raised a column to a great man to-day, he reserved the privilege of changing the name of the statue to-morrow. Often the painter's brush made or unmade a hero, or a genius, for General Morgan yesterday became Napoleon Bonaparte at a word's notice from his "lordship."

Dexter even put himself among the great men in his garden, and on his column could be read the scarcely modest inscription:

"I am the first in the east, the first in the west, and the greatest philosopher in the known world."

In furnishing his house, "Lord" Dexter insisted that everything should be in the newest fashion, and, as some of his agents in Europe were men of excellent taste, he secured many valuable articles. In the choice of pictures and books he endeavored to exercise his own judgment and was woefully swindled, a fact which—as he seldom looked at the paintings and never read the books—he little suspected.

At one time, his passion was for horses, and here he was more in his element. As the result, with his coachman's assistance, he succeeding in maintaining a fine span for his carriage—a magnificent coach, with, painted on either side, the coat of arms that he had stolen from the Peerage.

Hundreds of anecdotes are still told of Dexter, all of which tend to indicate that he was one of the most eccentric of men. At the same time his eccentricity does not seem to have seriously interferred with his ability to make money, for, as long as he lived, he continued to add to his fortune, either by judicious speculation or by the exhibition of sound business judgment. It would be interesting to know how much of the witlessness he displayed on almost every occasion was assumed for the purpose of making himself conspicuous, as if he deemed it more desirable to be talked about for his foolishness than not to be mentioned at all.

In business, however, he was anything but the fool, although he sometimes permitted his eccentricity to extend to his commercial affairs, as when he sent a boat load of warming-pans to the West Indies. Sending coal to Newcastle was a deed that had been done many times, but warming-pans to the Indies! It was so ridiculous an idea that the wise shippers of Newburyport laughed themselves half-sick.

They did not laugh when the ship returned, however, for then they learned that "Lord" Timothy had netted a goodly sum by his venture. The pans had been eagerly bought in by the sugar-makers of the islands, who found they made most convenient syrup ladles.

Of course, it is hard to say whether this result was due to Dexter's good judgment or if it was merely a bit of good fortune for which he was in no way responsible. We know, however, that he displayed excellent judgment on many occasions. His purchase of government paper was a masterly speculation. Years later he was again laughed at for having been led to take so many shares in the new chain bridge over the Merrimac, yet here he once more showed his wisdom for, for more than forty years, the bridge paid an annual dividend of twenty-five per cent.

At another time, a rigger of one of his vessels called upon him

for a large quantity of "stay stuff." Dexter rode from Newburyport to Salem and Boston, purchasing all the whalebone that he could find until he had collected the amount required. When laughed at by his workmen for his stupidity, he took the bantering good naturedly, assuring them that he should lose nothing by the mistake. Again he was right, for not many weeks passed before it was found that he had "cornered" practically all the whalebone in the country and could command his own price for it.

This experience gave him an idea from which he frequently profited. By inquiry he would find if any article was scarce in the market, and, if so, he would buy up all he could find, a course by which he often doubled or trebled his investment. In fact, it was not long before he had acquired so great a reputation for shrewdness that merchants were almost afraid to sell him the goods he ordered, fearing that the price would suddenly rise, although they could see no reason for it.

"Lord" Dexter was ambitious to be known as a lover and patron of learning, and, in emulation of the kings and other great men of Europe, he added a poet laureate to his household. This bard, who bore the somewhat unpoetical name of Jonathan Plummer, was a very erratic youth who had supported himself for several years by teaching school and writing verse. His qualities as a school master are attested by the fact that he never occupied any but the most undesirable and poorly paid places, and the nature of his verse may be imagined from the following stanzas taken from one of his odes to his patron:

Lord Dexter is a man of fame,
Most celebrated is his name;
More precious far than gold that's pure,
Lord Dexter shine forevermore.

His noble house it shines more bright
Than Lebanon's most pleasant height;
Never was one that stepped therein
Who wanted to come out again.

* * * * *

In heaven may he always reign,
For there's no sorrow, sin, or pain;
Unto the world I leave the rest,
For to pronounce Lord Dexter blest.

Prior to his employment by Dexter, Jonathan Plummer had been accustomed to seize upon all the terrible accidents, drownings, suicides, and hangings, and, ornamenting his sheets with pictures of coffins, and spreading them over with eulogies, elegies, and "warnings" in prose and verse, he sold them to the public from his "literary cabinet," as he called the basket on his arm.

While Plummer's salary as an attache of "Lord" Dexter's household was small, he was furnished with most splendid livery. It consisted of a long, black, frock coat, with stars at the front corners and on the collar. The coat was fringed wherever fringe could be attached. A black under dress; shoes with large buckles; a large cocked hat, and a gold-headed cane completed his attire.

Having astonished the world in so many and varied ways, "Lord" Dexter determined to add to his achievements by turning author, and that he might establish in the eyes of the world the versatility of his genius, he wrote "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," a work that at once brought him into greater public notice than he had heretofore been able to attain. People who were unacquainted with Dexter and his Newburyport neighbors, found it difficult to make anything out of the book, and one of the author's critics dubbed it "a galamathies of all the saws, shreds, and patches that ever entered the head of a motley fool."

As a matter of fact, this book was so absurdly ridiculous that no small degree of ingenuity must have been exerted in preparing it, for his lordship not only spurned all the laws of composition, but spelt from the light of nature, and left common sense to put in the punctuation. Fearing, however, that the stops might be forgotten, he assembled them all on the last page, where he requested the readers of his narrative to "peper and solt it as they plese."

The following lines from the opening chapter of the book give a slight idea of the appearance of the pages:

"Ime the first Lord in the younited States of A mercary Now of Newburyport it is the voise of the peopel and I can't Help it and so Let it gone Now as I must be Lord there will follow many more Lords pretty soune for it Dont hurt a Cat Nor the mouse Nor the son Nor the water Nor the Eare then goue on all is Easey Now bons broaken all is well all in Love Now I be gin to Lay the corner ston and kee ston with grat Remembrence of my father Jorge Washington the grate herow."

So popular did this little book become that a second edition was soon required, and, since the death of the writer, it has been reprinted on several occasions, and it is this curious work that will probably cause Timothy Dexter's name to be remembered long after his other achievements and personal eccentricities have been forgotten.

THE STORY OF THE PUBLIC LANDS

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE, THE OLDEST GOVERNMENT BUREAU

BY FRED DENNETT

Commissioner of the General Land Office.

THE history of our public-land system is divided into three epochs—that of sale, of development, of reservation.

One billion eight hundred and forty-nine million seventy-two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven acres was the maxium area of the public domain; 259,171,787 acres were ceded by the States to the United States for this purpose; 1,589,900,800 acres the area purchased or ceded. From this total there must be deducted lands in Tennessee, which, by the act of February 18th, 1841, were given to that State for disposal. The lands within the boundaries of the State of Texas never became part of the public domain. There are left today of this vast area 731,354,081 acres, of which 368,016,038 acres are in Alaska. The remaining acres have been disposed of by the United States under the various laws passed for that purpose—by direct sale to individuals or associations, by grants to States for school or other purposes, by grants in the aid of the construction of public roads or railroads, by direct grants to individuals for military or other services, and acquisition by individuals under the various public-land laws of the United States. This has been during the period which has elapsed since 1776 to date, during which time the United States has increased in population from 2,500,000 to some 88,566,034.

The history of the progress of the United States has been hinged with the history of the disposition of its land. Out of the

vast domain which was in the early days considered to be desert have grown populous settlements, from the rugged hills of the mountains have poured wealth of gold and silver, and on western waters have been carried commerce equal to that of nations. The East hardly appreciates what it owes to the principalities which have been forged out of this public domain.

Their workshops which have been kept busy and the hundreds of thousands who have been employed therein have been supplying material with which the pioneer in the West might conquer the unbroken soil. While he secured his timber from the neighborhood, the nails with which he fastened the planks together were bought from the factories in the East. The cotton goods out of which the thrifty housewife made dresses were woven in the mills of the East. The rails which were needed to lay the tracks to carry the goods from the Atlantic seaboard were made in a portion of territory which while at the time of the Revolution was West, was to be considered and is now considered a portion of the East. We used to say that the bread basket of the world was in the territory at one time called the "Great American Desert." In fact, without the marvelous development which has taken place during the last century throughout the public lands of the United States we would have remained in this country a puny nation without the resources which have rendered us absolutely independent of any other country.

The history of the public domain is the history of the General Land Office. The land office is not a bureau which has been developed owing to force of circumstances, but it is the oldest bureau in the government service, and the officers who had the duties which are now exercised by the Commissioner of the General Land Office were given powers at the time of the organization of the Government and have retained those powers and duties, enlarged of course by the passage of various laws, not so much changing the organization as adding to the office further responsibilities.

When this country by its act of independence asserted itself as a nation, it found that owing to the war of the Revolution, it had debts, but no money with which to pay them, and worse than that, it did not have any completed system of taxation under

which the money for the payment of the debts could be raised. In the colonies large estates had been donated by the English Government to various individuals. The idea of property in land was well implanted in the minds of the people of the country. The colonies under their grants claimed jurisdiction over extensive tracts, and these presented in the minds of those who had to meet the obligations, the first available asset for the purpose of paying off the obligations of the States.

As early as September 6, 1780, Congress passed a resolution pressing upon the States which had claim to the western country a liberal surrender of a portion of their territorial claims. In October of the same year, referring to this resolution, Congress bound the United States to dispose of these lands for the common benefit of the United States, and that they be

"Settled and formed into distinct republican States, which shall become members of the Federal Union, and have the same rights of sovereignty, freedom and independence as the other States; that each State which shall be so formed shall contain a suitable extent of territory, not less than 100 nor more than 150 miles square, or as near thereto as circumstances will admit. That the necessary and reasonable expenses which any particular State shall have incurred since the commencement of the present war, or in maintaining posts or garrisons within and for the defense, or in acquiring any part of the territory that may be ceded or relinquished to the United States shall be reimbursed; that the said lands shall be granted or settled at such times and under such regulations as shall hereafter be agreed upon by the United States in Congress assembled, or any nine or more of them."

This request not meeting with any response, on October 10, 1780, the resolution was passed calling attention to the former resolutions to the effect that they had not been complied with, and reading finally as follows:

"That the same subject be again presented to the said States; that they be urged to consider that the war now being brought to a happy termination by the personal services of our soldiers, the supplies of property by our citizens, and loans of money from them as well as from foreigners, these several creditors have

a right to expect that funds shall be provided on which they may rely for the indemnification; that Congress still considers vacant territory as an important resource, and that therefore the said States be earnestly pressed, by immediate and liberal cessions, to forward these necessary ends and to promote the harmony of the Union."

This plea for help seems to have had its effect, for cessions of territory were made by New York on March 1, 1781; by Virginia on March 1st, 1784, and December 1788; by Massachusetts on April 19, 1785; by Connecticut on September 13, 1786; by South Carolina on August 9th, 1787; by North Carolina on February 25th, 1790; by Georgia, April 24th, 1802. New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania are not listed among the States that ceded any lands to the United States. The number of acres so ceded amounted to 259,171,787. Carrying out the idea of the public lands being an asset for the payment of debts, on the 4th of August, 1790, Congress passed an act making provision for the debt of the United States, of which section 22 reads:

"And be it further enacted, That the proceeds of the sales which shall be made of lands in the western territory now belonging, or that may hereafter belong, to the United States, shall be, and are hereby, appropriated toward sinking or discharging the debts for the payment whereof the United States now are, or by virtue of this act may be, holden, and shall be applied solely to that use until the said debts be fully satisfied."

The first epoch of the disposition of public lands is thus seen to be well established, and by that I refer to the epoch of sale. Whilst the word "settle" in the resolution above referred to seems to have been inserted at the request of the States to keep in view the idea of peopling, yet the pressure for the paymnt of the debts can now be seen to have caused Congress to ignore that feature, and the main idea which is paramount at this time, and which remains paramount for some years, is that of obtaining money on the asset of the Government for the purpose of the payment of debts due its creditors. I want to lay stress on this point, for, as will be seen, I shall divide the history of the Gen-

eral Land Office and of public domain into three distinct epochs, the first of which is sale, transferring the land property for a money consideration alone.

The next step necessarily was to place that property in such shape that it could be put upon the market. It was unsurveyed land. In order to obtain bidders it would be necessary for the bidders to know exactly what they were desiring to acquire, and the first necessary step was to see that it was surveyed. The position of geographer was, therefore, created by the act of 1785, and positions of surveyors from each State were established. These surveyors were to act under the direction of the geographer, to divide the public-land territory into townships of 6 miles square, of lines running north and south. The geographer was to transmit the plats to the Board of Treasury who were to keep record of the survey. The Secretary of war was to have recourse to these plats and take by lot therefrom a number of townships and fractional parts of townships as would be equal to one-seventh of the whole of the 7 ranges to be thus surveyed, for the use of the late Continental Army. The Board of Treasury was from time to time to cause the remaining numbers to be drawn for in the name of the thirteen States, respectively, according to the quotas in the last preceding requisition of the States. The Board of Treasury was then to transmit a copy of the original plats, previously noting thereon the townships and fractional parts of townships which have fallen to the several States, to the commissioners of the loan office of the several States who were to give from two to six months' notice and then proceed to the sale of the land to the highest bidder, none to be sold under the price of $1 an acre. Four lots in every township, 8, 11, 26, and 29, were to be reserved to the United States for future sale, and lot No. 16 in every township was to be preserved for the maintenance of public schools.

That the Treasury Department should have jurisdiction over the public lands under this theory of sale was perfectly natural. The lands constituted an asset in the hands of the United States for the purpose of raising revenue. The Treasury Department was the department which had control of the finances, and to the Treasury, therefore, was given the duty of taking care of the

moneys. The geographer was merely an officer who should see that the lands to be sold were placed in such shape that they could be disposed of, he was virtually, therefore, an expert in surveying, and was so recognized, for, by the act of May, 1796, the position of geographer was changed to that of surveyer-general whose duty it was to engage the services of deputy surveyors for the purpose of surveying the lands of the public domain.

It will be noticed that throughout all this organization appears the idea of sale for the purpose of obtaining revenue.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the first disposition of public lands was made prior to the existence of the public domain, and was under an act which was passed by the Continental Congress under the terms of which they held out a tempting bait to the soldiers of fortune who had enlisted in the British army, provided they would leave King George's army and join the continental forces. One thousand acres were offered for every colonel; 800 acres for every lieutenant-colonel, down to 100 acres to every non-commissioned officer and a private 50 acres.

In the same year, 1776, in order that discrimination in favor of foreigners might not be too strongly brought forth a bounty land act was passed giving to the officers and soldiers who engaged in the services of the United States and continued therein until the close of the war and until discharged by Congress; certain tracts of lands in area as follows: To a colonel, 500 acres; lieutenant-colonel, 450 acres; major, 400 acres; captain, 300 acres; lieutenant, 200 acres; ensign, 150 acres; to each non-commissioned officer and soldier, 100 acres; brigadier-general 850 acres; and major-general, 1,100 acres. There seems to have been more land offered the foreigner than the continental, but that might be for the reason that the patriotism of the continental should induce him to join in the wars; the bid to the foreigner was a direct bid to buy his services. In this act is paramount the idea of money resource.

It is also a noteworthy incident that while the first donation seems to be for the purposes of payment for services in war, the second donation of which we have mention seems very distinctly to have been for the purposes of religion and, therefore, of peace. Under date of May 20th, 1785, we find an act referring to

the donation to the United Brethren of Bethlehem, Pa. "for civilizing the Indians and promoting Christianity."

The first early sale of lands in large tracts seems to have taken place about July 23, 1787. This was the order for the sale to The Ohio Company of lands in the present State of Ohio. It was to sell to Winthrop Sargent and Manasseh Cutler, on behalf of themselves and associates, a tract estimated at 2,000,000 acres. This sale was at $1 per acre, with a rebate of two-thirds of a dollar under conditions; $500,000 were to be paid down and the remainder after completion of the survey, the Board of Treasury to receive the plats from the geographer. This trust was finally reduced to 822,900 acres and the order was confirmed July 27, 1787.

It was very evident that the idea of sale, while it may have been paramount in the minds of the Government, was yet not one that met with the approbation of those who took their fortunes in their hands and went to the West. It was no doubt popular in the original States who looked at the resources of the West as merely so much land for the purpose of securing money to pay the debts which they had accrued in the conduct of the war. To the pioneer, however, this idea was repugnant. He went over the border lines and into the vast territories which stretched beyond, and although Congress had enacted legislation calling him a trespasser, he could not see the justice of such legislation. He went to the front and out of the wilderness carved a home. His claim seems to have compelled recognition, but still adhering to the theory of sale the only recognition which was granted him was the right to buy the land in advance of any other person.

It would appear that the settler had hard work to impress upon congress, which was, of course, largely composed of people from the original States, the fact that development amounted to a great deal more for the benefit of the country than revenue to be derived from the tracts of land which were sold. How difficult this was is seen by the act of March, 1816, which is of most curious phraseology. It created the existence of a tenancy at will on the part of the settlers who had gone out to struggle in the West, and to the westerner it seems almost repellent that at

any time the United States should have, by its Congress, passed an act of this character.

I present its terms to you for your consideration as one of the enomalies of public-land legislation. It authorized persons who had settled on lands of the United States to remain thereon as tenants at will on such terms and conditions as shall prevent any waste or damage on such lands, and on the express condition that such applicant or applicants shall, whenever such tract or tracts of land for sale may be sold or ceded by the United States, or whenever, from any other cause, he or they may be required under the authority of the United States so to do, to give quiet possession of such tract or tracts of land to the purchaser or purchasers or to remove altogether from the land as the case may be. This was an extent not to exceed 320 acres of land, and the applicant for permission to remain had to sign a declaration to the effect that he did not lay any claim to such tract or tracts of land and that he did not occupy the same by virtue of any claim or pretended claim derived, or pretended to be derived, from any other person or persons the rights to lead mines or salt springs being reserved.

The theory of sale will be thus seen to have continued, but with a gradual growth of the theory of development as being paramount value; that is, that it seems to have been gradually appreciated that the settler on the public land did more good to the body politic than the money price, which was $1.25, received from the sale of the land. Legislation was passed, under the terms of which the areas which were sold were gradually restricted, showing the growth of the theory of development and the recognition of the importance of getting as many settlers on the public domain as possible.

The theory of development struggled and finally won its full recognition when, by the act of May 20, 1862, the free-homes theory was accepted and given the sanction of law. This marks the full acknowledgment of the second epoch of the history of the public domain, namely, that of development.

The history of the legislation covering the disposition of minerals carries out even more clearly than that covering the disposition of agricultural lands the evolution from the idea of sale

to that of development. In the early stages of the Government there seems to have been but little idea that there existed any deposits of gold and silver in this country, but out of abundant caution there was reserved to the Government of the United States one-third of all these metals which might be mined.

But various subsequent acts of Congress directed that the lead and other mines should be offered to sale as public lands but at greater prices the "minimum price to be $5.00 per acre." The acts of July, 1846, and March, 1847, finally terminated the leasing system and substituted that of sale. The discovery of gold at Coloma, Cal., by John W. Marshall, January 19, 1848, called for a change in the mineral laws of the United States, but no legislation seems to have been had for fifteen years.

The pioneer, however, was not to be denied in his search for mineral wealth any more than he was in his endeavor to secure agricultural land for a home, and Congress not having passed any legislation under the terms of which he could obtain title to the mineral lands of the United States he proceeded to make rules and regulations governing dealings therein. Under these rules property passed from hand to hand, although the first deed thereto from the United States was lacking.

In 1866 a law was passed covering gold and silver deposits of the United States which, with amendments of 1870 and 1872, is virtually the law of today. There is under this act the first provision of reservation from sale except as otherwise expressly directed. This is a very important feature of the act and means that the acquisition of mineral land by any subterfuge and in any manner except in the direct manner authorized by the law is illegal. In the act, as it exists today, is found the declaration that "all valuable mineral deposits in lands belong to the United States, both surveyed and unsurveyed, are hereby declared open to free exploration and purchase."

The evident purpose of the whole act was that of development. What effect the free homestead act of 1862 may have had on this act we cannot tell. It is to be observed, however, that these two acts giving the greatest liberality of free occupation were passed at about the same period, and at a time when money was greatly needed to pay the debts of the country owing to the war of the

rebellion. The idea of development seems to have been paramount in the minds of the people. The theory of revenue is abandoned; the great demand is for the working of the land and for the wresting from the fastnesses of the mountains and from the sands of the valleys the hidden wealth.

We see therefore, that the epoch of sale passed away and the epoch of development was in full sway.

The treeless condition of the Middle West seems to have been called to the attention of Congress at an early date. The first action of Congress was on March 3, 1873. It was for the promotion of the growth of timber on the western plains, meaning within the humid and subhumid region. This act provided a method of acquiring title to public lands on condition that timber should be grown thereon, so that persons might take "timber" farms as well as "agricultural" farms, the land to be given them as a reward or bounty for raising trees. It is a timber-bounty act, with the additional clause that land in cultivation for timber is not liable for debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor. Entry of not more than 160 nor less than 40 acres can be made under this act. One-fourth part of the tract entered must be devoted to timber for eight years, after eight years, on proof of this fact, at the district land office, certificate for patent to issue.

There is no question but that this act was with the best intent, and I have seen isolated cases where the purpose was carried out, but I regret to state that instead of being honestly followed large tracts of land were acquired under this act, not by following honestly its term but by making a pretense of the cultivation of the land and the planting of trees thereon; so that it became a farce and ultimately was repealed by the act of March 3, 1891. The farmers of the West are now doing voluntarily that which they would have under this act been paid to do, namely, plant and raise trees on their homesteads. The failure of the accomplishmnt of the purpose of the act was doubtless owing to the fact that the Commissioner of the General Land Office was not supplied with a force of men sufficient to go upon the lands and see that the provisions of the act itself had been carried out. It is interesting, however, as showing the desire of Congress to

grow trees upon treeless land, and as showing early action along the lines which have now become the policy of the Government, namely, the promotion of tree culture.

In fact, Congress at that time, in order to protect its trees, went to a greater extent than it has ever gone since, namely, authorized the employment of the army and navy. The reports of the Commissioners of the General Land Office are full of references to these timber depredations. The man who went out into the forests and the mountains could not see why he should not cut down timber which seemed to be endless in its quantity and placed there for his own particular use. Congress recognized the right of the pioneer to the timber for the purpose of building his home, but has for a long time fought the extensive cutting of timber for the purpose of profit and for sale. In those early days, with means of transportation so meagre, it would have been impossible to have secured an agency force sufficiently large to protect the public domain all over the United States. Congress was confronted, therefore, with a situation and the necessity for legislation to meet it. The report of Commissioner J. A. Williamson, which preceded the passage of the act of 1878, known as the "timber and stone law," is of great interest, for it shows that the real purpose of that act was very different from that which it has been popularly supposed it was being enacted for, and that it was intended to carry out the purposes in which it has lamentably failed. It shows also that the idea of the United States regarding itself as the proprietor of valuable resources from a money standpoint alone was dying out and a recognition of protection for the future coming in.

Next to the act of 1862, the greatest act of development that has ever been passed was the so-called reclamation act of June 17, 1902, whereby the proceeds of the sales of public lands in certain States were to be set aside for the purpose of furnishing money to put water upon the arid lands of the West, so that in this way homes could be provided for those who did not possess them. The area to be taken is left to the determination of the Secretary of the Interior, the minimum 40 acres and the maximum 160 acres, depending upon the climatic conditions and upon the possibility of the soil with the water thus poured upon it

rendering a fair support for the man with the ordinary sized family. Incidental acts of development cited are the Kinkaid Act passed in 1904, applying to certain portions in Nebraska known as the sand hills. This act recognized the fact that a homestead could not be made on the tract of area of 150 acres only; that the only chance the people in this domain had was to give the homesteader land enough so that he might pasture his cattle and make a living thereby. The act passed February 19, 1909, known as the enlarged-homestead act, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to designate lands in certain States where the homestead could be made of 320 acres, this being in the semi-arid area, where the only hope is that the dry farming principles can be followed out, under which it is necessary to summer-fallow one year and crop the next, so that the unit of 160 acres is really retained. These are all acts of development. And now we are entering on the epoch of reservation.

The Pioneers have conquered the West. Out of what were once deemed to be desert lands they have made homes. With the cultivation of the soil it would seem as if climatic conditions have changed. Where it appeared that crops could not be grown ten and fifteen years ago, grain is grown today. When there was none but a scattered population rivers might flow, but could not be said to contain natural available resources, for resources are only worth considering when there is some purpose to which they can be put or a probability of such purpose arising; but with the settlement and growth of population, there has come a sudden realization that streams with water powers are of practical use, and the further realization that, with the tremendous development in the way of electricity, they have within them a power which will be of use, not to the isolated individual but to the people at large. Coal in millions of tons might be hidden in the earth; but unless there were people in the neighborhood who could use it, or would have to use it, it is of no price.

The first realization of conservation was seen, therefore, in that which was most evident; namely, the lumber supply which was to be used to build the homes of the people. It can be easily grasped how this presented itself to Congress and to the Executive. More recently the necessity of new coal legislation became

evident, and more recently still, the necessity for legislation covering water powers.

It has been shown briefly that demand in each instance in public land legislation has preceded the law, and so it is at the present time. The theory of legislation should necessarily be, not so much a money value to be attained, as the proper control of the resources which are necessary for the well-being of humanity, so that no condition can arise with regard to our coal lands in the public domain as that which exists today in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, or to see that owing to some future formation of trusts the water powers may not pass into the hands of some monopoly which, while it does not exist at the present, might arise in the future. How this is to be accomplished is not within the power of the Commissioner of the Land Office to say. It is a matter which must be determined by Congress and should be determined definitely in one way or another.

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THE GREAT AMHERST MYSTERY

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON

FROM time to time, during the past few centuries, cases of mysterious happenings have been reported—cases which remain unexplained, though investigated by the most sceptical. John Wesley experienced such phenomena in his own home. Strange sounds were heard, visions seen, and objects moved about by no apparent cause. Phenomena of this character are known as "poltergeist" (noisy spirit) phenomena; and the disturbances take place from time to time, without apparent cause. The disturbances have appeared, continued and ceased, without anyone being able to say how or why. They remain unexplained to this day.

One of the most remarkable of these cases has occurred on American soil—in the little town of Amherst, Nova Scotia. It is some time since these events occurred, since they began in 1878, and continued during 1879. For a time they were the talk of the town and surrounding neighborhood. They formed the subject of a remarkable book—now long out of print. They were mentioned by Prof. William James, in his presidential address before the English Society for Psychical Research as, perhaps, the most interesting case of its kind on record. Finally, the author of the book, describing these events, swore before a notary public that his statements were in every way true statements of fact.

Briefly, the case is this. In Amherst, there lived a family by the name of Teed. There were the father, mother, and two children, George and Willie,—aged, respectively, five years, and seventeen months. There also lived with them two girls, Jennie and Esther Cox; sisters of Mrs. Teed, and John Teed, Daniel's brother, and William Cox, Mrs. Teed's brother. The center of

the weird disturbances that we are about to relate was Esther Cox,—since married and settled near Boston. They lived in a small house, standing in its own ground, and surrounded by a fence. It was low, having but two stories; and obviously incapable of concealing anyone for long without discovery.

Into this peaceful household entered one of the strangest and weirdest visitants that could be imagined. It came about in this manner.

One night the two girls had gone to bed, and were just preparing to sleep, when Esther jumped up with a scream, saying there was a mouse under the mattress. No mouse could be found, however. The next night the same thing occurred. On arising to look for the supposed "mouse," they were amazed to see a small cardboard box beneath the bed moving about of its own accord. Seeing this, they placed the box in the middle of the floor, when, to their surprise, it jumped up at least a foot in the air, and fell to the floor on its side. This was repeated twice. This so alarmed the girls that they screamed aloud, and their brother came running in, to ascertain the cause of the trouble. When he heard their story, he refused to believe them.

The next night, Esther Cox had retired only a short time when she screamed, exclaiming "My God, I'm dying." Her sister turned up the light; and saw her in a remarkable condition. Her hair was almost standing upright on her head; her eyes were bloodshot, and her finger-nails were sunk deep into the wood of the bed. When the rest of the household had been called in, they watched Esther. Suddenly Daniel exclaimed, "the girl is swelling!" Sure enough, she seemed to be puffed out to an abnormal size. Physicians were called. Her whole body had swollen, and she was screaming with pain. Nothing could be done for her to relieve her agony. In a short time, the swelling subsided, and she was enabled to go to sleep.

Soon after, however, a terrific noise was heard, "like a peal of thunder," which awoke everyone in the house. It was a perfectly clear night. Three loud knocks were then heard in the room, on the bed on which Esther lay.

The night after this, Esther being in bed and Jennie in the room, (she had not yet retired) all the bed clothes, except the

bottom sheet, flew off and settled down in a confused heap in a far corner of the room. They could see them passing through the air by means of the kerosene lamp which was lighted and standing on the table. The girls screamed and Jennie fainted.

No sooner had the bed clothes been replaced than they instantly flew off to the same corner of the room; and the pillow, from under Esther's head, came flying through the air and struck John Teed in the face. Again, three loud knocks were heard, "so loud that the whole room trembled from their vibrations," and again Esther, who had become immensely swollen, assumed her normal appearance, and went quietly to sleep.

These things continued for several nights. The bed clothes were torn off the bed, and thrown into a confused heap in the corner of the room. Dr. Carritte was called in to see what he could make of the disturbances. When he was standing by Esther's bedside, all heard the sound of writing on the wall, and looking round they saw cut deeply into the plaster of the wall, the terrible words, "Esther Cox, you are mine to kill!" Every person in the room could see the writing plainly,—which remained visible for years afterwards, and has been testified to by numbers of the citizens of Amherst.

These strange things kept happening week after week, without any natural cause being found for them. The same loud knocks, the same tremendous blows, the bed clothes still being pulled from the bed, the same mysterious swellings of Esther Cox! None could be explained. Besides these manifestations, numerous other strange incidents occurred—one of the most curious being the apparent boiling of a bucket of cold water, placed on the middle of the kitchen table. The water was cold, and yet it bubbled and hissed like boiling water! This was witnessed, among others, by the Rev. R. A. Temple, pastor of the Wesleyan Church of Amherst.

A few nights later, Esther heard a "voice," which informed her that the house should be set on fire! Soon after, to the amazement and consternation of all present, while they were talking and laughing about the ridiculous statement the girls had made, all saw a lighted match fall from the ceiling, to the bed, having come out of the air. It would certainly have set the bed

clothing on fire, had not Esther put it out instantly. During the next few minutes, eight or ten lighted matches fell on the bed and about the room, out of the air, but were all extinguished before anything could be set on fire by them. In the course of the night, the loud sounds, which had ceased for a day or two, commenced again.

Soon after this, lighted matches fell all over the house. Half a dozen times it was set on fire, and only extinguished by the prompt application of buckets of water. On one occasion a barrel of shavings was set on fire, and the house nearly burned to the ground. This happened when Esther was sitting in the front room, watched by her sister,—as she was afraid to go anywhere alone.

By this time, "communication" had been established with the "ghost" by means of raps. He stated that he was once a human being, now an evil spirit bent on mischief! He stated that he would burn the house down, and torment Esther until she died. Shortly after this, he became visible to Esther, though none of the others could see him. Then things became so bad that Esther was compelled to leave home, and took shelter, for the time being, beneath the roof of a friend, Mr. White, who offered her the protection of his home.

For nearly a month after her departure, Esther saw nothing of her "ghost." Then, one day, when she was scrubbing the hall floor, the brush suddenly disappeared from her hand. A few moments later it fell from the ceiling,—narrowly escaping Esther's head in its fall. This was the first of the ensuing disturbances. They soon grew and increased. The "ghost" began kindling fires about the White homestead,—as he had before,—and walking about the house, so that he could be heard by all present.

Things went from bad to worse. Articles were thrown about the house and fires constantly lighted. On one occasion the door was wrenched off its hinges and flung to the ground with a terrific force. Mr. White was looking at it when this happened. On another occasion, a sharp knife, belonging to little Frederick White, was taken from his hand, "by the devilish ghost," who instantly stabbed Esther in the back with it, leaving the knife

sticking in the wound, which was bleeding profusely. Frederick pulled the bloody knife from the wound, wiped it, closed it and put it in his pocket,—which he had no sooner done than the ghost obtained possession of it again and, quick as a flash of lightning, stuck it into the wound again!

A day or two later, some one tried the experiment of placing several iron spikes in Esther's lap. To their astonishment, they became too hot to be handled with comfort. They were then thrown to the far end of the room,—a distance of twenty feet. Soon after this, the furniture all over the house began to move about of its own accord.

It was about this time that Mr. Walter Hubbell visited Amherst, and saw many of the strange sights himself. Here are a few of the incidents he relates, among many others:—

"I had been seated about five minutes when, to my great astonishment, my umbrella was thrown to a distance of fifteen feet,—passing over my head in its strange flight, and almost at the same instant a large carving knife came whizzing through the air, passing over Esther's head, who was just then coming out of the pantry with a large dish in both hands, and fell in front of her, near me,—having come from behind her out of the pantry. . . . My satchel was thrown across the room, and, at the same instant, a large chair came rushing from the opposite side of the room, striking the one on which I was seated with such tremendous force that it was nearly knocked from under me. . . . After dinner, I lay upon the sofa in the parlor; Esther was in the room seated near the center in a rocking chair. I did not sleep, but lay with my eyes only partially closed, so that I could see her. While lying there a large glass paperweight, weighing fully a pound, came whizzing through the air from a corner of the room, where I had previously noticed it on an ornamental shelf,—a distance of some twelve or fifteen feet from the sofa. Most fortunately for me—instead of striking my head—for my head was toward that corner—as was the evident intention of the ghost who threw it, it struck the arm of the sofa about three inches from my head, and, rebounding to a chair that stood within a foot of the arm of the sofa on which my head rested, spun round on the seat of the chair for fully one-quarter

of a minute,—so terrible was the force employed to throw it, and it afterwards remained on the seat of the chair. . . . Later in the afternoon, the ghosts set some old newspapers on fire upstairs; and then, as if to wind up the tortures of the day with a climax, they piled the seven chairs in the parlor on top of each other,—making a pile fully six feet in height,—when, pulling out one or two, near the bottom, they allowed the rest to fall to the floor with a terrific crash. The last manifestation of the day was startling. They kindled a large fire upstairs, which created some excitement. The burning papers and fire were extinguished, however, without serious damage being done to the house or furniture."

Such are a few of the many weird happenings which occurred in the presence of Esther Cox for nearly a year,—no matter where she was, or how watched. Naturally enough, the first thought that comes to the mind is that some trick is at the bottom of the whole affair. But this becomes more and more improbable when we remember that the medium herself was the chief sufferer. *She* was the one who was wounded, who lost sleep, who "swelled-up," who was the object of hatred and attack by "the ghosts." Her own home was repeatedly set on fire,—as well as the homes of the friends who kindly sheltered her. It would seem incredible that any girl would voluntarily perform such tricks herself, against herself, when no object was to be gained thereby. Moreover, Mr. Hubbell is insistent that it would have been an utter impossibility for her to have performed many of the phenomena herself,—even had she been inclined to do so. She was often watched when the phenomena occurred,—since everyone naturally took the view, at first, that she was producing the manifestations herself. Mr. Hubbell tells us positively that not only he himself but numbers of the citizens of Amherst watched Esther closely while they were taking place. They were all equally certain that she had no voluntary share in their production. No explanation has ever been forthcoming, and the case remains to-day as great a mystery as it was when the things were happening.

THE SCOT IN NEW ENGLAND
AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES

BY JOHN CALDER GORDON,* B. N. S., Secy. and Custodian American Scots Historical Society of America

FOREWORD

PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE, in a conversation with James Russell Lowell in Edinburgh, said, pointing in the direction of the Western Hemisphere, "Americans have no history, they have to come to the Old World in order to obtain it."

We venture to say that if Professor Blackie, intense Scot that he was, had been more familiar with the achievements of his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, he would have qualified his observation materially. Truth, like the climate, is common property, and if history is philosophy teaching by example, then the time has surely arrived to portray at least a few of the most important facts concerning the contributions of Scotsmen to the work of founding and upbuilding the North American continent.

"Omit eternity in your estimate of era," said a great mathematician, "and your solution is wrong." Omit the Scot from history's page of the great American continent and your production lacks completeness, much of sentiment and no little of the heroic.

In the earliest days of the English-speaking settlements in Virginia and New England the dauntless and adventurous sons of Scotia were found sharing the burdens and sacrifices of Cavaliers and Pilgrim Fathers; in the following century their descendants bore a conspicuous part as soldiers and statesmen, in

*Mr. Gordon is a lineal descendant of Sir John Gordon of Park, Scotland, who was associated with Sir William Alexander in founding the province of Nova Scotia in 1621, and inherits the title of his ancestor as the acknowledged head of this branch of the Gordon family. Mr. Gordon, however, rarely, if ever, makes use of the title. We assume, however, the chief reasons being owing to his professional and commercial connection in the United States.

welding the several semi-independent colonies into a great nation.

What the Frank was to early Europe the Scot undoubtedly is to later Europe and to North America. In America especially is the Scot the intellectual aristocrat. In proportion to his numbers he stands so far in advance of other races in the New World that even a superficial observer sees the distinction, and this racial superiority is permanently maintained. It is especially noticeable in families which for several generations have had no admixture of other than Scottish blood. In modern Europe the Scot has the purest blood of any people. Excepting a few Anglo-Saxons in the Lowlands, there are in Scotland but three races commingled,—the Gael, the Frank and the Norman—and these three are virtually of the one great family of primitive Europe. The Gael from early Gaul, before its conquest and mongrelization by the Romans, was akin to the German, from which race also arose as their aristocracy the Franks, to which was joined another branch of the Germanic race,—the Norman.

When the historian Macauley was shown the vast spreading vine at Hampton Court, with trunk like that of a mighty tree, he expressed a desire to see the mother root in Spain, from which the scion was cut; so we have begun our story of the Scot in America with an allusion to his remote ancestry, and will now proceed to refer to some of the characteristics of his race.

The nationality of the average Scotsman is so deeply impressed in his nature that it remains in him and his descendants many generations after his allegiance has been transferred from North Britain. It may indeed be said that an integral part of the Scottish nation goes with every Scottish immigrant, and remains with him and his posterity forever. Whether the Scot has found a dwelling place in Irish Ulster, in the Canadian Dominion or the United States, in far off Australia and New Zealand, in India or Japan, building railroads in Peru, carrying Christ's cross into the heart of Africa, or whaling in southern seas, there is perceptibly with him a portion of Old Scotia.

The Scot carrying with him the love of liberty, which is so prominent a part of his nature, and an intense veneration for the free institutions, which, through long years of contention and

conflict his fathers had established and developed, has planted himself wherever agriculture could find a soil to cultivate, a race to uplift, or products to exchange. Endowed with high ambitions, perseverance, untiring industry, a vigorous constitution and a conspicuous morality, the Scots came to the new world more fitted and better informed than ever were colonists before.

New England's great statesman, Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the ripeness of his scholarship and the fullness of his years, said, in the Senate of the United States, December, 1894, on the occasion of the dedication of the statue of Daniel Webster and General Stark, "Mr. Webster's family, as is the case with very many of our eminent men, both living and dead, is of Scotch origin, though they dwelt for some time in England before they came to this country. That element, whether it came originally from Scotland itself, or indirectly from Ireland or England, has contributed some of the best citizens to New England as to other parts of the country. The shrewd sense, the active intellect, the undaunted perseverance, the indomitable courage, the deep religious faith, the tenderness of family affection, the staunch patriotism for which the Scotch are so distinguished, have never suffered in the transplanting. Wherever anything good is to be had or to be done in this country, you are apt to find a Scotchman on the front seat, trying to see if he can get it or do it."

It is a people that produces a civilization, not a civilization a people. The part that the Scot has taken in the development of the civilization of the New World, has engrossed the thought and research of the writer for years, and he trusts that the reader will find something of like interest by the perusal of the published record.

The historian, who assembles material for the first time not heretofore accessible to the general reader, will doubtless run counter to that schoolboy prejudice born of elementary and partial views of history. The history and achievements of the chief characters in this work have been only very imperfectly portrayed heretofore. The materials upon which this history is founded are widely scattered. They lie buried in the lumber room amid the dusty archives of Colonial and Foreign office

records, old Blue books, old British newspapers and magazines, family papers and political pamphlets of the time. No attempt has been made to proceed beyond the limit set by the authentic evidence available.

TRADITION, well authenticated, relates that some of the daring Norse Vikings were the first Europeans to visit North America, the coast of Nova Scotia and New England. More than five hundred years before Columbus discovered Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica and other Carribean Islands (1492-93), Eric, the Red, a Norwegian, banished from Iceland, sailed westward and struck the coast of Greenland in the year 981, and in the year 985 led an expedition and planted a colony in that country, which he called Greenland. In the year 986, a stray vessel, commanded by Biarne Heriulfsson, belonging to Eric's expedition landed on the coast of Cape Breton, and Lief Ericsson, son of Eric the Red, hearing this tale, in the year 1000 visited the coast of Cape Breton and New England, calling the former Markland and the latter Vineland. The comparatively recent discoveries of the late Professor E. N. Hosford of Harvard University seem to establish the fact that these Norsemen under Ericsson founded a substantial settlement near Watertown on the Charles River above Boston and called it Norumbega. In commemoration of this a statue of Ericsson was erected in Boston and graces its principal residential avenue.

Columbus had not the slightest idea of the great continent lying just beyond the West Indian Islands and died unconscious of the fact.

It is now generally conceded by historical scholars that the entire east Atlantic seaboard from Florida to Labrador was first explored and roughly surveyed by the two Cabots, John and Sebastian, father and son, under the auspices and direction of Henry the Seventh of England, who spent a large sum of money in fitting out the two expeditions of 1497 and 1498. The first concession by the crown of England for the purpose of discovery, trade and settlement in the new world was issued in favor of the Cabots in 1496 before any knowledge of these lands had yet

reached Europeans, although the main object of this royal charter to the Cabots was for the discovery of a western route to India, and this continued to be the dominating idea for many years of all explorers who approached the shores of the new world. Even Hudson met his death in the river which bears his name while exercising all his ingenuity and skill in trying to find a passage to India.

It is not without interest to note that among the results of the Cabots' voyages was the information of the wealth of the fisheries on the Grand Banks. Shortly thereafter fishermen from all parts of Europe made annual voyages to the fishing grounds. Notwithstanding this, there comes floating to us out of the mists of the North Atlantic a tradition to the effect that for at least one hundred and fifty years previous to Cabot's discovery, the fisheries of the Grand Banks were known to the fisherman of Dieppe, St. Malo and La Rochelle in France, and to the fishermen of Devonshire, Cornwall and the Channel Islands in England.

It seems incredible to-day that nearly a century was to elapse before any genuine attempt was to be made to utilize in a practical way this vast continent offering such great opportunity to British enterprise and capital. However, a brief glance at the history of the time in Britain may supply a clue to this do-nothing policy in exploring America. The domestic troubles of Henry the Eighth's reign and the religious controversies under Edward the Sixth and Mary (Bloody Mary) were all peculiarly hostile to the development of a colonial policy and the extension of industry, commerce or navigation. Scotland, likewise, had her own internal troubles at this time. At last Britain became awakened by the activity of Spain in the new world and the rich harvest being garnered by her on the shores of America. All sorts of tales of Spanish wealth, great treasure ships heavily laden coming from the western hemisphere, were related by wandering seamen. The fiendish cruelty of the Spaniards displayed in the Inquisition, together with the eager desire of Britains to share in the rich spoils awaiting them beyond sea in America finally had their effect.

The reign of the great Elizabeth became noted by men of all

sorts and conditions entering into schemes to promote discovery and exploration of unknown lands and to trade with them. This was the era of Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Frobisher, Winter, Gosnold and Sir Walter Raleigh. Britains were now thoroughly aroused and attempts to promote colonization in America multiplied rapidly. Between this period and the death of King James the First, 1625, many unsuccessful efforts were made to found permanent settlements in America,—one of the most pathetic and tragic periods in early American history.

Granville and Annapolis Royal (Port Royal), where the Scottish colonists first settled, are situated on the Annapolis Basin in the Province of Nova Scotia, the most picturesque inland body of salt water in America. To reach the basin by water, the most informing and satisfactory way is to pass over the throbbing bosom of the Bay of Fundy, whose mighty tides are celebrated in song and story, and enter the Digby Passage,—the gateway to the world-renowned Land of Evangeline,—a cleft in the mountain chain known as the Gap, created by a great convulsion of nature, a natural wonder unequalled on the continent and the outstanding feature of the landscape. As the tides come and go they rush with mad fury through the narrow strait with its frowning, rocky walls towering high on each side. Poets have sung of its rugged grandeur and subtile charm and painters without number have embalmed its features on canvas. Once within the basin, there dawns on the vision a mingled touch of Norway and the Scottish Highlands. This enchanting sheet of water is sixteen miles long, triangular in shape and varying from a width of six miles in the west to one-half in the extreme east,—substantially a land-locked harbor with a border of rich meadow land encircled by great timber clad hills of mountainous proportion. One of earth's noblest garden spots is this. Nature never endowed a country side more lavishly than here.

All that nature has of the fairest is to be found in this wondrous province, where every variety of scenery is to be met. The artist is entranced by the enumerable lovely views that open at every point, the pedestrian finds walks unequalled anywhere for picturesqueness, the mountaineer can pursue his favorite

sport and be rewarded with far-reaching prospects, the photographer knows not where first to set his camera so numerous are the "bits" and so novel and striking the landscapes that present themselves to him and solicit his attention, the cyclist and autoist find themselves in a land, every turn of which reveals new beauties and makes them forget the length of the road, the man fond of driving discovers that he can indulge in excursions that will occupy an afternoon, a day or a week, and as for the angler he is simply in paradise, for everywhere are streams stocked with game fish, while the estuaries and the lakes afford the rarest opportunities for other forms of this sport. The canoeist, the yachtsman and the oarsman are equally well provided for, and the mere idler that seeks only to pass the time pleasantly in the presence of varied scenery of the utmost loveliness can be better suited scarcely anywhere else. Take Mount Desert, the White Mountains and the loveliest pastoral scenery in New England, bathe them in the purest and most golden light, warm them with a sun that never scorches, wrap them in an atmosphere of the balmiest and most health giving character, and you have Nova Scotia.

It is doubtful if there is any other place on the American continent of such absorbing interest to Scotsmen and their descendants as the land of New Scotland, comprising all of what is now known as the Maritime Provinces and the State of Maine. Few spots equal Nova Scotia in historic interest. In every foot of its soil lies buried either a tragedy or a romance. Here American troops drawn from New England states successfully beseiged and took the most important fortress erected by the power of France. Louisburg with its remains of fortifications and its graveyard, where rest the dust of the valiant men who wrested the Province from the Bourbon kings, is a place unsurpassed in interest and a standing witness to the courage and perseverance of New England yeomanry.

The student of history, of ethnography, of language, finds in Nova Scotia ample material to reward research and keep interest awakened. Here many races of Europeans have settled at various times and have left imperishable traces of their presence. The Basques, the Bretons, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the

Germans, the French, the Scots and the Irish have in turn settled on its shores or penetrated its wooded fastnesses, and the Red Indian, the Micmac, roams still over the territory formerly the appange of his race.

As we stand on the Bay of Fundy's shore, we can in fancy hear the waves of old ocean tell the fascinating story of contention and conflict enacted through many long years between Anglo-Saxon and Scottish Celt on the one side and on the other all the power and wealth of old France directed by the Bourbon kings, of how the early patriots toiled and labored to turn defeat into victory, thus enabling us, their sons and grandsons, to walk in light and liberty to-day.

Boston and New England in particular have an especial interest in Nova Scotia because in 1710 Col Veitch, a native born Scot, of tireless energy, was the compelling influence in the organization of an expedition from Boston to reduce and capture Port Royal, in which he was highly successful, and for some time thereafter he was Governor of all New Scotland. From the year 1763 to 1776, Boston was virtually the capital of all that country to the north, and the seat of the Vice-Regal Court. This is proved by the commission to Dudley, the first royal governor, who was named Governor of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Nova Scotia, etc., in 1669.

For many long years the Annapolis Basin was the chief naval and military station of Great Britain on this continent. Here the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was stationed when in command of the British forces in North America, and a tradition of the neighborhood associates the name of the great Duke of Wellington with a fair one who lies sleeping beneath its soil.

Six Massachusetts men played an important and some of them an active part in the removal of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, namely, Governor Shirley, who at that time was commander in chief of all the British forces in North America, Col. Winslow, Major Preble, Benjamin Green, great uncle of Dr. Samuel A. Green, the scholarly historian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Jonathan Belcher, son of Governor Belcher of Massachusetts, and John Rous, previously master of a Boston mer-

chantman. Governor Shirley, having become convinced that the removal of the Acadians was absolutely necessary for the peace and safety of both New England and Nova Scotia, sent Col. Winslow in command of an armed force to cooperate with Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia and the military authorities against the Acadians.

Inasmuch as there has recently come from a high source, "Tracy's Tercentenary History of Canada" (1908), an echo of the Abbe Raynal-Haliburton-Longfellow view of the deportation of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, we have considered it necessary to re-examine the whole question from original sources, notwithstanding Parkman's voluminous treatment of this subject which was the first widely circulated impartial and substantially correct statement of the matter. We have not been content to take even Parkman's view on trust owing to many errors of fact in other portions of his works, but have carefully investigated the original records, and the more we have examined the subject the more convinced have we become that the removal of the Acadians was necessary and justifiable.

When Longfellow's Evangeline was published, this subject, the expulsion of the Acadians, previously little thought of, was brought prominently before the world. The poem is a sublime piece of fiction, but fiction is not history. Longfellow derived his inspiration for the poem from Abbe Raynal and Haliburton, the historians of Nova Scotia. The former, not being acquainted with the Acadians, drew his picture from hearsay and his own imagination and his work should have been called: "An account of Arcadia and the Arcanians—Utopia," for certainly a people so innocent, so guileless and so happy, as he describes, never had existed in Acadia or anywhere else since time began, and the misconceptions of the latter were obtained from French sources. The truth is the historian (Haliburton) was too indolent, apparently, or too indifferent to make the proper research. Haliburton says: "That it would appear as if the British were ashamed of the transaction, as all records referring to it had been carefully destroyed." Nothing could be further from the truth. The fullest and most minute account of every step in the transaction had been preserved and were accessible to Haliburton at the time he

wrote, are accessible now and have been so at all times in the archives of the Provincial Government.

To the candid and impartial student of the records pertaining to this period, there is but one interpretation, namely, the removal of the Acadians was necessary and justifiable. The conditions existing at this time between the French and the English in Nova Scotia were similar to those between the north and south in the United States at the outbreak of the civil war,—both sides determined to rule. The French leader had stipended the Indians to commit all sorts of blood-thirsty acts against the English. The ordinary affairs of life were carried on under the greatest difficulties and amid the gravest perils. The English inhabitants everywhere dared not go out at night through fear of being scalped. The disease was a terrible one and required a correspondingly heroic remedy. In times of peace people are apt to forget that a state of war calls for the doing of rough things. The resolution to remove the Acadians was not taken hastily; it was only adopted after the most careful deliberation and when no other course seemed possible. Had the Acadians agreed to take the oath of allegiance, for the consideration of which they had been given many years, the catastrophe might have been averted. But the Acadians steadily refused to take the oath. It has been said that the oath they refused to take was one renouncing their spiritual allegiance to the head of their church, but this certainly is not correct. They were required merely to take an oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain as subjects of the British crown—nothing more. After having looked into this part of the question most closely, we can discover no traces of any attempt on the part of the government to interfere with the free exercise of their religion. A side light on the attitude of the Acadian may be obtained from the fact that they were the unfortunate victims of designing priests and unscrupulous French officials, who appear to have played battle-dore and schuttle-cock with them, misleading and using them for their own selfish ends.

Some writers have contended that the cause of the Covenanters in Scotland was identical with that of the Acadians. The Covenanters when asked to take the oath of supremacy which

would make King James the spiritual head of their church, had resisted to the death, but the case of the Acadians was not at all parallel. There was no mention of spiritual supremacy, and when requested to take the oath of allegiance they were properly enough reminded that for upwards of forty years they had enjoyed under British rule all the rights of conscience and the government had left them entirely free from taxation. The Acadians, however, insisted on being called neutral and promised to behave as such, but notwithstanding this promise they were constantly found acting in concert with the emissaries of the French Government and obeying the orders of plotting polical priests. The action of the British government throughout was most patient and conciliatory and the removal of the Acadians was without doubt a political necessity.

Strange to say that the doctrine here enunciated by the British, and which has been the subject of criticism by historian and poet, is voiced now, and rightly too, by foremost Americans and Canadians in the contention that all aliens qualified to domicile in the country should forswear allegiance to their native authority and become citizens of the land of their adoption.

On the southern shore, in almost a bee-line from Annapolis Royal, is situated the picturesque and interesting town of Shelburne, about which clusters rich traditions only awaiting a Longfellow to make this portion of the province as entertainingly attractive as "The Land of Evangeline," for it is as wealthy in romance and surpasses the place of the Acadians in scenic effects. It was here in 1783 that the ten thousands loyalists from New England and New York established a new home after the War for Independence in the American colonies, while others settled in Halifax, Annapolis and St. John, New Brunswick. The conditions obtaining at that time in the new Republic forced these people to abandon their homes and estates, to leave all that had become dear to them in way of material things at least, and to engage again in the struggle of life. Concerning these loyalists, Hildreth in his history of the United States says: "Very serious was the change in the legal position of the class known as Tories—in many of the states a very large minority and in all, respectable for wealth and social position. Of those thus stigma-

tized, some were inclined to favor the utmost claims of the mother country, but the greater part, though determined to adhere to the British connection, yet deprecated the policy which had brought on so fatal a quarrel. This loyal minority, especially its more conspicuous members, as the warmest of political feeling increased, had been exposed to the violence of mob, and to all sorts of personal indignities in which private malice or a wanton and violent spirit of mischief had been too often gratified under the guise of patriotism. By the recent political changes, tories and suspected persons became exposed to danger from the law as well as from mob. Having boldly seized the reins of government, the new state authorities claimed the allegiance of all residents within their limits, and under the lead and recommendation of congress, those who refused to acknowledge their authority, or who adhered to their enemies, were exposed to severe penalties, confiscation of property, imprisonment, banishment, and finally death."

Here would appear to be another Acadia, and yet writers and historians who have with unreasoning hostility abused the British for the deportation of the Acadians because they refused to take the oath of allegiance, have apparently overlooked a substantially similar act meted out to the loyalists by the fathers of the American Union.

It is significant of the evolution of events that many thousands of the descendants of these driven-out loyalists have since returned to reconquer the United States in the arts of peace, and many of whom are among the foremost citizens of the American Union,—leaders in commerce, industry and the professions.

(*To be Continued.*)



A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION

Monument to General Casimir Pulaski, the brave Polish officer who threw in his fortune with the colonies—recently unveiled by President Taft at Washington



A HERO OF BUNKER HILL AND BENNINGTON —GENERAL JOHN STARK

From an Address by Hon. Moody Currier, Late Governor of New Hampshire.

Reprinted in Commemoration of the Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill

THE earliest records of the human race are written in stone. The first traces of civilization are gathered from the tablets and tombstones found in the mounds and drifting sands of Egyptian and Assyrian deserts. Antiquity has entrusted to marble and bronze the keeping of the sacred forms and features of its gods and men. Thus the great events of the world, enshrined in imperishable forms by the skill of the painter and sculptor, become the permanent foundations of history, and the civilized nations of the earth have ever considered it a sacred duty to erect statutes and memorial monuments in honor of their heroes and benefactors, and to inscribe upon brass and upon stone the names and noble deeds of the men who have given their lives and fortunes to humanity. Those who have battled for liberty and human rights are justly entitled to the everlasting gratitude of mankind. The divine instincts in man alone are immortal. Philanthropy, patriotism, and justice can never die; but the living countenance and distinguishing features of the great and the good may perish and be forgotten. The man of the Revolution have departed from our sight; their venerable forms no longer walk among us; but the memory of their heroic lives and public virtues still lingers in the minds of this generation. We owe it to ourselves, to those who still live after us, and to the lovers of liberty throughout the world, to perpetuate the renown and valiant deeds of the heroes of the American Revolution. Monuments of bronze and of granite should lift their proud heads towards heaven in honor

of their heroism and their victories, and their effigies should stand in our streets and in our public grounds, where, like the trophies of Miltiades, they will be a perpetual inspiration to the young men of our own and of all succeeding generations.

Near the falls of Amoskeag, on the eastern banks of the Merrimack, was the home of Molly Stark. There her distinguish husband swung the scythe and turned the furrow; there he sowed in spring and reaped in autumn. In peace he retired to his rest at night and in peace he arose to his labors in the morning. But when the sound of battle rolled up the valley from the plains of Concord and Lexington, the oxen were unyoked in the field and the plow stood still in its course; and when the war-whoop of the savage or the roar of the British cannon was heard in the land, Molly Stark was left alone to till the fields and gather the harvest for winter. Within those historic grounds, upon a slight elevation, stands a slender shaft of granite, seldom seen by the stranger as he hurried by upon the iron rail. Beneath that humble stone lies the sacred dust of John Stark, the hero of Bunker Hill and of Bennington. Monuments have been erected to commemorate these great battles upon the fields where they were fought. The glory and renown of American arms have been engraved in letters of gold upon these imperishable foundations. But the ashes of the great commander whose heroic valor achieved for us these most important victories now lie beneath that obscure shaft on the banks of the Merrimack; but the fame of John Stark does not grow dim with years. His brilliant achievements at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Princeton, and Bennington, are recorded upon the pages of our country's history, and his name shines among the brightest stars in that glorious galazy of immortal men whose heroism and statemanship gave to our country independence and liberty.

His renown as a warrior passed beyond the sea. His daring and successful exploits in the battle of Bennington filled our enemies abroad with fear and apprehension, while the victory he won inspired our desponding armies with fresh hopes and great expectations. It was a source of much satisfaction and rejoicing to Washington and proved to be the turning point of the Revolution.

The people of New Hampshire have not forgotten the hero of that great battle; he still lives in their memories; he is still dear to their hearts. Here in these consecrated grounds, by the side of our great statesman, Daniel Webster, upon a foundation of granite they have placed an image of bronze representing the material form and outward features of our great soldier. Though its iron tongue may be dumb and its limbs motionless, its silent voice will ever say that the people of New Hampshire honor and revere the name of John Stark. And, fellow-citizens, may we not hope the day will yet come when many more historic forms of heroes, patriots, and statesmen shall gather beneath the shadow of this capitol, until these venerable groves shall become the sacred Pantheon of New Hampshire's most illustrious sons? From these silent memorials of human greatness our legislators may learn wisdom, and our people be inspired with a love of liberty, justice and humanity.

HISTORY OF THE MORMON CHURCH

By Brigham H. Roberts, Assistant Historian of the Church

CHAPTER XXII

DEVELOPMENT OF THE WORK IN OHIO

IN the winter of 1833 a school, called the "School of the Prophets" was organized, at which both secular instruction was imparted and the spiritual blessings of the gospel enjoyed. During this period of mental and spiritual exaltation the Prophet, with the aid of his scribes, was revising the Bible. There were mutual exhortations to righteousness, the washing of feet, in token of fellowship and fidelity to each other. The Prophet washed the feet of all the Elders at a noted conference held on the 23rd of January, and pronounced them all clean from the blood of this generation; but added that if any of them should sin willfully after they were thus cleansed, and sealed up unto eternal life, "they should be given over to the buffetings of Satan until the day of redemption."

About a month later the noted Revelation known as the "Word of Wisdom" was given. Because of its importance in the practical life of the Church, and also because it is an effectual refutation of the charges made that about this time there was toleration in the Church of gross intemperance, it is reproduced here *in extenso.*

The Word of Wisdom.

(Given February 27th, 1833).

A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the Council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the Church; and also the

Saints in Zion. To be sent greeting—not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days; given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all Saints, who are or can be called Saints:—

Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this Word of Wisdom by revelation, that inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before Him. And behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.[1]

And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man. Every Herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving. Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger.

All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the

1. This is understood by the Church to mean tea and coffee the only hot drinks then in use among the people.

vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground. Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; And I the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen.

The Presidency of the Church was also being evolved about this time. Joseph Smith had been chosen and ordained "President of the High Priesthood of the Church," and was sustained in that position both in Ohio and in Zion; that office also carries with it the Presidency of the Church,[3] but his counselors had not as yet been chosen. On the 8th of March the assurance by revelation was given to the Prophet that "The keys of this kingdom shall never be taken from thee while thou art in the world, neither in the world to come." This confirms the Presidency of the great dispensation, he was the instrument in the hands of God in introducing into the world upon the head of Joseph Smith. Henceforth he stands at the head of it, whether in heaven or in earth.[4] In the same revelation Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams were named as his counselors in the Presidency and declared to be equal with the Prophet "in holding the keys of this last kingdom."[5] Ten days after the revelation was given, at an assembly of the "school of the Prophets," Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams claimed their ordination to the office

3. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 107; 91, 92.

4. As one of his devout disciples—W. W. Phelps—wrote soon after the Prophet's death:

> "Great is his glory and endless his Priesthood,
> "Ever and ever the keys he will hold,
> "Faithful and true he will enter his kingdom
> "Crowned in the midst of the Prophets of old."

5. Doctrine and Covenants Sec. 90.

of "Presidents of the High Priesthood." "Accordingly," writes the Prophet in his journal, "I laid my hands on Brothers Sidney and Frederick, and ordained them to take part with me in holding the keys of this last kingdom and to assist in the Presidency of the High Priesthood as my counselors; after which I exhorted the brethren to faithfulness and diligence in keeping the commandments of God."[6] Thus was the Presidency of the High Priesthood, which is also the Presidency of the Church, brought into existence.

The inconvenience experienced by the school of the Prophets during the winter of 1832-3 emphasized the necessity of a public building for the church that would combine the conveniences of an educational institution and a place of public worship. This combination has been and is characteristic of the places of worship built by the Latter-day Saints. Never was a graver mistake made than when it was alleged, and became popular belief, that Mormonism was founded upon ignorance, and chiefly relied upon ignorance for its perpetuation.

The establishment of this "school of the Prophets" at Kirtland is a refutation of the charge of the Church's trust in ignorance for its success. The school was founded for the preparation of the ministry of the Church. To the Elders called to that ministry the Lord said:

"I give unto you a commandment, that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom; Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand; of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land, and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms, That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you.

"Therefore, verily, I say unto you, my friends, call your sol-

6. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 334.

emn assembly, as I have commanded you; And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith. Organize yourselves, prepare every needful thing, and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God.'[7]

A few months later a revelation was given that enabled the Church to give out to the world that splendid utterance respecting the glory of God, which ever since has been an inspiration to her membership and especially to her priesthood, and which, eventually, it is hoped, will be an inspiration to the world, *viz*—

The Glory of God is Intelligence.[8]

The revelation containing this slogan to the intellectual life of the Church was given on the 6th of May, 1833,[9] the first steps

7. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 88; 77-80.

8. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 93; 36. This has been the heraldic motto of two important publications: *"The Contributor,"* a monthy magazine, published in Utah, *"The Organ of the Young Men's Improvement Associations"*—an organization having in view the physical, intellectual, moral, social and spiritual development of the young men of the Church—and which continued through seventeen years. It was succeeded in the same line by the *Improvement Era*, now current, which, in addition to being the organ of the Young Men's Associations is also the organ of the Quorums of the Priesthood of the Church.

9. This revelation is contained in Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 93. It is a most remarkable out-giving of inspired thought, as will appear from the following passages in addition to the one in the text.

A Definition of Truth: "Truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come."

The Eternity of Intelligence: "Intelligence, or the light of Truth was not created or made, neither indeed can be."

The Independence of Truth and Intelligence: "All Truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it to act for itself, as all intelligence also, otherwise there is no existence."

The Agency of Man: "Behold, here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man, because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light (i. e. truth); and every man whose spirit receiveth not the light is under condemnation, *for man is spirit*" [and therefore from the nature of him is capable of apprehending truth].

The Eternity of the Elements of Matter, and the Design of their Union with Spirit: "The elements are eternal, and Spirit and Element, inseparably connected, receive a fullness of joy; and when separated man [who is Spirit in the essence of him, see above] cannot receive a fullness of joy.

The Imminence of God in the Elements and in Man: "The elements are the tabernacle of God; yea, man is the tabernacle of God, even temples; and whatsoever temple is defiled, God shall destroy that temple."

One may be pardoned, I hope, for regarding even a revelation containing passages of such profound philosophical import as a remarkable out-giving.

towards the building of the Kirtland Temple were taken on the 4th of the same month, when a conference of High Priests appointed a committee to take into consideration the building of such a house as that contemplated in the revelation above quoted. It was finally decided to erect a building fifty-five by sixty-five, inside measurement, two stories in height, and an attic for class rooms. Ground was broken for the foundation on the 5th of June.

In the spring of this year somewhat extensive land purchases were made in and about Kirtland and laid off with a view to enlarging the city, and organizing it with the surrounding branches of the Church into a "Stake of Zion."[10]

It was about this time that a general plan for building "Cities of Zion" was evolved, that is of very great interest. In June the Prophet sent to Zion the plat of the city to be founded at Independence, which was to be a model for the rest, and which a few years later became the plan on which Kirtland was laid out. The following description is condensed from the elaborate instructions of the Prophet sent to the Bishop in Zion upon this subject:

The city plat is one mile square, divided into blocks containing ten acres each—forty rods square—except the middle range of blocks running north and south; they will be forty by sixty rods, containing fifteen acres, having their greatest extent east and west. The streets will be eight rods wide, intersecting each other at right angles. The center tier of blocks forty by sixty rods will be reserved for public buildings, temples, tabernacles, school houses, etc.

All the other blocks will be divided into half-acre lots, a four rod front to every lot, and extending back twenty rods. In one block the lots will run from the north and south, and in the next one from the east and west, and so on alternately throughout the city, except in the range of blocks reserved for public buildings. By this arrangement no street will be built on entirely through the street; but on one block the houses will stand on one street, and on the next one on another street. All of the houses are to

10. "A stake of Zion" is a territorial subdivision of the Church comprising several ecclesiastical wards, placed under the direction of a special presidency. The region of country in and about Independence, Missouri, is "Zion" or the "Centre Place"—the location of the future "Holy City" of America; other groups of settlements or ecclesiastical wards are and will be "Stakes of Zion."

be built of brick or stone; and but one house on a lot, which is to stand twenty-five feet back from the street, the space in front being for lawns, ornamental trees, shrubbery, or flowers according to the taste of the owners; the rest of the lot will be for gardens, etc.

It is supposed that such a plat when built up will contain fifteen or twenty thousand population, and that they will require twenty-four buildings to supply them with houses for public worship and schools. These buildings will be temples, none of which will be less than eighty-seven feet by sixty-one, and two stories high, each story to be fourteen feet, making the building twenty-eight feet to the square. None of these temples will be smaller than this, but of course there may be others much larger; the above, however, are the dimensions of the one the Saints were commanded to build first.

Lands on the north and south of the city will be laid off for barns and stables for the use of the city, so there will be no barns or stables in the city among the homes of the people.

Lands for agriculturalists sufficient for the whole plat are also to be laid off on the north and south of the city plat, but if sufficient land cannot be laid off without going too great a distance, then farms are to be laid off on the east and west also: but the tiller of the soil as well as the merchant and mechanic will live in the city. The farmer and his family, therefore, will enjoy all the advantages of schools, public lectures and other meetings. His home will no longer be isolated, and his family denied the benefits of society, which has been, and always will be, the great educator of the human race; but they will enjoy the same privileges of society, and can surround their homes with the same intellectual life, the same social refinement as will be found in the home of the merchant or banker or professional man.

"When this square is thus laid off and supplied, lay off another in the same way," said Joseph to those to whom the city plat was sent, "and so fill up the world in these last days, and let every man live in the city, for this is the city of Zion."

Before these plans for building the initial city of Zion and the first temple—plans for the construction of which accompanied the plat of the City[11]—could be carried into effect, that cruel

11. The temple was to be called "The House of the Lord for the Presidency of the High and Most Holy Priesthood, after the Order of Melchesidek." It was to be eighty-seven by sixty-one feet, and twenty-eight feet high—two stories. Ten feet taken off the east end for stairways to the upper floor, leaving the main halls seventy-eight by sixty-one feet. The main features of the internal arrangements were that a series of three pulpits or stands rising one above another were arranged in the east and west end of the halls, to be occupied by the several Presidencies of

persecution began which ended in the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson county.

It is interesting to note that while the Saints have never been situated in any of their subsequent colonizing enterprises to carry out all the details of the above plan of building cities, still the general principles of the foregoing instructions have influenced all their colonizing enterprises. In Nauvoo, in Salt Lake City and in all the settlements of Utah and surrounding intermountain states, the settlements have been laid off into town plats divided into blocks of equal size by streets running at right angles, with farming lands immediately surrounding the settlements cut up into small holdings with a view to having all the people live in the settlement and every family have a home in the town, that they might enjoy the advantages of schools, public meetings, and society as noted above. This method of colonization, while it may have some disadvantages and limitations, nevertheless removes the dreary loneliness of the ordinary pioneer, and even of farm life, retains the advantages of organized society, and makes it possible for men to advance upon the wilderness or the semi-desert as drilled cohorts move to battle, with likelihood of success much enhanced above the method that is but a series of individual conflicts. It is the general plan, despite some impractical features and omissions in the first essay to its establishment, that has made the Latter-day Saints the most successful of modern colonizers.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE EXPULSION OF THE SAINTS FROM JACKSON COUNTY, MISSOURI

The attainment of the ideal is difficult. In nothing is it more so than in righteousness. With the name "saint", there goes the idea of a perfect life; yet, upon second thought, it will be remembered that those who have borne that title have done so in virtue of their aspirations for sanctity rather than absolute attainment of it. And this because, as remarked by Guizot, "In

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the Melchesidek and Aaronic priesthood respectively, with drop curtains, from the ceilings so arranged as to admit of each hall being divided into four compartments when thought necessary.

nothing, perhaps, is it given to man ever to arrive at the goal he has proposed to himself; his glory is in advancing towards it''. These reflections are pertinent at the opening of a chapter in this history that is to deal with the expulsion of the latter-day Saints from Jackson county, Missouri, since their failure to meet perfectly the high requirements of the law of God given to them in their land of promise is, in part, responsible for what befell them.

In the visit made to the settlements of the saints in Jackson county in the spring of 1832, by Joseph Smith and other leading Elders, as detailed in Chapter XXI, all matters of difference between the leaders in Missouri and Ohio were amicably adjusted and settled, and each gave the other the right hand of fellowship in token of perfect good will and friendship. Not long after the departure of the Ohio brethren, however, suspicions, evil surmisings and jealousies reasserted themselves and found expression in both spoken and written word, and in failure to carry out the plans that had been agreed upon for the general welfare of the Church. This had become so manifest towards the close of the year that it was a cause of deep anxiety to the Prophet and other leaders of the Church at Kirtland, and led to the writing of two communications to the brethren in Zion, of great historical importance, and also important as exhibiting the spirit in which the Prophet and his associates worked in maintaining and developing the New Dispensation of the Gospel committed to their hands. One of these letters was written by the Prophet, the other by a conference of High Priests, per Orson Hyde and Hyrum Smith. The Prophet's communication was accompanied by the revelation called the ''Olive Leaf'', the main features of which were considered in the closing paragraphs of Chapter XXI, and was addressed to Elder W. W. Phelps.

The Prophet's Letter

Kirtland, January 14, 1833.

Brother William W. Phelps:

I send you the ''Olive Leaf'' which we have plucked from the Tree of Paradise, the Lord's message of peace to us; for though our brethren in Zion indulge in feelings towards us which are

ccording to the requirements of the new covenant, yet, we
the satisfaction of knowing that the Lord approves of us,
has accepted us, and established His name in Kirtland for
salvation of the nations; for the Lord will have a place
ice His word will go forth, in these last days, in purity; for
on will not purify herself, so as to be approved of in all
s, in His sight, He will seek another people; for His work
go on until Israel is gathered, and they who will not hear
voice, must expect to feel His wrath. Let me say unto you,
to purify yourselves, and also all the inhabitants of Zion,
he Lord's anger be kindled to fierceness. Repent, repent, is
oice of God to Zion; and strange as it may appear, yet it
ue, mankind will persist in self-justification until all their
ity is exposed, and their character past being redeemed, and
which is treasured up in their hearts be exposed to the gaze
ankind. I say to you (and what I say to you I say to all),
the warning voice of God, lest Zion fall, and the Lord swear
is wrath the inhabitants of Zion shall not enter into His

e brethren in Kirtland pray for you unceasingly, for, know-
he terrors of the Lord, they greatly fear for you. You will
at the Lord commanded us, in Kirtland, to build a house of
and establish a school for the Prophets, this is the word of
ord to us, and we must, yea, the Lord helping us, we will
as on conditions of our obedience He has promised us great
s; yea, even a visit from the heavens to honor us with His
presence. We greatly fear before the Lord lest we should
f this great honor, which our Master proposes to confer on
we are seeking for humility and great faith lest we be
ned in His presence. Our hearts are greatly grieved at the
which is breathed both in your letter and that of Brother
rt's, the very spirit which is wasting the strength of Zion
a pestilence; and if it is not detected and driven from you,
l ripen Zion for the threatened judgments of God. Remem-
od sees the secret springs of human action, and knows the
s of all living.

other, suffer us to speak plainly, for God has respect to the
gs of his Saints, and He will not suffer them to be tanta-
with impunity. Tell Brother Gilbert that low insinuations
hates; but He rejoices in an honest heart, and knows bet-
ho is guilty than he does. We send him this warning voice,
et him fear greatly for himself, lest a worse thing overtake
all we can say by way of conclusion is, if the fountain of
ears be not dried up, we will still weep for Zion. This from

your brother who trembles for Zion, and for the wrath of heaven, which awaits her if she repent not.

(Signed) JOSEPH SMITH, JUN.

P. S.—I am not in the habit of crying peace, when there is no peace; and, knowing the threatened judgments of God, I say, Wo unto them who are at ease in Zion; fearfulness will speedily lay hold of the hypocrite. I did not suspect you had lost the commandments, but thought from your letters you had neglected to read them, otherwise you would not have written as you did.

It is vain to try to hide a bad spirit from the eyes of them who are spiritual, for it will show itself in speaking and writing, as well as in all other conduct. It is also needless to make great pretensions when the heart is not right; the Lord will expose it to the view of His faithful Saints. We wish you to render the Star as interesting as possible, by setting forth the rise, progress, and faith of the Church, as well as the doctrine: for if you do not render it more interesting than at present, it will fall, and the Church suffer a great loss thereby.

(Signed) J. S., JUN.

The letter from the Conference of High Priests alludes to past difficulties; also to a Revelation of September 22nd and 23rd[1] in which it was said that the minds of the saints in times past had been darkened because of unbelief, and because they had treated lightly the things they had received, which vanity and unbelief had brought the whole church under condemnation, "and this condemnation resteth upon the children of Zion [having reference to the Saints in Missouri] even all: And they shall remain under this condemnation until they repent and remember the new covenant, even the Book of Mormon and the former commandments which I have given them, not only to say, but to do according to that which I have written, that they may bring forth fruit meet for their Father's kingdom, otherwise there remaineth a scourge and a judgment to be poured out upon the children of Zion: For shall the children of the kingdom pollute my holy land? Verily, I say unto you, Nay."

The answers that had been received by the brethren in Ohio to these reproofs and remonstrances were by no means satisfactory; therefore the Conference of High Priests wrote to the brethren in Zion as follows:

1. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84, 54-58.

"At the time Joseph, Sidney, and Newel left Zion, all matters of hardness and misunderstanding were settled and buried (as they supposed), and you gave them the hand of fellowship; but afterwards you brought up all these things again, in a censorious spirit, accusing Brother Joseph in rather an indirect way of seeking after monarchial power and authority. This came to us in Brother Corrill's letter of June 2nd. We are sensible that this is not the thing Brother Joseph is seeking after, but to magnify the high office and calling whereunto he has been called and appointed by the command of God, and the united voice of this Church. It might not be amiss for you to call to mind the circumstances of the Nephites, and the children of Israel rising up against their Prophets, and accusing them of seeking after kingly power, and see what befell them, and take warning before it is too late.

Brother Gilbert's letter of December 10th, has been received and read attentively, and the low, dark, and blind insinuations, which were in it, were not received by us as from the fountain of light, though his claims and pretensions to holiness were great. We are not unwilling to be chastened or rebuked for our faults, but we want to receive it in language that we can understand, as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." We are aware that Brother Gilbert is doing much, and has a multitude of business on hand; but let him purge out all the old leaven, and do his business in the spirit of the Lord, and then the Lord will bless him, otherwise the frown of the Lord will remain upon him. There is manifestly an uneasiness in Brother Gilbert, and a fearfulness that God will not provide for His Saints in these last days, and these fears lead him on to covetousness. This ought not so to be; but let him do just as the Lord has commanded him, and then the Lord will open His coffers, and his wants will be liberally supplied. But if this uneasy, covetous disposition be cherished by him, the Lord will bring him to poverty, shame and disgrace.

Brother Phelp's letter of December 15th, is also received and carefully read, and it betrays a lightness of spirit that ill becomes a man placed in the important and responsible station that he is placed in. If you have "fat beef, and potatoes," eat them in singleness of heart, and boast not yourselves in these things. Think not brethren, that we make a man an offender for a word; this is not the case; but we want to see a spirit in Zion, by which the Lord will build it up; that is the plain, solemn, and pure spirit of Christ. Brother Phelps requested in his last letter that Brother Joseph should come to Zion; but we say that Brother Joseph will not settle in Zion until she repent, and purify her-

self, and abide by the new covenant, and remember the commandments that have been given her, to do them as well as say them. * * *

We have the best of feelings, and feelings of the greatest anxiety for the welfare of Zion: we feel more like weeping over Zion than we do like rejoicing over her, for we know that the judgments of God hang over her, and will fall upon her except she repent, and purify herself before the Lord, and put away from her every foul spirit. We now say to Zion, this once, in the name of the Lord, Repent! repent! awake, awake, put on thy beautiful garments, before you are made to feel the chastening rod of Him whose anger is kindled against you. Let not Satan tempt you to think we want to make you bow to us, to domineer over you, for God knows this is not the case: our eyes are watered with tears, and our hearts are poured out to God in prayer for you, that He will spare you and turn away His anger from you. * * *

* * * We now close our epistle by saying unto you, the Lord has commanded us to purify ourselves, to wash our hands and our feet, that He may testify to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God, that we are clean from the blood of this generation; and before we could wash our hands and our feet, we were constrained to write this letter. Therefore, with the feelings of inexpressible anxiety for your welfare, we say again, Repent, repent, or Zion must suffer, for the scourge and judgment must come upon her.

Let the Bishop read this to the Elders, that they may warn the members of the scourge that is coming, except they repent. Tell them to read the Book of Mormon, and obey it; read the commandments that are printed, and obey them; yea, humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that peradventure He may turn His anger from you. Tell them that they have not come up to Zion to sit down in idleness, neglecting the things of God, but they are to be diligent and faithful in obeying the new covenant."

The High Priests refer to the Prophet's letter given above and with the following explanation endorse it.

"There is one clause in Brother Joseph's letter which you may not understand; that is this, 'If the people of Zion did not repent, the Lord would seek another place, and another people.' Zion is the place where the temple will be built, and the people gathered, but all people upon that holy land being under condemnation, the Lord will cut off, if they repent not, and bring another

race upon it, that will serve Him. The Lord will seek another place to bring forth and prepare His word to go forth to the nations, and as we said before, so we say again, Brother Joseph will not settle in Zion, except she repent, and serve God, and obey the new covenant. With this explanation, the conference sanctions Brother Joseph's letter."

These reproofs and warnings of impending calamities leave nothing to be desired in the matter of frankness. They made some impression, too, on those to whom they were addressed. The above communications bear the date of January 14th, 1833; on the 26th of February following a solemn assembly was called at which a humble repentance was manifested by the brethren in Zion, and such acknowledgments made by letter to the brethren in Kirtland that they were satisfactory to the Presidency.

In a revelation given on the 8th of March referring to the matter of the Prophet Joseph going to Zion and presiding there —a matter that the Missouri Saints seemed very much to urge— it was said:

"Behold ye shall write this commandment, and say unto your brethren in Zion, in love, greeting, that I have called you also to preside over Zion in mine own due time; therefore, let them cease wearing me concerning this matter. Behold, I say unto you that your brethren in Zion begin to repent, and the angels rejoice over them."[2]

Still there were some with whom the Lord was not well pleased, and they were named. "And the Bishop also," said the revelation, "and others have many things to repent of. But verily I say unto you, that I the Lord will contend with Zion, and plead with her strong ones, and chasten her until she overcomes and is clean before me."[3]

Viewed in the light of the calamities which so soon afterwards befell the Saints in Missouri, these utterances of the revelations and the letters were warning and prophecy to them.

The question of the presiding authority in Zion was a vexed one for some time. There seemed to be a general understanding

2. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 90.
3. Ibid.

that Bishop Partridge was the presiding authority; still when certain high priests and elders who had been appointed to travel and preach to the world came up to Zion they, in some instances, assumed to set in order the branches of the Church, not then understanding the virtue and power of appointment in the priesthood. This led to some confusion, in consequence of which a council of High Priests was called for the 26th of March. This council reverted to the instructions given at the solemn assembly of the Church held the previous year, on the occasion of the Prophet's visit among them, and determined to follow the plan then advised, *viz* that the seven High Priests who were sent from Kirtland to build up Zion, *viz*, Oliver Cowdery, W. W. Phelps, John Whitmer, Algernon Sidney Gilbert, Bishop Edward Partridge, and his two counselors, Isaac Moreley and John Corrill, should stand at the head of affairs in Zion, and, with the consent of the respective branches, should appoint presiding Elders over each; of these branches there were now ten.

These efforts at conforming to the requirements previously made of them by the law of the Lord and the counsel of the Prophet, brought the spirit of peace to the Saints in Zion; and on the third anniversary of the organization of the Church, the 6th of April, 1833, about eighty officers and the Saints from the several branches of the Church in Jackson county, assembled at what was called "The Ferry" on "Big Blue"—a small forest-lined stream a few miles west of Independence—to celebrate the event. The Spring broke early in western Missouri that year, and it was truly a season of hope and joy to the Saints. It was the first time the Church had celebrated the anniversary of its organization. The progress made was sufficient to be conspicuous. Only three years before, in the house of Peter Whitmer, the Church had been organized with six members, and only nine had been baptized up to that time. Within three years the Gospel had been preached in nearly all the states of the Union, in Canada and among a number of the Indian tribes. Thousands had hailed the message with delight, and numerous branches of the Church had been established. The place of the city of Zion had been revealed, and nearly a thousand of the Saints had gathered there. A printing establishment had been founded, the

precious truths of the New Dispensation were being published to the world; and all this had been accomplished in the face of poverty and bitter opposition."

Uncongenial elements of population were meeting in Jackson county when the Saints came in contact with the "old settlers." The "old settlers" were principally from the mountainous portions of the Southern States. They had settled along the water courses, in the forests which lined their banks, instead of out on the broad and fertile prairies, which only required fencing to prepare them for cultivation. It was the work of years to clear a few acres of the timber lands, but with these small fields the "old settlers" were content. They had no disposition to beautify their homes, or even make them convenient or comfortable. They lived in their log cabins without windows, and very frequently without floors other than the ground; and the dingy, smoked log walls were unadorned by pictures or other ornaments. They were uneducated; those who could read or write being the exception; and they had an utter contempt for the refinements of life. They were hospitable to the stranger, and even generous to an enemy in supplying him food and shelter when in need, yet they were narrow-minded, ferocious, and jealous of those who sought to obtain better homes, and who aspired to something better in life than had yet entered into the hearts of these people.

There was another element in western Missouri which did not tend to the improvement of its society. Western Missouri at the time of which I write, was on the frontier of the United States, and therefore a place of refuge for those who had outraged the laws of society elsewhere. Here they were near the boundary line of the United States, and if pursued by the officers of the law, in a few hours they could cross the line out of their reach. These outcasts helped to give a more desperate complexion to the already reckless population of western Missouri.

The Saints could not join the Missourians in their way of life —in Sabbath-breaking, profanity, horse-racing, idleness, and all too-prevalent drunkenness. They had been commanded to keep the Sabbath day holy, to keep themselves unspotted from the sins of the world. The fact of people having so little in com-

mon with each other was of itself calculated to beget a coldness and suspicion, which would soon ripen into dislike. The Saints, too, for the most part, had come from the Northern and New England States, and the dislike and suspicion that existed at that time between the people of the slave-holding and free-states, was manifested toward the Saints by their "southern" neighbors. Moreover, the "old settlers" were dear lovers of office, and the honors and emoluments growing out of it; and they greatly feared that the rapidly increasing Saints would soon outnumber them, and that the offices would be wrested from them.

It must be admitted also that there is something very irritating in the message which Mormonism has to proclaim to the world; the churches are all wrong; their creeds are an abomination to the Lord; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men; they draw near to the Lord with their lips, but their hearts are far from Him; they have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof—and hence a New Dispensation of the gospel has become necessary. All this of course was not likely to appeal sympathetically to the ministry or people of supposedly orthodox christian churches, especially when such a message was delivered, as sometimes it must be admitted it was delivered, without due regard to the feelings of those to whom it was addressed.[4]

As early as the spring of 1832 there began to appear signs of an approaching storm. In the deadly hours of the night the houses of some of the Saints were stoned, the windows broken, and the inmates disturbed. In the fall of the same year a large quantity of hay in the stack belonging to the Saints was burned, houses were shot into, and the people insulted with abusive language. In the month of April, 1833, the "old settlers" to the number of some three hundred met at Independence, to consult upon a plan for the destruction, or immediate removal, of the "Mormons" from Jackson county. They were unable, however, to unite on any plan, and the mob becoming the worse for liquor, the affair broke up in a "Missouri row."

The sectarian priests inhabiting Jackson and the surrounding counties were earnestly engaged in fanning the flames of preju-

4. See ante, Chapter V, note 2, where the seeming harshness of this message is considered at length.

dice, already burning in the public mind. The Rev. Finis Ewing, the head and front of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, published this statement: "The Mormons are the common enemies of mankind and ought to be destroyed."[5]

The Rev. Pixley, who had been sent out by the Missionary Society to Christianize the savages of the west, spent his time in going from house to house, seeking to destroy the Church by spreading slanderous falsehoods, to incite the people to acts of violence against the Saints.[6]

Early in July, a document was in circulation known as the "Secret Constitution," setting forth the alleged grievances of the mob, and binding all who signed it to assist in "removing the Mormons." The document set forth the following: The signers believed an important crisis was at hand in their civil society, because a pretended religious sect—the "Mormons"—had settled in their midst. The civil law did not afford them a sufficient guarantee against the threatening evils, and therefore they had determined to rid themselves of the "Mormons," peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must," and for the better accomplishment of this object, they had organized themselves into a company—pledging to each other their "bodily powers, their lives, fortunes, and sacred honors."

The Saints in this document are represented as being the very dregs of that society from which they came; and also as being poor, "idle, lazy, and vicious." They are accused of claiming to receive direct revelation from God; to heal the sick by the laying on of hands; to speak in unknown tongues by inspiration; and, in short, "to perform all the wonder-working miracles wrought

5. Documentary Hist. of the Church, Vol. 1, p. 392.

6. "The Sectarian priests and missionaries around us were among the first to come out both secretly and openly against us. Among the more active of these was a Mr. Pixley, who did not content himself in slandering us to the people of Jackson county, but also wrote to eastern papers, telling horrible lies about us, with the evident intention of rousing a spirit of hatred against us. His talk was of the bitterest kind, his speeches perfectly inflammatory, and he appeared to have influence among the people, to carry them with him in his hellish designs. Nor did he confine his actions to the white settlers, but tried to stir up the Indians against us, and used every means in his power to accomplish his purposes. His efforts were seconded by such men as Reverends McCoy, Fitzhugh, Bogard, Kavanaugh, Lovelady, Likens, Hunter and others; and by their perserverance, at last the public mind became so excited, that on the 20th of July a meeting was called and largely attended by not only the rabble of the county, but also men holding official positions." *Newel Knights Journal,* in "Scraps of Biography," p. 76.

by the inspired apostles and prophets of God;" all of which, the document claims, "is derogatory of God and religion, and subersive of human reason."

The signers of this document also accuse the Saints of sowing dissensions and inspiring seditions among their slaves. They further charge that the "Mormons" had invited "free people of color" to settle in Jackson County; and state that the introduction of such a caste among their slaves, would instigate them to rebel against their masters, and to bloodshed.

The "Mormons" are also charged with having openly declared that God had given them the land of Jackson county; and that sooner or later they would possess it as an inheritance. The document then concludes by saying that if after timely warning, and receiving an adequate compensation for what property they could not take with them, the Saints shall refuse to leave the county, such means as might be necessary to remove them were to be employed, and calls a meeting of the signers to convene at the court-house in Independence on the twentieth of July, to consult on subsequent movements.[7]

It may not be amiss here to notice the several charges made against the Saints:

The statement made by the mob that the "civil law did not afford them a sufficient guarantee against the threatening evils" of which they complained, is good evidence that the Saints, although they may have fallen far short of coming up to the full requirements of the spiritual laws of the gospel of Jesus Christ, had violated none of the laws of man. This is further evidenced by the statement of the mob in the address adopted at their meeting of the 20th of July and published in the *Western Monitor,* (printed at Fayette, Howard county, Missouri) where it is said as an excuse for their lawless intentions to resort to mob violence—"The evil is one that no one could have foreseen, and therefore is unprovided for by the laws; and the delays incident to legislation would put the mischief beyond

7. The document of which the foregoing is a summary was published in the December number (1833) of the *Evening* and *Morning Star,* and is embodied in a memorial "To His Excellency, Daniel Dunklin, Governor of the State of Missouri," bearing date of September 2, 1833. Documentary Hist. of Church, Vol. I, p. 410, *et seq.* For reply to these charges, see note end of chapter.

remedy." In all which one plainly sees unconscious admission that the Saints were not guilty of infractions of the laws of the land.

As to the Saints being the dregs of the society from which they came—it is untrue; they had a respectable standing in the society from which they came, and that society was far in advance of civilization and enlightenment of the people of western Missouri.[8]

The charge of idleness comes with a bad grace from the slaveholders of Missouri. Especially so since the charge is made against people chiefly from New England; who, whatever other faults they may possess, can never be broadly charged with idleness. In addition to the Saints who settled in Missouri having been trained from childhood to habits of industry in their former homes, they had received an express command from God to labor, and the idler was not to eat the bread nor wear the garment of the laborer;[9] and unless the idler repented, he was to be cast out of the Church.[10]

The Saints in Missouri, it is true, claimed to receive revelations from God through the Prophet Joseph Smith; and they also enjoyed the gifts of tongues, and of healing the sick through the anointing with oil and the prayer of faith, in fulfillment of the promises of the Lord;[11] but how all this can be "derogatory of God and true religion," when these blessings of revelation and the enjoyment of the spiritual gifts enumerated are the same as those that were possessed by the primitive Christians, which they were encouraged to "desire",[12] and which have ever been regarded as a crowning glory of the early Church; or how they could be "subversive of human reason," can only be comprehended by a Missouri mob, seeking a vain excuse for the destruction of those for whom they had conceived an hatred.

The charge of sowing dissensions and inspiring seditions among the slaves, and inviting free people of color to settle in Jackson county, has no foundation in truth. The July number of

8. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 392, note.
9. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 42: 42.
10. Ibid, Sec. 75: 28.
11. St. James, 5:14, 15.
12. I Cor. 14:1.

the Evening and Morning Star, for 1833, contains an article on "Free People of Color," and publishes the law of Missouri relating to that class of people. "Free people of color" were negroes or mulattoes who were set free through the kindness of their masters, or who, by working extra hours, for which they were sometimes allowed pay, were able at last to purchase their liberty. Concerning such people the Missouri law provided that:

"If any negro or mulatto come into the State of Missouri, without a certificate from a court of record in some one of the United States, evidencing that he was a citizen of such State, on complaint before any justice of the peace, such negro or mulatto could be commanded by the justice to leave the State; and if the colored person so ordered did not leave the State within thirty days, on complaint of any citizen, such person could be again brought before the justice who might commit him to the common jail of the county, until the convening of the circuit court to inquire into the cause of commitment; and if it was found that the negro or mulatto had remained in the State contrary to the provisions of this statute, the court was authorized to sentence such person to receive ten lashes on his or her bare back, and then order him or her to depart from the State; if the person so treated should still refuse to go, then the same proceedings were to be repeated, and punishment inflicted as often as was necessary until such person departed."

And further: If any person brought into the State of Missouri a free negro or mulatto, without the aforesaid certificate of citizenship, for every negro or mulatto so brought into the State, the person offending was liable to a forfeit of five hundred dollars, to be recovered by action of debt in the name of the State. The editor of the Star commenting upon this law said:

"Slaves are real estate in this and other states, and wisdom would dictate great care among the branches of the Church of Christ on this subject. So long as we have no special rule in the Church as to people of color, let prudence guide; and while they, as well as we, are in the hands of a merciful God, we say: shun every appearance of evil."

Publishing this law, and the above comment, was construed by the "old settlers," to be an invitation to free people of color

to settle in Jackson county! Whereupon an extra was published to the July number of the Star on the sixteenth of the month, which said:

"Our intention was not only to stop free people of color from emigrating to this state, but to prevent them from being admitted as members of the Church."[13] * * * Great care should be taken on this point. The saints must shun every appearance of evil. As to slaves we have nothing to say. In connection with the wonderful events of this age, much is doing towards abolishing slavery, and colonizing the blacks in Africa.

"We often lament the situation of our sister states in the south, and we fear, lest, as has been the case, the blacks should rise and spill innocent blood: for they are ignorant, and a little may lead them to disturb the peace of society. To be short, we are opposed to have free people of color admitted into the state; and we say, that none will be admitted into the church, for we are determined to obey the laws and constitutions of our country, that we may have that protection which the sons of liberty inherit from the legacy of Washington, through the favorable auspices of a Jefferson, and Jackson."

But in the face of this the Missourians still claimed that the article was merely published to give directions and cautions to be observed by "colored brethren," to enable them upon their arrival in Missouri, to "claim and exercise the rights of citizenship." And this base falsehood was used to inflame the minds of the old settlers against the Saints.

That the Saints may have said the Lord would yet give them the land of Missouri for their inheritance, is doubtless true; but that they were to obtain it in any other than a legal way never entered their minds. They had been commanded of the Lord to purchase[14] the land for an inheritance. Besides, the elders sta-

13. In making the statement that it was the intention of the Star article not only to stop "free people of color" emigrating to Missouri, but also to "prevent them from being admitted as members of the Church," the editor of the Star of course went too far; if not in his second article, explaining the scope and meaning of the first, then in the first article; for he had no authority to seek to prevent "free people of color" from being admitted members of the Church. But as a matter of fact there were very few if any "free people of color" in the Church at that time. The fears of the Missourians on that head where sheer fabrications of evil-disposed minds. See statement of Parley P. Pratt, Note 1, end of Chapter.

14. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 57: 3, 5. Also see this History Ch. XIX. Even in the "History of Jackson County," published by the "Union Historical Company" (1881), wherein reference is made to the assumption that the Saints considered themselves

tioned in Zion about this time, addressed an epistle to the churches abroad, in which they alluded to the gathering of the ancient Israel, and pointing out the difference in their circumstances and those by which the Saints were now surrounded. Ancient Israel had been compelled to obtain the lands of their inheritance by the sword. "But" the address adds, "to suppose that we can come up here and take possession of this land by the shedding of blood, would be setting at naught the law of the glorious gospel and also the word of our Great Redeemer: and to suppose that we can take possession of this country without making regular purchases of the same, according to the laws of our nation, would be reproaching this great republic, in which most of us were born, and under whose auspices we all have protection." Nothing then can be clearer than that while the saints may have said that Missouri would eventually be the land of their inheritance, they were expecting to obtain it in a perfectly legitimate manner—by purchase.

I have been particular in examining the charges made against the Saints by their enemies in Jackson county, in order that it may be known that wherein the things charged were not in and of themselves innocent, and no cause for offense whatever, they were utterly without foundation in truth.

In answer to the call made for the citizens of Jackson county to assemble at the court house on the twentieth of July, 1833, to devise means to rid the county of the "Mormons," between four and five hundred gathered in from all parts of the county. Colonel Richard Simpson was elected chairman of the meeting, and James H. Flournoy and Colonel S. D. Lucas were chosen secretaries. A committee of seven was appointed by the chair to draft an address to the public, in relation to the object of the meeting; the following was the committee: Russel Hicks, Esq., Robert

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"the holy people of the Lord;" that "the Lord was the real owner of all things;" that all "His possessions were free to them"—from which the deduction is made that in view of all this the Saints "were not calculated to be very respectful of the rights and interests of their non-Mormon neighbors"—yet these publishers are compelled to admit the fact, and do admit the fact, that no overt act can be charged against the Saints in violation of the property rights of their non-Mormon neighbors in the following language, which immediately follows the deductions above—*"But though no overt acts of transgression upon such rights were being committed,* the rapidly gathering members of the Mormons * * * made the new sect an object of profound solicitude to the people."

Johnson, Henry Childs, Esq., Colonel Jas. Hambright, Thomas Hudspeth, Joel F. Childs and Jas. M. Hunter.

The address prepared by this committee repeated the falsehoods concerning the Saints interfering with slaves; inviting free people of color to settle in Jackson county; of the Saints being the very dregs of the society from which they had emigrated; again charged them with most abject poverty, idleness, and of coming to obtain inheritances in Jackson county, "without money and without price". It declared that the evils which threatened their community, by the "Mormons" settling among them, were such as no one could have foreseen, and therefore they were unprovided for by the laws; and the delays incident to legislation would put the mischief beyond all remedy. It expressed the apprehension that if the Saints were not interfered with, the day would not be far distant when the civil government of the county would be in their hands; when the sheriff, the justices, and the county judges would be "Mormons" or persons wishing to court their favor from motives of interest or ambition; and then the following:

"What would be the fate of our lives and property in the hands of jurors and witnesses who do not blush to declare, and would not, upon occasion, hesitate to swear, that they have wrought miracles, and have been the subjects of miraculous and supernatural cures, have conversed with God and His angels, and possess and exercise the gifts of divination, and of unknown tongues, and fired with the prospects of obtaining inheritances without money and without price—may better be imagined than described."[15]

However, in speaking of the gifts of the Spirit which the Saints enjoyed—revelation, prophecy, speaking in tongues, healing the sick, etc., the committee proposed to have nothing to say, but piously close the paragraph which refers to these things with the words: *"Vengeance belongs to God alone!"* For the other things with which they charged the Saints—each and all of them were utterly false except it might be in the matter of poverty. But even in this the truth was not stated. A few cases aside, the "poverty" in question was that poverty of the pioneer newly

15. *Western Monitor*, August 2, 1833.

arrived in the wilderness which is to be the subsequent field of his enterprises and triumphs. Quite generally the Saints went into Jackson county prepared to purchase lands and build homes; but pending the accomplishment of that, there was much inconvenience and some suffering for want of shelter and clothing; but "abject poverty", there was none.

The conclusion of the mob in the whole matter was thus stated:

"We do hereby most solemnly declare that no Mormon shall in future move to or settle in this (Jackson) county; that those now here, who shall give a definite pledge of their intention within a reasonable time to remove out of the county, shall be allowed to remain unmolested, until they have sufficient time to sell their property, and close their business without material sacrifice; that the editor of the Star be required forthwith to close his office, and discontinue the business of printing in this county; and as to all other stores and shops belonging to the sect, their owners must, in every case, strictly comply with the terms of the second article of this declaration, and upon failure, prompt and efficient measures will be taken to close the same; that the Mormon leaders here are required to use their influence in preventing any further immigration of their distant brethren to this county, and to counsel and advise their brethren here to comply with the above requisitions; that those who fail to comply with these requisitions be referred to those of their brethren who have the gifts of divination, and of unknown tongues, to inform them of the lot that awaits them.[16]

This address was unanimously adopted by the meeting, and a committee of twelve appointed to wait upon the "Mormon" leaders, and see that the foregoing requisitions were assented to by them. In case of a refusal on the part of the "Mormons" to comply with these arbitrary, illegal and unreasonable demands, the committee, acting as the organ of Jackson county, were to inform them that it was the fixed determination of the mob to adopt such means as would enforce their removal.

The committee called upon Edward Partridge, A. S. Gilbert, John Corrill, Isaac Morley, John Whitmer, and W. W. Phelps, and demanded that they cease publishing the *Star* and close the printing office; and that, as the Presiding Elders of the "Mor-

16. *Western Monitor,* August 2, 1833.

mon Church," they agree to move out of the county forthwith. Three months were asked for by these Elders in which to consider the proposition, and to give them time to counsel with the Church authorities in Ohio; as closing a printing office and removing twelve hundred people from their homes was a work of no small moment. But this time was denied them. They asked for ten days; but that was not granted; fifteen minutes only was allowed them in which to decide. At this the conference broke up, and the mob returned to the court house and reported to the meeting that they had called upon the "Mormon" leaders and that they refused to give a direct answer, but asked for time to consider the propositions and to counsel with their brethren in Ohio. The meeting then resolved that the printing office be razed to the ground, and the type and press destroyed.

With demoniac yells the mob surrounded the printing office and house of W. W. Phelps. Mrs. Phelps, with a sick infant in her arms, and the rest of the children, were forced out of their home, the furniture was thrown into the street and garden, the press was broken, the type pied; the revelations, book-work and papers were nearly all destroyed or kept by the mob; and the printing office and house of W. W. Phelps were both razed to the ground. Having reduced these buildings to a mass of ruins, the mob proceeded to demolish the mercantile establishment of Gilbert, Whitney & Co., and destroy the goods; but when Mr. Gilbert assured them that the goods would be packed by the twenty-third, they desisted from their work of destruction.

The fiendish hate of the mob, however, had not yet spent its force. With horrible yells and cursings loud, they sought for the leading Elders. Men, women and children ran in all directions, not knowing what would befall them. The mob caught Bishop Edward Partridge and Charles Allen, and dragged them through the maddened crowd, which insulted and abused them along the road to the public square. Here two alternatives were presented them; either they must renounce their faith in the Book of Mormon, or leave the county. The Book of Mormon they would not deny, nor consent to leave the county. Bishop Partridge, being permitted to speak, said that the Saints had to suffer persecution in all ages of the world, and that he was willing to suffer for

the sake of Christ, as the Saints in former ages had done; that he had done nothing which ought to offend anyone, and that if they abused him, they would injure an innocent man. Here his voice was drowned by the tumult of the crowd, many of whom were shouting: "Call upon your God to deliver you—pretty Jesus you worship!" The two brethren, Partridge and Allen, were stripped of their clothing, and bedaubed with tar, mixed with lime, or pearl-ash, or some other flesh-eating acid, and a quantity of feathers scattered over them. They bore this cruel indignity and abuse with so much resignation and meekness that the crowd grew still, and appeared astonished at what they witnessed. The brethren were permitted to retire in silence.

The outrages of this day were the more reprehensible because of the character of the leaders of the mob. In the main they were county officers—the county judge, the constables, clerks of the court and justices of the peace; while Lilburn W. Boggs, the lieutenant-governor,—who resided in Jackson county—the second officer in the state, was there quietly looking on and secretly aiding every measure of the mob—and who, walking among the ruins of the printing office and house of W. W. Phelps, remarked to some of the brethren, "You now know what our Jackson boys can do, and you must leave the county!"[17]

NOTE 1. THE CHARGES OF THE "OLD SETTLERS" OF JACKSON COUNTY AGAINST THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS: Referring to the charges made against the Saints in the mob's so called "Secret Constitution," Elder Parley P. Pratt, a participant in all these Missouri events, makes the following pertinent comment:

"I will briefly notice a few items of the foregoing bond of conspiracy, for I consider most of it as too barefaced to need any comment. In the first place I would inquire whether our belief as set forth in this declaration, as to gifts, miracles, revelations and tongues, is not the same that all the Apostles and disciples taught, believed and practiced, and the doctrine of the New Testament?

Secondly—I would inquire when the New Testament religion ceased, and a law revealed or instituted, which made blasphemy of the belief and practice of it? Or what holy religion the Jackson mob were speaking of, which was thrown into contempt by the revival of the New Testament religion?

17. Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 391-2.

Thirdly—They complain of our society being very poor as to property; but have they never read in the New Testament that God had chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of God? And when did poverty become a crime known to the law?

Fourthly—Concerning free negroes and mulattoes. Do not the laws of Missouri provide abundantly for the removal from the state of all free negroes and mulattoes (except certain privileged ones)? And also for the punishment of those who introduce or harbor them? The statement concerning our invitation to them to become Mormons, and remove to this state, and settle among us, is a wicked fabrication, as no such thing was ever published in the Star, or anywhere else, by our people, or anything in the shadow of it; and we challenge the people of Jackson (county), or any other people, to produce such a publication from us. In fact one dozen free negroes or mulattoes never have belonged to our society in any part of the world, from its first organization to this day (1839).

Fifthly—As to crime or vice, we solemnly appeal to all the records of the courts of Jackson county, and challenge the county to produce the name of any individual of our society on the list of indictments, from the time of our first settlement in the county, to the time of our expulsion, a period of more than two years.

Sixthly—As it respects the ridiculous report of our threatening that we would have their lands for a possession, it is too simple to require a notice, as the laws of the country guarantee to every man his rights, and abundantly protect him in their full enjoyment. And we hereby declare, that we settled no lands, only such as our money purchased, and that no such thing ever entered our hearts, as possessing any inheritance in any other way.

Seventhly—We ask what public morals were in danger of being corrupted where officers of the peace could openly violate their several oaths in the most awful manner, and join with hundreds of others in murder, treason, robbery, house burning, stealing, etc., (History of the Persecution of the Saints, 1839) pp. 26-29).

NOTE 2. THE CHARGE THAT THE SAINTS WERE MADE UP "OF THE DREGS OF THE SOCIETY WHENCE THEY CAME:" This is an old and oft repeated charge against the early members of the Church—this charge that they were of the "dregs of the society from which they came," and I repeat again what is said in the text of this History, that the charge is not true. I know the usual method of defense is to concede the charge, and then quote

the well-known and, I may add also, the well-worn passage from Paul's writings, where, in speaking of the early Christians, he says: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, * * the weak things of the world, * * * and base things of the world, and things which are despised, * * * and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." But however complete such an answer may have been in the day of Paul with reference to the Christians of the first century; and however satisfying it may be now in some particulars as to the character of the early membership of the Church, so far as the charge, that the early members thereof were of the "dregs of that society from which they came," is concerned, there is a better course to pursue, a more direct and perfect answer to make; and that better course, that more complete answer, is to deny *in toto* the charge. I do deny it. It is not true. Nobler men and women than those who first embraced the gospel of the Son of God in the New Dispensation are not to be found; nobler spirits were not on earth. It counts for nothing that in the main they were poor in this world's goods. It is of little moment that they were not famous for learning in the schools of men. I care nothing about their not being regarded as constituting "polite society", having neither the leisure nor the means to cultivate the special graces supposed to go to the making of "polished" gentlemen and ladies. But honesty of heart, purity of motive, nobility of soul, righteousness of life, devotion to God—all characteristics and all attributes which go to the making of a people worthy in the sight of God, may exist quite apart from all that man considers essential to entitle certain of their fellow-men to be considered as forming "good society"; and these attributes the early members of the Church possessed. The Smiths, the Whitmers, the Cowderys, the Johnsons, the Pages, the Knights, the Partridges, the Pratts, the Morleys, the Rigdons, the Whitneys, the Gilberts, the Hydes, the Allens, and a little later, the Youngs, the Snows, the Kimballs, the Taylors, the Richardses, the Spencers—and a host of others whose names do not appear so prominently in the early history of the Church, were a class of people of whom both the Church and God might well be proud. So far removed were they from being the dregs of society that they were the very choicest part of it; respected and honored because possessed of those cardinal virtues which always command respect, however fallen the material fortunes, or humble the station or calling of those who possess them. Nor is this general

statement concerning the respectability of the early members of the Church to be weakened because some of them were unhappily overcome of the world, the flesh and the devil. It is not to be supposd that all who start in the way of salvation will be equal to the task of persevering to the end. The inherent weakness of human nature forbids us to hope for that. The innate weakness of many of the saints was made apparent. The gospel is calculated to do that. "If men come unto me I will show them their weakness," (Ether 12:27. Book of Mormon) is the word of the Lord in the Book of Mormon, and indeed it is self-evident that if men are to be perfected—and that is the mission of the gospel—then it is necessary that their defects be pointed out to them; for the first step in reformation is to learn in what particular direction reformation is needed. All that can be said, then, against some of the early saints of this dispensation is that they manifested some of the sinfulness common to humanity, and much of that weakness which is the heritage of the sons of Adam; and some of them—many of them if you will—were not quite equal to the great task of overcoming that sinful nature, that human frailty. But as a whole the people who comprised the early membership of the Church, were highly respectable and honorable, and God-fearing people. (Missouri Persecutions, Roberts' Chapter VI.)

(*To be Continued.*)

SOME EARLY ATTEMPTS AT STORM PREDICTION

BY JULIA ALLCOTT LAPHAM

THE weather has always been a subject of interest to mankind and innumerable "unfailing signs" for foretelling the weather of the future have been handed down from generation to generation. Many of these signs are founded on facts observed long ago by some student of nature.

The morning sun shining on a rain cloud approaching from the west produces a rainbow in the morning and the afternoon sun shining on a rain cloud that has passed, produces a rainbow at night and we have the old familiar rhyme:

"Rainbow in the morning
Sailors take warning,
Rainbow at night,
Sailor's delight."

It is a well known fact that insects, that usually fly only at night, are very lively just before a storm. The night hawk has learned by instinct that food is plentiful at such times, therefore we are told "When the night-hawk is heard in the day time, look for rain within twenty-four hours."

The study of meteorology was begun very early in this country. Benjamin Franklin discovered the progressive movement of American storms from the west to the north and east.

In an article on Weather, Telegrams and Forecasts in Scribner for March, 1871, Professor Maury said, "If the genius of that philosopher, Franklin, who was ever quick to extract some immediate practical benefit from every principle of nature he discovered, had been impressed on the American mind and had borne its fruits, what great advances might we not already have made in the science of storms."

From a large mass of observations, Wm. Redfield demon-

strated the fact that "there is a law of storms" and that "violent storms and gales are large progressive whirlwinds."

By means of a series of weather maps compiled from observations extending over a number of years, Espy showed that weather predictions were possible.

Joseph Henry, for many years secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, suggested the use of the telegraph in making storm predictions and Professor Elias Loomis had "great confidence that a general system of observations might be organized which would not only be of great value to science, but which would in a few years, if not the first year, give such increased security to commerce as would more than compensate for the expense of the necessary observations." Letter to Halbert E. Paine January 10th, 1870.

In 1869, Cleveland Abbe, whose later work is so well known, published a daily bulletin of the weather at the Cincinnati Observatory. Data was received by telegraph from varous points and predictions were made. This experiment of Professor Abbe's was very successful and would have been continued if the United States Storm Signal Service had not been established the following year.

Many others were interested in this great work in all parts of the country, even the, then, far west. During the winter of 1849 and '50, Dr. I. A. Lapham of Milwaukee, prepared three memorials to be presented to the legislature of Wisconsin asking that an appropriation be made for the purpose of establishing a system of Meteorological observations throughout the state.

These memorials were presented by the Board of Trade of Milwaukee, the State Agricultural Society and the State Medical Society. The first called attention more especially to the great, and to a certain extent, unnecessary loss of life and property that occurred each year on the great lakes, the second to the advantages a farmer would derive from a knowledge of the coming weather and the third to the value to the physicians of a knowledge of the climate of different localities. The claim was made in all of them that every line of business would be benefited by such knowledge. It was also claimed that "if the life of one individual engaged in commerce on the lakes, or, if one steam-

boat or sail vessel should be saved, it would fully compensate the state for the small appropriation asked, about one thousand dollars."

Dr. Lapham suggested that the whole matter could be placed in the hands of the Regents of the University, as it was, at that time, the duty of one of the professors to make and publish daily observations.

These memorials were referred to a committee but, although a favorable report was made, no action was taken.

An article on Meteorology, by Dr. Lapham, appeared in the Northwestern Journal of Science and Education for April, 1850. After speaking of the growing interest in this science the author told of many important results "tending to the greater security of life and property and the greater comfort and happiness of mankind," that had been secured, even at that early day by the study of Meteorology.

He quoted freely from the work of Professor Elias Loomis as to the practical value of a better knowledge of the science and told of the good work done by the Smithsonian Institution in securing and preserving reports of the weather from all parts of the country.

At that time surgeons at all military posts were required to take meteorological observations and make regular monthly reports of them. New York had a state fund, of which colleges and academies in the state could secure the benefit by furnishing reports of Meteorological observations to the Board of Regents of the State University and Pennsylvania furnished each of her twenty-five counties with a set of instruments to be used by voluntary observers. In several other states, some action had been taken, while scattered over the country were a large number of observers patiently watching and recording the weather "three times a day."

No less than seven of these observers were in Wisconsin; Professor S. P. Lathrop, Beloit College, Orin Dinsmore, Emerald Grove, Edward W. Spencer, Summit Dr. V. G. Satterlee, Green Bay, Rev. John Gridley, Southport, now Kenosha, Jacob Lups, Manitowoc, and I. A. Lapham, Milwaukee. After the death of Mr. Lups, the work was carried on by his daughters, the Misses Johanna and Clarissa Lups.

In 1858, all earlier efforts having failed, Dr. Lapham endeavored to interest the officials of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway Company, who were then attempting to continue the navigation of Lake Michigan through the winter months. It was stated that it had been discovered that storms originated in the far west and moved towards the east, preceded, by a rising and accompanied by a falling barometer at the rate, according to Professor Espy, of thirty-six miles an hour. Therefore a storm could be predicted by means of the telegraph at least several hours before its arrival, giving "ample time to prudent and skillful captains to avoid all danger." A message announcing a storm, at its height in Nebraska, followed, a few hours later, by a message from Iowa, announcing its arrival in that state, and, still later, by one from Prairie du Chien, would, very soon, be followed by the barometric change in Milwaukee preceding the arrival of the storm.

But nothing was accomplished, the president of the company had "no time to investigate meterological papers and had never been impressed with the opinion that our changeable, fickle climate could be put under any rules by which mariners could be guided with any certainty or much profit."

Others had more faith in the superstitions of the sailor than the theories of a landsman. In 1859 the telegraph company in Milwaukee offered to have meteorological observations taken at their offices in La Crosse and Prairie du Chien, one daily, oftener during a storm and telegraphed to Milwaukee in time for publication in the evening papers, free of all expense, provided the necessary instruments were furnished. Unfortunately, no one with sufficient means and faith, was found to contribute the financial aid necessary for this experiment.

Dr. Asa Horr of Dubuque and Dr. Lapham made a series of simultaneous observations three times a day in 1860 and 1861 to prove that storms could be predicted. During storms and in threatening weather the observations were made in both cities every hour. Diagrams were made showing the result of a comparison of these observations. The first, No. 1, is the record of the barometer at Dubuque, Milwaukee and Providence, Rhode Island, for February, 1861. The observations at Providence were made by Dr. E. T. Caswell.

An enlarged copy of diagram No. 2, played an important part in arousing general interest in storm predictions. It was exhibited at the Wisconsin State Fair, the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce and in other public places. It shows very plainly that this storm, lasting from the twenty-first to the twenty-fourth of March, 1861, might have been predicted in Milwaukee at least eight hours before its arrival.

A comparison of observations made at Dubuque for seven or eight years with those made at Milwaukee during the same period, proved that in almost every instance, any sudden change in Dubuque required six or eight hours to reach Milwaukee.

Diagram No. 3, shows the progress of the storm of March 14th to 17th, 1859, across the country. As it was an unusually severe storm it was carefully traced by means of the Smithsonian records and used ten years later to demonstrate the possibility of storm predictions.

In commenting on this attempt to establish a system of storm warnings the editor of a leading Chicago newspaper remarked "It might be asked of what practical value such a department would prove if it takes ten years to calculate the progress of a storm."

An effort was made at that time to interest Chicago capitalists and to establish a meteorological department of the Chicago Academy of Science.

Although these earnest men who knew so well that all this scientific knowledge could be put to a good practical use met so many disappointments, were ridiculed, called cranks or something worse for attempting to predict the plans of the Almighty, they were not discouraged, but labored on until the goal was reached in 1870, when the Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce was added to the War Department of the United States and the first official bulletin was sent out on the 8th of November of that year from the office in Chicago.

Much has been accomplished since that time until now Dr. Johnson's skeptical remark made more than two hundred years ago, reads like a prophecy for "Commerce has been extended by ships which reach port in defiance of the tempest."

HERALDIC CONSIDERATIONS

BY VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC

SUCCESSION OF SOVEREIGNS IN THE ARYAN AND SIEGNEURIAL ORDER OF THE EMPIRE IN AMERICA

CHARLES V, Count of Hapsburgh, Grand-duke of Austria and Emperor of Germany and of the Romans and Emporer in America....1540-1558
PHILIP II, King of Spain, etc., and Emporer in America.....1556-1598
PHILIP III, ...1598-1621
PHILIP IV, ...1621-1665
CHARLES II, ...1665-1700
PHILIP V, (de Bourbon) 1700-1724
LUIS 1724
PHILIP V, (Restored) 1724, 1746
FERDINAND VI, ...1746-1759
CARLOS III, ...1759-[illegible]
CARLOS IV .....1788-[illegible]

By the Treaty of Fontainbleue of 1808 he abandoned the throne of Spain in favor of Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I, of France, and in the same treaty he was confined in the title of Emporer of America.

Florida, the last feudal fief of Spain in North America, was alienated by treaty in 1822 to the United States.

THE FRENCH LINE OF SUCCESSION

FRANCIS I, of Angoulesme, King of France, Grand Feudatory of New France, Acadia, and Avalon, Prince of Norembega, Hochelaga, Stadacona, Saguenay, Carpunt, Labrador and Baccaleos.....1539-1597

He acceded to the suzerainty of the Emperor in America and the plan of the Seigneurial Order established in 1540 by the Emperor Charles V.

HENRY II, ...1547-1559
FRANCIS II, ...1559-1560
CHARLES IV, ...1560-1574
HENRY III, ...1574-1589
HENRY IV (de Bourbon of Navarre).....1589-1610
LOUIS XIII, ...1610-1643
LOUIS XIV, ...1643-1715

Added Louisiana to his domain in the New World in 1698.

LOUIS XV, ...1715-1763

By the Treaty of 1763 of Paris, he ceded Canada and Nova Scotia to King George III as a fief subject to all the previous treaties and obligations seigneurial and otherwise and to be held as the Kings, his predecessors, had held it and by the same prerogative.

WILLIAM IV, (Guelph) his reign was mostly a regency up to.....1820
GEORGE IV, ...1820-1830
VICTORIA (To her other titles were added that of Empress of Indis)..1837-1901

Her eldest daughter, Victoria Adelaide, married Frederic III, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, official successor of the Emperor Charles V, Founder of the Empire in America, etc.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH SUCCESSION

The Kings of Scotland by convention and treaty with the Crowns of France and Spain, successors of the Emperor Charles V, obtained Nova Scotia, and in line as Kings of Great Britain, granted 13 provincial charters of subinfeudation in America.

JAMES VI, of Scotland, first King of the Stuart Dynasty in Britain....1603-1625
CHARLES I. 1625-1648
CHARLES II (Proclaimed King of Virginia in 1649).....1660-1685
JAMES VIII. 1685-1688
Proclaimed again at Edinburgh 1701, again in 1715-1735.
CHARLES III (Legitimist) 1735-1778
In America by the Treaty of 1763 the French Court by ceding its rights to King George III (Guelph) legitimated that dynasty in Canada, provided, of course, the terms of the Treaty are fulfilled.

BARONETS OF NOVA SCOTIA

The Order of the Baronets of Nova Scotia was projected by King James VI., of Scotland, in May, 1611, at the same time that he instituted his Baronets of Ulster. But the Order was not extended to Nova Scotia until 1625 and then by King Charles I "to advance the plantation of New Scotland in America and there to found a colony."

In 1611, all the country from Long Island to the St. Lawrence had been ceded to Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who was one of the most remarkable projectors of the Empire of his day. And all the fiefs of the Baronets were subordinate to Lord Stirling as the Lord Paramount of the land.

But the country was restored to France in 1632, and so terminated the territorial jurisdiction of the Baronets, though their rights to representation in the council slumbered until Acadia (Nova Scotia) was re-ceded to the British Crown by the Treaty of 1713.

The last title of Baronet of Nova Scotia was granted by Queen Ann, in 1707, the last of the Stuart dynasties, whose reign closed the legitimate epoch as well as the feudal one. Since then the list of this order is deemed to be beyond addition.

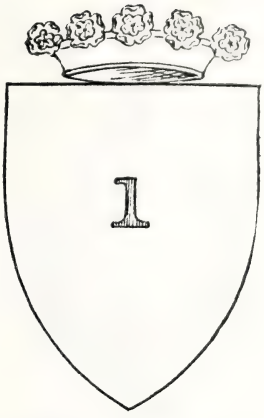
THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN-HORSE-SHOE OF VIRGINIA

Sir Alexander Spottswood, Royal governor of Virginia (1710-1715) founded the Order of the Golden Horseshoe for those of the principal consular and burgess families of that Province who had illustrated their living there by great exploits for King and Country.

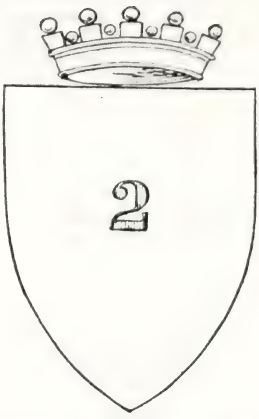
The decoration consisted of a gold horse shoe studed with rubies with a motto in Latin about the rim. It was to be worn from a ribbon and fastened to the left breast; it was to be transmitted to descendants as a mark of honorable distinction. But the ministry of the usurpation in England reproved the governor or his undertaking to organize the Cavalier aristocracy. The decoration was worn however in derision of the parliamentary frown.

ORDER OF THE CONVERSION OF NEW ALBION

In his palatine fief of New Albion (New Jersey), Sir John Plowden, early in the XVII Century established this order for the Founders and Defenders of the Empire in his province—the name was based on the conversion of the Six Indian Nations to Christianity.



Shield and Coronet for Families of the Order of the Mountain Eagle.

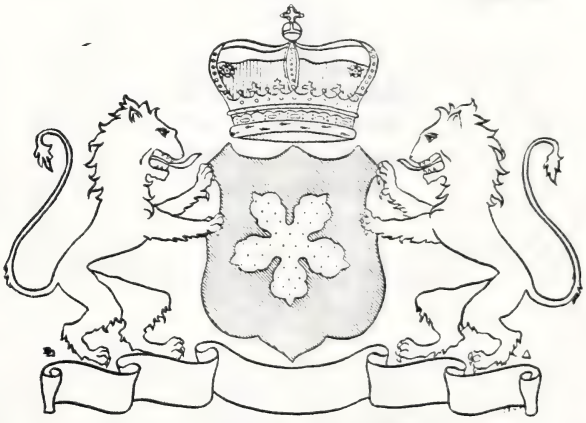


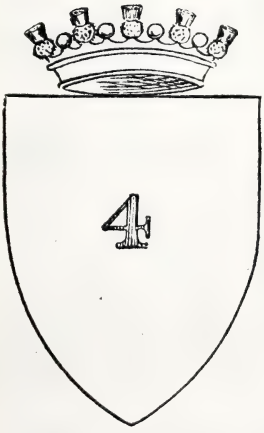
Shield and Coronet for Families of the Manorial and Titular Grantees.



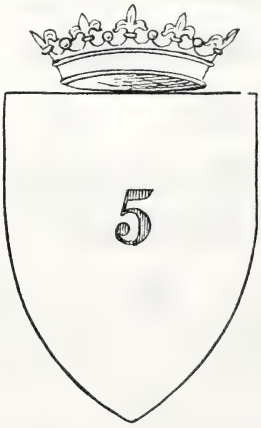
Shield and Coronet for Families of the Bannerets of Quebec of the United Empire.

Arms of the Order of the Yellow Rose

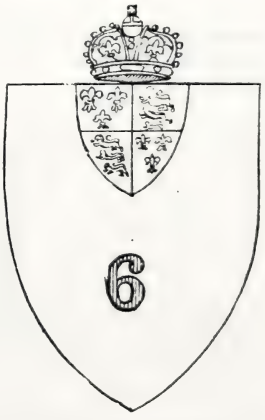




Shield and Coronet for Families of the Baronets of Nova Scotia.

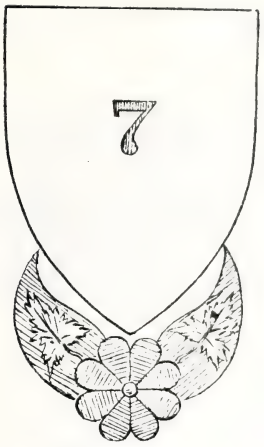


Shield and Coronet for Families of the Seigneurs of the Empire and of Canada.

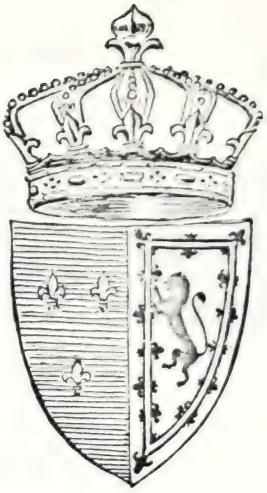


Shield and Coronet for Families of the Order of the Yellow Rose.





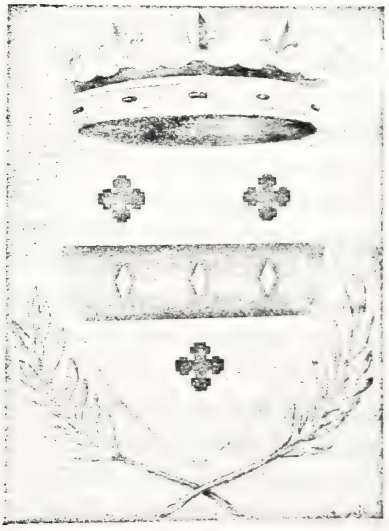
Shield and Octofoil for Families Registered (Authenticated) in Heraldry in the College of Arms of Canada.



Arms of the College of Arms of Canada.



Arms of the Royal and Military Order of the Mountain Eagle.



Arms of the Herald Marshall of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order.



ORDER OF AGAMENTICUS

In what is now the state of Maine, Sir Ferdinando Gorges obtained the fief of Agamenticus in the beginning of the XVII Century, and to the gentlemen who assisted him in his project of instituting a higher civilization, he granted this order with representation in his council. But he was assailed by a multitude of those most contemptible Puritans who settled in what is now Maine—being the most unscrupulous and malignant of that unscrupulous malignant population. They cheated Gorges out of his fief and so vexed him with complaints and persecutions that he did not consider "Life worth living" in their vicinity, and he returned to Britain in disgust.

HERALDRY IN CANADA

IN Van Zandt's *"History of Iceland"* there is a chapter devoted to the snake in Iceland. The chapter contains these words:—"There are no snakes in Iceland." The same may be said regarding Heraldry in modern Canada—outside the collection of the College of Arms of Canada. What pretention to social standing there is in Canada, apart from the universal influence of money, is in the proof of United Empire Loyalist descent, exterior to Quebec Province, while in that Province, the claim of Seigneurial ancestry holds the first consideration. Heraldry, however, is not shown with these pretentions, and in many instances families of these distinctions know not that they have legitimate right to coat-armor. So far as public institutions are concerned, which come directly under the influence and control of the political element, as might be expected, there is not found idealism enough to continue any of the heraldic emblems of the past—probably, it would be too great a reproach to the political element; for their jealousy and hatred of everything noble has entered into every branch of historic association with the great. At Ottawa, for example, there is no monument found to any of the Defenders and Builders of the Empire in America—but evidences of the present "boodling" politicians abound on every side.

Of provincial seals, every one is new and smacks of the workshop. The old arms of Nova Scotia, by King Charles of 1625 and the old arms of Canada by King Louis XIV of 1664 are unknown, forgotten—save by foreign students of Heraldry. The

marshalling of the present arms of Canada reminds one of a collection of bulls, codfish and thistles—confusing and vulgar.

At Ottawa, where the governor parades his court of gilded parvenus, one does not see the arms of the ancient Seigneurs and Founders of the country, only bare walls "ornamented" by the portraits of recent politicians whose transactions in shady finance have made the country and themselves notorious. Their grotesque physiognomies disfigure the intent of the architect.

One little attempt for shame of the World was made by the Antiquarian Society at Montreal to save the old Chateau de Ramesay from destruction. But the attempt was made only after the hand of the Democratic iconoclast had torn down the most beautiful wing of the castle. This old castle had been built in 1707 by Claude de Ramesay, a Scottish officer in French military command at Montreal under the old régime (he could not have existed under the new) whose family-residence had been given this name. It is one of the most historic buildings in America; it had been the residence of French and British governors from 1707 to 1840. This chauteau, now controlled by the Antequarian Society, has been made a receptacle for some of the painted arms of the Franco-Norman noblesse formerly in the country and the founders of the noble civilization that Canada in earlier days possessed. Apart from this private enterprise, there is neither public nor private zeal enough to revive the old Seigneurial Guard, or the Garde de la Marine, or the Regiment Carignan-Salières—the latter of which was settled in the country two centuries and a half ago as a resident regiment. All the present military corps are modern without the sentiment of tradition or the souvenir of victory. But then, the modern Canadian is of a different race from the Franco-Norman of France and Britain who constitute the Heraldic Race of the British Empire in the country and who have no affiliation with the modern political and social régime.

But this is as it should be, for there is no bridge across the gulf that separates the two—a fact which is little understood in the United States, where race-differences have long ceased to exist and money and demagoguism are the soul distinctions—as they are in all democracies.

HERALDRY IN THE UNITED STATES

It is natural that a democracy without race-distinction, existing on a formula to surpress race-distinction, should be incapable of appreciating in Heraldry anything other than an ornamentation for the vanity of the vulgar rich, who arise like bubbles from the effluvia of the disgusting chaldron of a mongrel population. An example of this is the woman of Chicago, who instructed her jeweler to put a different "coat-of-arms" on each piece of her silver, as she could afford it.

The Heraldic Class of Europe, the families of armigerous rank, refuse to recognize any connection with these gilded few, who issue from the rabble of the Yankee democracy—except in those cases at the equally vulgar British Court where descendants of the Marlborough gang have mated with these, their vulgarian "Peers," in which they find that "there is a reason."

Therefore, what little Heraldry enters into art in the United States is above the comprehension of the artists who use it. Their efforts have destroyed the suggestiveness of symbolization by not comprehending the reality at its base, and their details are vulgarized by their materialist views.

The use of arms in the United States (or shall it be called the abuse?) is extensive. More families have what they call their "crests" in New York and New England in proportion to the population, than in Great Britain and Ireland. But they are borne without warrant and understanding. They do not know that Heraldry is not Heraldry, unless its meaning be fulfilled. A family has no right to possess arms unless the family fulfills in itself the heraldic signification. Being the sign of nobility, arms cannot be borne with propriety by families that are not noble, or who have derogated from nobility, or who by their political programme have renounced and denounced race-distinction.

In democracy there are but two classes recognized;—the rich and the poor. This recognition is made by the census. It is from the common mass of mankind that the rich arise. They assume an importance from their possessions that cannot be accorded them for any admirable quality. Indeed the qualities

developed by the acquisition of money are anything but admirable. A study of the lives of great money-getters reveals that all come from the meanest class and that the majority gain their wealth by craft, avarice and legalized fraud (see Wattersons' "Compromises of Modern Life"). There is nothing in their lives that could be illustrated by Heraldry, because all heraldic symbols are honorable. From this fact alone, it must be seen, that when the census decrees the first place to wealth, instead of to heraldry, the force and purity of nobility have already expired. For the office of Heraldry is to put a bar in the way of vulgar wealth in order to maintain the purity of race. Idealism cannot exist apart from sentiment, nor sentiment from race. Sentiment is the affectionate builder. Chivalry is romantic. It broadens the intellect and fires the imagination. Demagogues have preached a crusade against Heraldry in America to which the democracy has listened with bigotry enhanced by hatred, and the blight which has come to their "civilization" has hastened all the more swiftly to turn their cities into centers of knavery and political and social hypocrisy. The foes of that democracy are those of its own household; for Plato has written; "The republic after having devoured her best citizens shall in turn be devoured by the worst."

As for the preservation of emblems in the United States, when the new State-House was built in Boston in 1856, the influence of a student of Heraldry on the building-committee caused to be emblazoned the family-arms of the twelve Royal Governors of Massachusetts, on the great illuminated window at the entrance, to illustrate the glory of the provincial epoch, as though to attest by symbols that the democratic era had produced nothing worthy of illustration.

The lion and unicorn over the old State-House in Boston rear their heraldic heads more proudly than ever since the modern era seems so far remote from the glories which they represent.

The state of Maryland yet uses the shield of Lord Baltimore, although with changed supporters—two uncouth laborers have taken the place of the gallant men-at-arms of the ancient shield, but these present supporters typify the change of race in control. The seals of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut also remain as they were during the provincial epoch.

Private enterprise, by the association of individuals, has kept together four of the old military corps whose charters were Royal;—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts of 1638; the Cadet Corps of Boston of 1741; the Governor's Foot-Guard of Rhode Island of 1754, and the Burgess Corps of Albany.

Apart from these few examples, the great mass of seals of states and cities are not symbolic of the power and majesty of dominion, or of municipal privilege, but rather from the number of hammers, tongs, agricultural implements and sailors' kits, suggest trades-unions, mining and agricultural enterprises and commercial associations—in fact not the state itself as one might suppose, but the kind of people who control the state. In truth, so far as Heraldry in the United States goes, not being capable of representing race-distinction (which does not exist) it represents money and trade.

HERALDIC QUOTATIONS FROM LITERATURE

Every historical novellist in European countries, when his subject deals with noble themes, abounds in heraldic allusions.

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field, five have I slain to-day instead of him."—*Rich. III, Act V* (Shakespeare).

"From my windows torn my household-coat."—*Rich. III, Act III, Scene I* (Shakespeare).

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by the Sun of York."—*Rich. III, Act III, Scene II.*

(The above refers to the white-rose emblasoned on a Royal sun worn by the heir of the House of York).

"With wings outstretched and forward bent
E'en such a falson on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field."—*Canto I "Marmion"* (Scott).

"When in proud Scotland's Royal shield
The ruddy lion ramped in gold."—*Canto IV, "Marmion."*

"The bloody heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood."—*Canto IV "Marmion."*

"With Scotland's device and crest
Embroidered 'round and 'round
The double treasure might you see
First by Archaicus borne;
The thistle and the fleur-de-lys and gallant unicorn."—(Scott).

"I see the sable pale of Marr
I see the Morays silver star."—*Lay of Last Minstrel.*

"Upon his surcoat valiant Neville bore
A silver saltire upon martial red."— Drayton.

"And then was painted on it fancied arms,
Azure, an eagle rising, or, the sun
In dexter chief—the scroll 'I follow on.' "—Tennyson, in *"Merlyn and Vivian."*

"He beareth gules upon his shield
A cheveron argent, in the field
With three wolves' heads, and for his crest—
A wyvern part per pale addressed."—Longfellow, in *"Wayside Inn."*

TROUBLE WITH THE "PEERS" IN ENGLAND

The Squabbles of Illigitimacy in the Morganatic Government of Britain Has Extended Now to the "Peers"

Last year (1909) there was a protest [nothing of which found its way into the daily press of London] on the part of gentlemen, lords and knights on fees exacted by the Heralds College. It was claimed that if these proofs of ancestry and of honor had belonged to their forefathers, who had founded the British Mon-

archy as companions of William, the Norman, or had been won since then in service to the State, that the tax was a handicap to the possession; that it was levying a commercial tax on what could be valued only in honor, and was therefore logically unsound in ethics, and ought to be so in law.

But these gentlemen do not understand the nature and the office of the Herald's College. It is needful to turn back in history to explain what the nature and office of the Herald's College are, and to discover why these gentlemen and others do not understand them. The list of the companions of William, the Conqueror, is published in de Magny's *"Nobilaire de Normandie."* They were from the Frankish, Gothic and Norman noblesse of France, with prescriptive right of Council and arms in the state.

These rights and privileges, among which is the registration of arms of the nobility, in Britain are derived from those institutions introduced by the Franco-Norman Conquerors and are identically of the same sort and have the same race-origin as those belonging to the noblesse that remained in France.

Now in Britain, as in France, Germany, or wherever else the Aryan nobility penetrated the bearing of arms represented a right. Because Mary, Queen of Scotts quartered the Royal arms of England, it was held that she asserted her right to the Crown of England. Other cases are numerous and well-known. When one bears arms he asserts his right to Nobility and to all that that right means, which is represented in the State. "Apres le Roi c'est la Noblesse".

The Herald's College is the Court of the Nobility in which the registration of its arms—its symbols of race-identity—is kept, and through which its rights are proclaimed.

Now this is the reason why the gentlemen referred to in the beginning of this article were dissatisfied with the fees of the Heralds College:— They are paying for the maintenance of a right from which they have been illegally, unconstitutionally, excluded. The House of Lords does *not* represent the Nobility in the government, it is a monopolizing succession of families, many of whom are *not* noble—only *annobli.* The nobility, the ancient feudal aristocracy is "stifled under a new one created

solely on a money basis. Each ministry in quitting power leaves a lot of *nouveaux riches elevated* to the dignity of Lords." [Fouillee in "*Esquisse Psychologiques des Peuples Europeans,*" p. 238.

In the meantime the right of representation of the nobility, of which the bearing of arms is the Heraldic evidence; of the nobility established by the companions of William the Norman, is the corner-stone of the constitution of State, which Royal Constitution alone made the monarchy of Great Britain a possibility.

This is evident to any honest person who is not blinded by the illegal fictions, legalized frauds and dishonorable political contrivances which the supporters of the present system of government *in Great Britain* have invented to fortify themselves in power. In "*Heraldry, British and Foreign,*" by John Woodward, LL.D., p. 13, it protests: "A subject of the British Empire, if he be a gentleman of coat-armor and *resident abroad,* ought always to assert his nobility" (why not at home!) "This was better understood in Scotland in former days . . . the cadets of whose gentle families (when going abroad) otbained from the Lyon-Office Brief-Bores of their noble descent, without which they would not have been eligible for commission in the army or office at Court".

By law the nobility has even a better right to representation in the government than have the commons; for the nobility *founded the State, created the Monarchy and established the Constitution which acknowledges the Aristocracy to be the first body in the government,* while the representation of the Commons is only a franchise granted under this government formed by theNobility and presided over by the King. In France, the Nobility elected their own deputies as the first estate in the States-General, while in Britain the King summoned at first certain great barons to represent the Nobility of their respective districts in Council. But the King had no more right *to choose the representatives of the Nobility than he had to choose the representatives of the Commons. This act of usurpation on his part passed to the Ministry of Parliament after the "Revolution of 1688"* and the ministry chosen from the majority in the Commons, as has been noticed before, diverted representation entirely

from the Nobility in the creation of the modern House of Lords. It is no wonder then, that when the majority in the Commons experience some obstacle from the contrary-mindedness of the creature of their politics past and present, that they get out of patience and wish to undo the work of their hands and throw their unweilaly tools out of the window by abolishing the House of Lords.

Now comes in the nature and office of the Heralds College, which by guaranteeing the insignia of the Nobility before the government, is the lawful court through which the rights of representation of the Nobility must be enforced, or the government stands confessedly without a constitutional basis legalizing by its own revolutionary precedents any other revolution that may overthrow it.

There are two kinds of Nobility, namely: I, the Noblesse and II, the Annobli. The Constitution of Great Britain, like that of every European Monarchy whose origin is in the feudal establishments of the Gothic conquerors of Europe, gives a representation to the Nobility and a representation to the proprietors, corporations and rate-payers of town and country.

There can be no representation unless those who have this right choose their own representatives. The Premier of Parliament, by choosing persons to represent the Nobility, has destroyed their representation. The Premier, who has usurped the executive function of the Crown by the aid of legislative body (Parliament), which is itself based on a franchise granted by the Crown *for legislative purposes only,* chooses representatives for the Nobility by nominating individuals to receive annoblissements from the King. The majority of these individuals are not noble, only en-nobled: they do not belong to the Noblesse, but to the Annobli.

Originally none but those of the Noblesse could receive letters-patent to titular rank, but afterwards letters-patent were bestowed indifferently. Originally only members of the Noblesse could be concessionaires of feudal fiefe, but afterwards fiefe, or baronies, were transferred or sold to others. It must be understood that, in these instances, neither title nor estate adds to the nobility of the recipient. If he be already noble by race, that

suffices—if not, the addition of these appendages do not make him noble, and in all the old records he remains but the annobli.

Nobility is a race-distinction, not a pachement one: its sign manual has always been the bearing of coat-armor: it originated in descent from the Gothic conquerors to designate them from the mongrelized races of Europe over whom they were superposed. Hence the organic origin of their representation.

Debrett on page XXXIX of his 1909 *"Peerage" declares that* the bearing of coat-armor is the distinctive mark of Nobility even in England, as it was in Scotland and Ireland before their connection with England. He says: "The true criterion of Nobility is *now,* as it always has been, the lawful bearing of arms. . . . Anyone bearing duly authorized arms is equally entitled to be styled *Noble,* be he Peer, Baronet, Knight or Gentleman."

In regard to the representation of this nobility, for the preservation of whose rights all its members are enregistered in a special court, for which registration they pay [Court of the Lord Lyon in Scotland, Ulster Office in Ireland, Herald's College in England, College of Arms in Canada], it has been deprived them unconstitutionally in Great Britain by diverting their representation to politicians and others who have received "Letters-patent."

In early England and on the continent of Gothic Europe members of the untitled nobility united with those who had received letters-patent in electing deputies to the House of the Nobility in the government, like under the ancient French monarchy, to the Chamber of Nobles of the States-General. In England the twenty-four representatives of the Nobility curbed the pretention of the Court of King John.

The House of Lords, itself, has felt the unconstitutional position which it occupies, and, in responding to attacks against its anamolies has considered such proposal for reform which will restore electoral rights to the Nobility. The report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the reform of that body is given in the Preface of Debrett for 1909 in the following words: "The proposal put forward is, that the House of Lords should consist of Peers of the Blood Royal; 200 Representative Peers elected (for one parliament only) by and from the whole

of the Hereditary Peerage—irrespective of whether the creation is of England, Scotland, Ireland, Great Britain, or the United Kingdom; a certain number of Hereditary Peers (estimated at about 130) qualified and sitting by meritorious service to the State; 10 Spiritual Peers (always the Archbishops of Canterberry and York and 8 others elected among themselves); the 5 Lords of Appeal in Ordinary and further Life-Peers to be gradually created at the rate of 4 per annum up to the number of 40, or a maximum of 400 Lords in Parliament."

The above proposal is a move in the direction of the demands of the ancient customs on which representative monarchies rest. There is a further suggestion to be made in this particular, and that is, that the electorate for Peers be extended to all the Nobility; to those families recorded in the various courts of to-day who trace to those in the last "Visitations of the Counties" (1607-32 in England: to the Visitation," Ireland, to the heraldic records of Lindsay (1542) and Balfour (1608) in Scotland, of the time of the Stuarts, and beyond, who have representatives present in the various Courts of the Nobility recorded in the Court of the Lord Lyon of Ulster and of Victoria Street s. e. and in the College of Arms of Canada.

Another suggestion is to eliminate the "130 Hereditary Peers qualified and sitting for meritorious service to the State" and the "40 Life-Peers gradually created"—for this reason:—By the generous project of the government (namely: the majority in Parliament through its Premier) appointing these "40 Life-Peers" to serve, and deciding on the kind of "meritorious service to the State" that places 130 more Peers at its disposal, it would subordinate a hundred and seventy Peers, who are "supposed" to represent the Nobility, to the direct bid of the other House that represents the British democracy, or rather, the controlling faction of that democracy! As well (and better) to allow the House of Lords to pick out and send to the House of Commons one hundred and seventy of its own henchmen!

To be truly representative and within the meaning of that precept which the Courts of Nations have decided is the law;—all representatives of a body-politic must be chosen by the members of that body-politic, else the law of representation is invali-

dated and the precedent of invalidation may be extended equally to representatives of the House of Commons.

FAMILIES OF THE SEIGNEURIAL AND CONSULAR NOBLESSE

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC, HERALD-MARSHALL

[From Archives of the College of Arms of Canada.]

DOUGLAS, COMTE DE DOUGLAS

Arms:—Arg., a heart ensanguined, surmounted by the Royal crown of Scotland; a chief az., charged with three etoiles.

Crest:—Coronet of Count over a Seigneurial one.

Motto:—"Jamais arriere" (Never behind.)

History:—In the very dawn of European history, one sees this family illustrious in its generations. The most careful estimate places its origin at the feudal castle of Douglas in Soctland. In the time of the William the Conqueror, the first of the Douglas

THE CREST OF ARMS OF COMTE DE DOUGLAS.

named, *Le Fleming* into Scotland. According to Father Anselm, Lord Douglas, surnamed "Le Hardi," was the first of this family. In the days of King Robert Bruce, James, Lord Douglas, surnamed "The Dark," was appointed by that monarch regent of Scotland. In the Royal testament he was charged to embalm the heart of the dead King, enclose it in a jeweled casket, take it to Palestine and bury it in the Holy Sepulchre. On the journey through Spain, in a battle with the Moors, the little party of Scots, with Douglas at their head, died fighting, overcome by overwhelming odds. Since that time, the descendants of "Good Lord James" have added the Royal heart to their arms.

Descended from him was Archibald Douglas, Grand Chancellor of Scotland, who married the Princess Margaret Tudor, daughter of King Henry VII. of England, and widow of King James IV. of Scotanld (1514).

From 1424 this family had borne in France the title of Duc

de Touraine. In the reign of Charles VII., King of France, therefore, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Wigton, led 4,000 men into France to assist the French monarch in his fight against the English. He was accompanied by his son and nephew. They established a residence (1400) in Brittany, then in Picardy (1530), and finally at Bugey (1600). One of their descendants, Charles Joseph Douglas, Conte de Douglas, Seigneur de Montreuil, married Marie Anne Delilia. Their son, Francis Proster Douglas, Count and Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, came to Canada as Captain in the Languedoc Regiment and Seigneuri, and married, in Montreal, in 1757, Charlotte, daughter of Louis, Seigneur de La Corne. His successor was his nephew, Archambault, Comte de Douglas, son of Jean de Douglas, Chevalier de Bassignac, Captain in the Bearn Regiment. Count Archambault Douglas was born at Montreal in 1787, and died at Paris in 1842. He left two sons: George, Comte de Douglas; and Jacques, officer of the 3rd Regiment of Infantry under Napoleon; and a daughter who married the Vicomte de Sallmard.

PARANT-MINGAN, SEIGNEUR DE MINGAN

Arms;—(recorded 1906) Tiercé in, fess I, azure 3 fleur-de-lys argent, II gules 3 Indian arrows points upward, argent, III argent, a Roman galley of 3 oars with mast and furled sail, sable. Seigneuroal coronet.

History;—The family of Bissot that had first the Seigneurie of Mingan was of Normandy and held the manor of Tennay and bore the arms;—argent 3 roses gules. From this race was Captain Francis Bissot, an over-sea merchant and explorer to Canada from old France who obtained the great seigneurie of Mingan from the King Louis XIV. He was Seigneur de la Rivière in Canada, son of Jean and Marie (Assour) Bissot of Notre Dame des Près, Lisieux, Normandy. He married at Quebec in 1648, Marie, daughter of Guillaume Couillard by wife Guillaumette Hèbert of the Seigneurial family of De Lespinay. The claim on the seigneurie of Mingan passed by descent in the female line through the families of La Fontaine, Chabot and Samson until

by consent of all the minor heirs, the chiefship remained with Louise Samson, who married in 1854 at Levis Michel Parent, now of Montreal, who by legal contract with his wife hyphenated the name of the seigneurie of Mingan and was recognized by the heirs as their chief. Therefore, Michel Parant-Mingan was entered in the Aryan and Seigneurial Order as the Seigneur de Mingan and was appointed a Commissioner of the College of arms of Canada.

The family of Parant originated in Auvergne. One branch passed into Italy with King Charles VI in 1380 and another was seated in Normandy in 1410. Robert Parant was hereditary Baillie at Dieppe in 1435. Robert Parant was "Echançon du Roi" at Dieppe in 1531, where he married Perrette Michon. His son was Jacques Parant, Lieutenant for the Duchy of Longueville, who married in 1552 Marthe Le Prestre. He had four children, from one of whom there is evidence of the descent of the present Seigneur de Mingan. This family of Parant bore for arms;—gules, 2 batons d' or in saltire, and accompanied by a crescent argent in chief, and 3 etoiles d' or posed 2 in flank and I in point. The supporters were two hare-hounds.

PINEL-HEBERT De LESPINAY

Arms:—Grand quarters I, i & 4th. Azure a harp D'or, corded argent, 2nd. & 3d. azure, a plume argent accompanied by 3 crosletts of the sane, 2 in flank and I in point; IV, the same; II and III argent 2 bars, over all a bend charge with 3 bezants d' or (for Hébert).

History:—The family of Hébert that first possessed the fief of Lespinary in Canada, was of the neighborhood of Caën, Normandy where a branch of the same registered their proof of noblesse in 1666 at Caën. Louis Hébert, Apothecary of the King, came first to Port Royal in Arcadia, where the River Hébert [corrupted into Bear River] perpetuates his memory. Later he settled at Quebec where he obtained from the King the first seigneurial concession in Canada, that of Lespinay on the St. Lawrence.

Louis Hebert married in France Marie Rolles and died at Quebec in 1627. For want of heirs male in the 5th. generation

from the first Seigneur, the heirship passed through the families of Fournier and Duval-Dupolo to that of Pinel by the marriage in 1780 of Marie Louise Duval-Dupolo to Joseph Pinel, surnamed Lafrance, from whom descends Alponse Pinel, called Lafrance, admitted to the Aryan and Seigneurial Order with the designation of Pinel de Lespinay in 1908 and decorated with the medal of the Order.

The family of Pinel to which he belongs is of the same general pedigree as that of Pinel de la Toule in Normandy that traces to Raoul Pinel who was one of the Companions of William the Conqueror in 1066. The chief place of the family was the Castle of Trouphas.

DE BEAUJEU,—COMTE DE BEAUJEU

Arms:—Or, a lion rampant, sable, armed and tongued, gules; coronet of count over Seigneurial one.

History:—Since the ninth century, this family has been among the great feudatories of France. The name of Beaujeu de Beaujolis is renowned in history,—to it belonged Anne de Beaujeu, Queen of France.

Phillip, Comte de Beaujeu, "chef du gobelet du Roi," guidon

ARMS OF THE DE BEAUJEU FAMILY

of the light cavalry of the King's Guard, and his wife, Catharine Gobert, had a son, LOUIS LIENARD, Comte de Beaujeu, Knight of the Order of St. Louis, and major of the troops sent into Canad, in 1700. He was born in 1682, and married, at Montreal, in 1706, Denise, daughter of J. B. Migeon. Their children numbered ten, and among them, the fourth, was Daniel Hyacinthe, the "Hero of the Monongohela," who, with 300 Canadians, assisted by a few Indians as skirmishers, defeated Gen. Braddock's veteran English army of 2,000. He was killed in this battle.

His brother, Louis Lienard, Jr., Comte de Beaujeu, Siegneur de Villemond, was born in 1716. He was lieutenant of troops. He was twice married: first at Quebec, in 1714, to Louise C., daughter of Francis C. Cugnet; and secondly, to Genevieve, daughter of Paul Lemoyne, of the family of the first Baron de

Longueuil. He had five children, four daughters and one son, Francis. A son of the last Comte de Beaujeu is Jules George Raoul Monogohela Sauveuse, Viscomte de Beaujeu, one time secretary of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society, Montreal, and an officer in the Seigneurial Order of Canada. Several of the Comte de Beaujeu's family reside at Ottawa and Montreal.

MEUSE, D'ENTREMONT, BARON

Arms:—Quarterly, 1st and 4th az., 6 ronds or, 3, 2, and 1; 2nd and 3rd (for La Tour) gules, a tower arg., mortised sa., posed over a wreath of olive leaves or. Seigneurial Coronet under Baronial one.

History:—The family Meuse, bearing the title of d'Entremont, is very ancient. There was a Seigneur d'Entremont in Savoy, who erected a chapel on his estate in the 15th century, but it is likely that the family derived its nom de famille from a lordship of the same name on the banks of the Meuse. Philippe Meuse, Sieur and Seigneur d'Entremont, was the first of the name in Acadie. In 1651, he was major of troops, and administered the country's affairs in the absence of Governor La Tour, in 1653. On the 17th of July of that year there was conceded to him the Barony of Pubnico. Through the intermarriage of this family with that of St. Etienne de la Tour, they inherited the castle of Cape Sable and a baronetcy of Nova Scotia, which had been conferred on their father-in-law, Count de la Tour, and on his father, as well, by King Charles I. of Great Britain.

Jacques d'Entremont, Baron of Pubnico, was seized in his castle of Cape Sable in 1755, by secret orders sent from Boston at the time of the deportation of the Acadians; and he and his three sons were taken prisoners and their castle was destroyed. They remained in captivity in Boston for some years after the peace between Britain and France (1763) in America, but the old Baron died in Boston. His sons afterwards had a part of their ancient domain of Pubnico restored to them by order of the Governor of Nova Scotia, and their heirs have yet a valid claim to the remainder in that Province, where so many of them reside.

The present possessor of the title, recognized by the Seigneurial Order of Canada, is Hilaire, Baron d'Entremont, Pub-

nico West, Nova Scotia. His son, Captain Louis d'Entremont, is a well-known navigator of the same place. Nicolas d'Entremont, West Pubnico, is the head of another branch of the same family. This family, besides copies of their ancient patent of barony, preserve the sword-cane and watch which were presented

ARMS OF MEUSE D'ENTREMONT, BARON

to the old Baron d'Entremont by Sir William Shirley at Boston, with the freedom of the city when the old baron was brought there a captive in 1755. This family, with the Melançons of Nova Scotia, are the representatives of the La Tours, who have become extinct in the male line, and the La Tours claimed to have derived their descent in female line from Godfrey de Bouillon, leader of the Crusaders, and first Christian King of Jerusalem.—(From the Archives of the College of Arms of Canada.)

VOLANT DE RADISSON

Arms:—Az., a stag volent or. Seigneurial coronet.

History:—This family came originally from Provence, in the South of France, where it held the Seigneury of Arobenas, near the town of Manosque. It is a very ancient family, and one that proved its filiation and descent from Nicholas Volent, who had the honor of entertaining in his manor-house King Francis I. when he visited Provence in 1516. At that time, the former bore the above arms above his doorway carved in stone, and crowned seigneurially as a mark of nobility. He had five sons and three daughters. One of the latter was chosen to present to King Francis I., the keys of the town of Manvosque, in the name of its inhabitants. All the historians of that province praised her charms and virtues.

Charles Volant, of this family, in 1600, assisted at the Estates in the affairs of the Province; was deputy of the noblesse to the royal court; and his descendant, Henri Raymond de Volant, continued the posterity of the principal line. A cadet branch of the family established itself in Brittany, from which was descended CLAUDE VOLANT, Sieur de St. Claude, who came to Canada as Seigneur for the "Glory of God and to extend the domains of

France under the power of the king." He married a daughter of the Chevalier Keith, who, as an admiral, reduced the city of Quebec to submission in the earlier days—he being a Huguenot exile from France, (driven by persecution from Larochelle) in the service of the King of Great Britain.

One of the sons of Claude by this marriage was Etienne, Seigneur de Radisson, born in 1664. He was colonel of the burgess militia and married in 1693 at Sorel, Genevieve, daughter of Pierre Niel.

TASCHEREAU DE STE. MARIE DE LA BEAUCE

The Taschereau Arms

Arms:—Quarterly, 1st and 4th argent, a rose-tree gules, 2nd and 3d, azure, two swords crossed proper, in Saltire, between four stars argent. Coronet, seigneurial.

History:—Originally of Touraine, France, this family was ennobled by edict of the King, on account of eminent magisterial rank, in 1492, in the person of the founder, Pierre Taschereau, of Tours. Among the dignitaries which it has given to Touraine may be mentioned Gabriel Taschereau, Seigneur de Linieres, Counsellor Royal and General-Reformateur of the Woods and Waters of Touraine; Michael Taschereau, Seigneur de La Haze, King's Secretary at Tours; and Gabriel Taschereau, Seigner de Baudry, Lieutenant-General of the police of Tours, Mayor of Tours (1709), Lieutenant-General of the police of Paris, and Intendant of Finance (1722). Jacques Taschereau, Sieur de Sapaillé, was the first of the name to appear in Canada. He came to Quebec as naval and military paymaster and Seigneur and in 1735 was member of the Superior Council. He was son of Christopher Taschereau, Sieur de Sapaillé, King's Counsellor and Treasurer of Tours. The son married, at Quebec, in 1828, Marie Claire, daughter of Joseph Fleury de La Gorgendière. Seigneur de Deschairsbault, by Claire Joliet, granddaughter of Louis Joliet, the discoverer of the Mississippi and the first Seigneur of Anticosti. This family since being in Canada, has included in its circle seven judges, one of whom is the past Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, His

Lordship, Sir Elzear Taschereau, who has been acting Governor-General for the last few years, and who is a member of the Privy Council of the Empire. He married Marie Antoinette, sister of the present Seigneur Harwood, of Vaudreuil. Another of the members of this ancient Seigneurial family was the late Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec. Judge Taschereau, of Montreal, is a third of the seven judges. To A. C. Taschereau, of 20 St. Denis avenue, Quebec, has passed by inheritance "Tourville," the home of the Cardinal at St. Mary, Beauce County, while the manorial residence is the home of Mrs. Lindsay, née Taschereau, of Ste. Marie de la Beauce.

CHOUART DES GROSEILLIERS

Arms:—Gules, a bend arg., corticed or, charged with three chouettes sa. Seigneurial coronet.

History:—The family of Chouart is very ancient in Brittany, where they bore the title of the seigneurial manor of De La Porte for generations. Several branches were also established, according to the changing fortunes of the times, in other parts of France. One of this family, Medard Chouart, married, before 1621, at Charlz-St. Cyr, Marie Poirier, by whom he had issue Medard Chouart, who, incited by the love of adventure, and ambitious to perform great deeds and restore the fortunes of his family, came to Canada before 1647. He was born in 1621 at Charlz-St. Cyr, France, and subsequently obtained the seigneury of Groseilliers in Canada. He married (1) Helene, daughter of Abraham Martin, widow of Claude Etienne, and (2) Marguerite Hazet-Radissère, widow of Jean Veron-Grand-Menil, and left a numerous posterity. To his efforts and to those of his brother-in-law, the Seigneur de Radisson, may be attributed the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company.

It was in 1661 that Groseilliers and Radisson made the first exploration of Hudson's Bay from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and then down a river flowing northward. They discovered that the vast wealth of furs in that region was capable of being gathered into stations along the shores of Hudson's and James's Bays. They reported their discovery to the French Fur Company, but without effect. Then they travelled to Plym-

outh, Eng., and to Paris, France, hoping to interest the Court of France. Colonel Carr, a Scottish officer in Paris, induced them to call on Prince Rupert, cousin of King Charles II. of England, who was British Ambassador in Paris. The result was that Prince Rupert determined to assist them. In June, 1668, Grosilliers sailed for Canada in a little fifty-ton ship called the "Nonsuch." In September, 1668, he passed through Hudson's Straits and landed at a river (Rupert's) where he established the first fur post of the North, and gathered a cargo of furs during that winter. In the following June, he returned to England bearing a valuable cargo with him. This so impressed Prince Rupert that he induced the King in 1670 to give him, with seventeen others, the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Prince became first governor of the Company, and the country in which the company operated was afterwards called "Rupert's Land."

The Sieur de Groseilliers had by his first wife a son named

ARMS OF CHOUART DES GROSEILLIERS

Medard (who was born in 1651), and by his second another named Jean B. (who settled at Three Rivers), and a daughter named Marie Antoinette, who married (1) Jean Jalot, and (2) J. B. Bouchard, at Montreal.

The descendants of this family, who are very numerous in the Province of Quebec, should feel proud of the energy and intelligence displayed by their ancestor, who was one of the founders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and one of the developers of the North-West of Canada.

GAUTHIER DE LA VERENDRYE

Arms:—Gules, a cross ancrée, arg., liée at the centre az. Seigneurial coronet.

History:—The family of Gauthier is very ancient in Normandy and Brittany, but as it is a proper name which has become common or general, the different families of the name are not likely to be related. But the family of Gauthier de Chiffreville in Normandy, France, in the olden days, before the 17th century, with its junior branch of Gauthiers de Mongaulthier,

were the progenitors of the famous line established in Canada, the first of whom came over as an officer of the Regiment Carignan about 1667. This person, the Chevalier Rene Gauthier, Seigneur de Varennes, in Canada, was born in 1634, and married Marie, daughter of Pierre Boucher, who was one time administrator for the country, and who was ennobled for skill and valor by King Louis XIV.

The children of this marriage were Jacques Réné, Seigneur de Varennes, lieutenant and chevalier, who married Jeanne, daughter of Jacques Lemoyne, Chevalier de Ste. Helene, brother of the first Baron de Longueuil. His brother, Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, Seigneur de la Verendrye, lieutenant, Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, was one of the most remarkable men of his time, and a hero of Canada in the golden age of her history. He was born at Three Rivers in 1685. He entered the army in France, and served with distinction as an officer at the battle of Malplaquet, where, "fighting like a lion," he received seven wounds, and was left for dead on the battle-

Arms of Gauthier de la Verendrye

field. He recovered, and returned to Canada, where his attention was directed to the project of extending the King's dominion to the waters of the Pacific, and by this means give His Majesty control of the western seas and all their coasts. He petitioned Governor Beauharnois for a commission for this undertaking. This the Governor granted, provided La Verendrye undertook the expense of the project out of his own purse, and assumed the obligations which might result from its failure. Filled with enthusiasm, and undaunted by the hostile tribes of Indians that wandered through the unknown west to the setting sun, he raised a small band of brave men, and departed into the wilderness where foot of white man had never trod before.

In the name of the King, he carried his arms into the district of the West, where Winnipeg has since arisen, and subsequently penetrated the Rocky Mountains, into what is now British Columbia, in order that he might explore the downward flow of the mountain currents toward the Pacific.

In this country, over which he was Governor for the King, he

established several forts, one of which was on the Saskatchewan. He maintained his posts with miraculous success in the face of many difficulties, and in spite of the jealousy of those who attempted to rob him of all the honors resulting from his valor. He was subsequently recalled, and died before the full fruit of his plans matured. His sons, who had been associated with him in the enterprise, won renown as explorers, less only than that of their father, whose views were those of a soldier, statesman, and imperialist, rather than those of a trader or explorer. His wife was Marie Anne, daughter of Louis Dandonneau, Seigneur de L'Islet, who was of the same race as the family of Dandonneau, Marquis du Sable.

One of the sons of this marriage, Louis J. Gauthier de Varennes, Seigneur de la Verendrye, an officer, married Amable Testard, of the seigneurial race of Testard de Montigny. Several descendants of the family are at present residing in the vicinity of Montreal, among them being M. de Varennes, barrister, Waterloo, P.Q.



Arms of the Aryan and Seigneurial Order of the Empire.

HISTORICAL VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Readers of Americana are invited to contribute to this column their views on any topic that comes within the scope of the magazine. Criticism and corrections are welcome.

Where America Was Named

FEW Europeans, or Americans either, recognized the significance of the invitation which the little town of Saint-Die sent to ex-President Roosevelt, asking him to be present at the celebration that was to be held on April 25. As a matter of fact, however, Saint-Die is the town where the New World was named, and as the house in which this name was selected is still standing, Mr. Roosevelt must have been sorely disappointed at being compelled to forego the pleasure of attending the celebration in honor of that event, for it is but natural that every patriotic American should desire to see a house that is so closely linked with the history of this country.

The first connection of Saint-Die with the New World occurred in 1410, when a Frenchman named Pierre d'Ailly wrote a book called "Imago Mundi" (The Image of the Universe). This book, which was read by Christopher Columbus, is said to have given him his first idea of visiting the unknown land.

Pierre d'Ailly was born of poor parents in Compiegne in 1330. He became a priest and rose to the exalted position of Cardinal. In his work, "Imago Mundi," d'Ailly sustained the thesis that the whole world was habitable and inhabited, and according to his belief other lands existed which were as yet unknown in Europe.

"How could one get there?" he was asked.

"From a Spanish port under a favorable wind," was his answer.

This statement, however, was mixed up with many extrava-

gant opinions—often impracticable and fantastic, but these very extravagances of thought stimulated the imagination of Columbus, who read and reflected over the strange views put forth.

Savants have shown that it was a Frenchman's idea and his plan that finally bestowed the name "America" on the newly discovered land. A volume was published at Saint-Die by Mathis Ringemann under the title of "Introducto Cosmographioe," suggesting that the most appropriate name for the new country would be "America." A group of savants who were the heads of the Vostien College of Saint-Die met in the now famous house and agreed that America was the most fitting name by which the New World should be called. This was on April 25, 1507.

Columbus died in 1506. Amerigo Vespucci survived the great navigator six years. Vespucci was a clever pilot and after his arrival on the new shores he put forth the claim that the glory was his—he had discovered the mainland, while Columbus had only landed on the islands. Notwithstanding the fact that his merit assuredly was secondary he quickly gained widespread fame, as an account of his voyage and exploits was the first to be published.

Saint-Die is a quaint old town, situated on the two banks of the River Meurthe, at the foot of the blue line of majestic mountains which is described so admirably by Jules Ferry. The house which harbored the men who selected the name America stands to-day as rugged and strong as it did in the early part of the sixteenth century. To approach the "place" or square where it stands, one has to traverse narrow, circuitous streets, pass under picturesque arcades of pinkish, gray stone, which the brush of time has softened into a beautiful opal coloring, when one finds himself suddenly in the centre of a wide, open space. The eye quickly alights on a placard which is fastened on a rather broad, low building. This tablet records in a few words the importance of this historical edifice.

Battle Losses of the Revolution

A CAREFUL study of the losses in life that occurred during the battles of the Revolutionary War has recently been made and reported to the House of Representatives by Hon. Isaac A. B. Sherwood. According to these investigations, in the

seven years war of the American Revolution some fifty-five battles and skirmishes transpired, or an average of eight a year. In the civil war of four years there was fought 2,235 battles, or an average of 559 a year. In the seven years war of the American Revolution the entire list of killed in battle was 1,735. In the civil war the killed in battle number 61,362; died of wounds and disease, 183,287. I quote the fatality of seventeen battles of the Revolutionary War:

Killed at Lexington, Mass., April 19, 1775	50
Killed at Ticonderoga, N. Y., May 10, 1775	5
Killed at Norfolk, Va., December 9, 1775	1
Killed at Fort Moultrie, S. C., June 25, 1776	10
Killed at White Plains, N. Y., October 28, 1776	0
Missing	300
Killed at Trenton, N. J., December 26, 1776	0
Wounded and missing	9
Killed at Princeton, N. J., June 3, 1777	100
Wounded and missing	300
Killed at Bennington, Vt., August 16, 1777	Unknown
Wounded and missing	150
Killed at Brandywine, Pa., September 11, 1777	300
Wounded and missing	1,000
Killed and wounded at Stillwater, N. Y., September 10, 1777	350
Number of killed not reported, estimated	75
Killed at Monmouth, N. J., June 28, 1778	67
Wounded and missing	130
Killed at Guilford Court House, N. C.	79
Killed at Kings Mountain, October 7, 1780	30
Killed at Eutaw Springs, S. C., September, 1781	150
Killed at Savannah, Ga.	75
Killed, wounded and missing at Yorktown, Va., October 17, 1781	300
Killed, estimated	60

The above list of seventeen battles shows a loss in killed of 917. The other losses, numbering 818, occurred in Indian massacres and various skirmishes in the other thirty-eight battles and

skirmishes of the seven years war, from Lexington to Yorktown.

Where Was Andrew Jackson Born?

THERE has always been a certain amount of controversy as to the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, for while it has been customary to give Union county, North Carolina, the credit for being the spot where "Old Hickory" first saw the light, recent investigations have disclosed considerable evidence to suggest that it may be Lancaster county that is really entitled to this honor. An interesting contribution to this controversy is a letter from Mr. Bartlett Sinclair, of Rathdrum, Idaho. Mr. Sinclair says:

"The whole question was thoroughly investigated in the early '80s by the Rev. Dr. David A. Robinson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his conclusions, with the evidence to sustain them, were published in the Lancaster, S. C., *Ledger*. Although of great historic value, I have never seen the letters referred to, and I doubt if their existence is generally known. Dr. Robinson was a scholarly gentleman and well along in years when he made his researches and gathered much information of a most interesting and reliable nature concerning Jackson's birthplace and his early childhood. Dr. Robinson's efforts were so painstaking and ample that there ought to be no doubt that the famous Waxhaws district of Lancaster, S. C., is Old Hickory's true natal spot. I was living in Lancaster county when Dr. Robinson undertook his investigation, and recall reading his letters at the time, but I regret that I did not preserve them.

"My father, although a Whig, was a great admirer of Jackson and frequently visited Waxhaws. On one of these pilgrimages he cut a second growth hickory cane at a point where the Jackson cabin is supposed to have stood, and carried it for more than forty years. My ancestors, residents of Lancaster county, never questioned the title of that old highland county to the gratifying distinction.

"This northerly county of South Carolina is one of the most beautiful in the entire South. Twenty-five years ago its attractive pine and hardwood forests, its rivers and springs and cotton fields, had no superiors.

"The famous Dr. J. Marion Sims was a native of Lancaster county and there laid the foundation for his subsequent discoveries. The county is largely peopled by the descendants of the early Scotch-Irish settlers. There we find many of the Witherspoons, Wylies, Carters, Conners, Moores, Crocketts, Caskeys, Stephenses, Allisons, Prices. Lancaster county was the home of the hermit scholar Dr. Mittag, whom I remember well. He used to correspond with Professor Whitney of Yale in Chinese, inscribing the characters for economy's sake on post cards.

"I suggest that the Robinson letters to which I have referred ought to be resurrected and more generally read. With the object of effecting their recovery and republication in some widely circulated journal I write this letter. Unless this is done remembrance of their existence may soon pass away."

Tablet to the Republican Party

PRESIDENT TAFT, on June 4, went to Jackson, Mich., that he might unveil a tablet set in a large granite boulder that is to mark the spot, at the corner of Franklin and Second streets where, at an open air meeting, fifty-six years ago, the Republican party was born. The tablet reads:

"Here under the oaks, July 6, 1854, was born the Republican party, destined in the throes of civil strife to abolish slavery, vindicate democracy, and perpetuate the Union."

In his speech, after the unveiling, President Taft said:

"This is the memorial of a party, but it is historical and not partisan. What I mean by that distinction is that the Republican party has lived long enough, has taken parts distinctive enough in the growth and progress of this country to be treated hisorically and judicially, and without the fervor of partisan speech."

Parties, the President said, are necessary in a republic; without them we could not have a popular government like ours. He took a glance backward at what the party had done and summed it up with the declaration that "one of the characteristics of the Republican party is its ability to do things."

"Now," he continued, "I don't point to that as an idle boast, but if you can point to a party in England or the United States

that has met and that has met them with the success and effectiveness of the Republican party I would be glad to have you name it."

Mr. Taft added that while Lincoln and Grant were great figures in the nation's history the strength of the party back of them had made it possible for them to accomplish their work.

Sherman as a College President

AN interesting chapter in the life of General Sherman is told in "The American College," by Mr. David F. Boyd, who taught in the Louisiana State Seminary when Sherman was its president, during the two years preceding the Civil War. Mr. Boyd does not hesitate to say that Sherman "was the ablest and best college president" he ever knew.

To quote more fully:

"One soon saw in him two men—the stern, exacting man of business or duty, and the kind, sympathetic friend and adviser. He made every professor and cadet at the Seminary keep his place and do his duty. At the same time he was the intimate social companion and confidential friend of the professors and a kind, loving father to the cadets. All loved him. In the 'off hours' from duty or drill he encouraged the cadets to look him up and have a talk. And often I have seen his private rooms nearly full of boys, listening to his stories of army or Western life which he loved so well to tell them. Nor could he appear on the grounds in recreation hours without the cadets one by one gathering around him for a talk.

"At the opening of our school, one of the professors, a graduate and late professor of a European university, gave an opening or inaugural lecture to his class, the whole school being present. He talked as he might have talked to the faculty and seniors of Harvard. I noticed Sherman looking glum and biting his lip; and, the lecture over, passing out near him—the world knows he would 'cuss' a little now and then—he whispered: 'Every d—d shot went clear over their heads.'

"But he soon clipt the wings of our grandiloquently soaring eagle, and made him a plain barnyard fowl—a practical, useful instructor.

"Once I remember we were strolling in the woods, and passed a group of cadets a little distance off. I had observed nothing unusual when he spoke up: 'Those fellows seem a little flushed. They are up to something.' I thought no more of it. The next day he called me into his office and said: 'You remember those boys we passed yesterday in the woods? They were concocting a plan to rob the hen-roosts of the neighbors. They have confessed it all to me.' And by his everlasting vigilance and quick perception he prevented much petty mischief. He was well named Tecumseh. The wily old Indian was hardly superior to Sherman in reading the 'signs' and divining the plans of foe or cadet. Years after the war he told me that he had run a bank in California, and had commanded an army of 100,000 men, but the hardest job he ever had was running that little school in Louisiana. But he ran it so easily and smoothly that we little dreamed that it gave him care or trouble."

Honoring the Soldiers and Sailors

SEVERAL memorials to brave men who helped to fight their country's battles were unveiled during the month of June. On June 3, there was unveiled at Cold Harbor, Va., a monument to the memory of the New York soldiers who perished in the historic battle at that place, on June 3, 1864.

For many years the rapidly diminishing number of survivors of the 129th Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, who took part in the battle of Cold Harbor have sought to get the Legislature of New York State to appropriate sufficient money to erect a memorial to their many comrades who gallantly laid down their lives to save the Union in a battle that many authorities have pronounced a prodigious mistake, and which was doomed to failure from the start. Only recently were their efforts crowned with success.

Friday, June 3, was the forty-sixth anniversary of the battle, and some threescore veterans, all that is left of the 1,800 young men who marched exultantly from Baltimore in the early summer of 1864 to help Gen. U. S. Grant carry out his deeply cherished plan of taking Richmond, the Confederate capital of the

South, journeyed there and lived over again the bloody scenes of that eventful time.

On June 4, President Taft visited Monroe, Mich., to be present at the unveiling of a monument to the memory of General George A. Custer, who, with 254 of his cavalrymen, was slain by Sitting Bull's band of Sioux Indians at the battle of the Little Big Horn in the Bad Lands of Montana, June 25, 1876.

A magnificent equestrian statue of Gen. Custer, for which the legislature of Michigan appropriated $25,000, was unveiled by the general's widow, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer of New York, and among the other guests of honor was Nevin J. Custer, the cavalry leader's only surviving brother, who still resides on a farm at Monroe, in the neighborhood where the general and his military brothers passed their boyhood.

Two other brothers, Thomas W. and Boston C. Custer, perished with the general on the fatal 25th of June, as did also Lieut. James Calhoun, husband of their sister Margaret.

The statue represents an incident of Gen. Custer's career in the civil war. Riding ahead of his troops to survey the position of the enemy Custer suddenly found himself almost upon the Confederate lines.

Reining his mount up quickly, horse and rider stood a moment, a bold target for the enemy, while the officer examined the position of his opponents. So impressed were the Confederates by the bravery of the rider and the beauty of his steed that not a shot was fired, and Custer returned unharmed to his command.

The statue shows the general with his left hand lifted high as he reins up his mount, while his characteristic slouch hat is snatched from his curly hair to avoid all obstruction to his vision and hangs at arm's length in his right hand at his saddle.

On June 14, at Monterey, Cal., a monument was dedicated to the late Rear-Admiral John Drake Sloat. The old naval officer served under Capt. Stephen Decatur on the frigate United States when Capt. Decatur captured the British frigate Macedonian.

Rear-Admiral Sloat had command of the Pacific squadron from 1844 until 1846, during which time he occupied Monterey in anticipation of a similar attempt by the English admiral.

When the Mexican war began, he secured possession of San Francisco and other points in California, until he was relieved by Commander Robert F. Stockton.

Rear-Admiral Sloat was born in New York City in 1780, and died at New Brighton, S. I., on November 28, 1867. He entered the service as a midshipman on February 12, 1800, and was honorably discharged the following year. He re-entered the navy as a master on January 12, 1812, and became a lieutenant in 1813. For his part in the capture of the Macedonian, he received a vote of thanks and a silver medal, Capt. Decatur receiving a gold medal. He was promoted to commander in 1826, and captain in 1837. He was placed on the reserved list in 1855, and was transferred to the retired list in 1861. A year later he was given the rank of commodore, and his rank was changed to that of rear-admiral in 1866.

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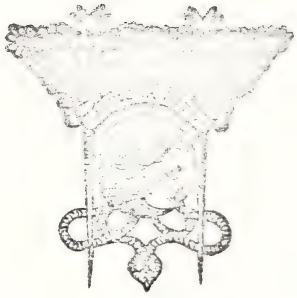
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